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Howard Thomas



AGNES SCOTT

Alumnae Quarterly

ART ISSUE

V. 22

NOVEMBER - JULY

1943-44

ARE YOU A PAID MEMBER

OF THE AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION?

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Read Dr. McCain's letter to the Alumnae, page 29, then turn to page 37 in this issue and fill in the blank now!

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Christmas Calendar



- Dec. 1** *Mrs. Roff Sims Reviews the News in Chapel, 10:30 A. M.*
- Dec. 3** *Informal Speech Recital, 4 to 5 P. M.
Faculty-Varsity Hockey Game, Hockey Field.*
- Dec. 5** *Last day to see Paintings by Howard Thomas, Art Gallery, Library.*
- Dec. 6** *College Music Hour, 8 P. M. Mr. Dieckman at the Organ.
Christmas Book Exhibit in the Library.*
- Dec. 7** *The Dean's Office Invites the College Community to Coffee in Murphey Candler.
Exams begin!*
- Dec. 8** *Opening of Joseph and Anni Albers' Paintings and Weavings Exhibition, Art Gallery, Library.*
- Dec. 11** *Afternoon Christmas Party for Decatur Children.
Concert at City Auditorium, Luboshutz and Nemenoff, Duo-Pianists, with Nilstein, Violinist.*
- Dec. 12** *The College Christmas Carol Program with Glee Club and Mr. Johnson.*
- Dec. 14** *Women's Club Auditorium, Licia Albanese, Metropolitan Soprano.*
- Dec. 15** *Exams are over!
Home for the Holidays!*

THE CAMPUS CARROUSEL

BACK ON THE CAMPUS this Fall 1943 . . . and you find that outwardly, War has changed Agnes Scott very little. The persimmon tree on the edge of the Quadrangle still drops its juicy orange blobs on the red bricks below. The fountain still plays in the Alumnae Gardens — and people still fall into the pool. (Last week it was Assistant Business Manager MacGregor's young daughter, Kady, who had a wonderful time splashing around before anxious parents pulled her out.) Between the rows of ancient boxwood, the crimson spider lilies still bloom. And youthful biologists 101 still scan earth and sky for pinnate leaves and doodle-bug habitat. In fact, one of the nicest things about our Alma Mater is the way she can take wars and food rationing and a record-breaking enrollment in her stride — and almost always remain just as you remember her.

ONLY WHEN SIRENS SCREAM out suddenly in the night, and student air-raid wardens begin to pace the darkened dormitories . . . when a mobile unit of the Red Cross Blood Bank moves into the campus . . . when the little War Stamp Booths open up in the mornings . . . are you reminded of the bitter conflict going on in the world and of the real reason for your being here after all.

BACK ON THE CAMPUS this Fall you find many new faces. More than ever before in the history of the College. Around 215 day students, 339 borders (two in a single at their request), including 173 Freshmen. A total of 554 students in all — and many turned away for lack of room.

You find new faculty members, too! Tall, almon-eyed Ruth Domincovich comes from Philadelphia to the Spanish Department; carrot-topped, effervescent Abbie Rutledge from Texas State College for Women to the Physical Education Department; young, boyish-looking Lewis Lipps from St. Agnes School and Wesleyan College to the Biology Department; Emma McGinty from Randolph-Macon to the Chemistry Department; quiet, smiling Helen Finger from Brenau College as Mr. Tart's. secretary; and mountain ballad-expert Joella Craig, of the class of '43, to the bookstore.

MORE CAMPUS CHANGES: The new cafeteria in Rebekah Scott. (Good-by, White House Dining Hall. Good-by to the familiar din of the breakfast hand bell!) New paint in Inman Lobby, new wallpaper in White House, Boyd, Sturgis, Ansley, East Lawn, and red roses in the Infirmary. New art headquarters on Third Floor Buttrick with modern easels, work tables and sketching benches. Two new archery targets. Many new books in the Library, including the *Library of Congress Catalogue of Printed Cards*, which contains in alphabetical order all of the printed cards in the Library of Congress up to July 1942 — around 160 volumes when completed, hordes of new books on art, music, religion and fiction, including the three books most in demand: Margaret Mead's *Keep Your Powder Dry*, Wendell Willkie's *One World*, and Eve Currie's *Journey Among Warriors*. New Courses: In the Physical Education Department, *Fundamentals of Movement*, endorsed by the Army, Navy, and the U. S. Physical Education

Program to improve body balance and posture, to build up resistance to fatigue by exercising special muscle areas.

CAMPUS VIGNETTES: Blythe Posey, Dr. History Posey's 9-year-old daughter, listening intently to Miss "Mac" as she discusses her latest research on the cytology and chromosome picture of the malaria parasite—and then asking seriously: "Now just how do you *do* that, Miss Mac-Dougal?" Miss Gooch tracing her family tree back to Sir Barnaby Gooch of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Christian at the Faculty Bacon Bat waving a piece of lemon-chiffon pie at the stars. Miss Harn showing off with house-wifely pride the 150 jars of vegetables she put up this summer. British tennis professionals, Dorothy Round Little and Ruth Mary Hardwick, calmly drinking tea on the tennis court between sets. Miss Wilburn carrying off first prize at Blackfriars' Costume Show the other night, dressed as a 1910 bathing beauty. The Faculty Bike Club, composed of Dr. Runyon, Miss Scandrett, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Susan Cobbs, Miss Jessie Harriss, Miss Lucy Cline, Miss Carolyn Hewitt and Miss Hunter, setting out for Stone Mountain amid the cheers of the surrounding populace! At the Black Cat Stunt: One sophomore to another, "I guess we were just too subtle for them." (Freshmen stunt, *Romeow and Juliecat*, won.) On Little Girls' Day: Dr. McCain, Dr. Hayes, Dr. Garber and Dr. Posey playing Farmer in the Dell with the infant seniors. Mr. Tart giving them pennies.

FAMOUS PEOPLE: Eleanor Calley, Miss Hopkins great-niece, who enters Agnes Scott as a freshman this year. Little Zoe Dixon, Agnes Scott's first potential great-great-granddaughter, whose mother, grandmother and great-grandmother attended A.S.C. Her mother is Mrs. Zoe (Drake) Dixon, ex-'43.

AS WE GO TO PRESS White House begins its latest effort in behalf of Campus War Pledge, i. e., a Pin-Up Boy Contest! For a small fee, any student may enter a picture of her favorite man. Faculty males will be the judges—and the three most handsome specimens reproduced in the College Newspaper with the names of their proud owners. Complications to date: 6 girls suddenly discover they are submitting pictures of one and the same man!

ORCHIDS TO Mr. Howard Thomas for taking full charge of the cover, typography and lay-out of this issue of the QUARTERLY. Orchids to Mr. Thomas' art students for their clever illustrations scattered over the QUARTERLY. Orchids to our Advertising Committee, Betty Lou (Houck) Smith, '34, and Jean (Chalmers) Smith, '38, for the impressive array of advertisements which you see at the end of the QUARTERLY.

A BIENTOT until February 1st then—when your next issue of the QUARTERLY comes out. If you haven't paid your 1943-44 Alumnae dues—better hustle them in! Or you won't see any February QUARTERLY, we fear. Turn to the very last page in the book and fill in coupon now. Hurry! Time's a'wastin!

The Editor

*Having eyes, see ye not? . . . Mark VIII, 18 . . .
We look forward to a brighter future when art
and science will be firmly welded together with
but one purpose: to further a richer, more
abundant life for mankind.*

ART IN THE NEW CIVILIZATION

By Howard Thomas

OUR ABILITY TO SEE is our greatest gift. We prize our eyes more than any of our other sense organs. Yet little thought or attention has been given in our schools to those forms of art which we know as the visual arts. We have become a people blind to the beauties of the universe and calloused to ugly objects in our daily lives. Our colleges and universities have graduated thousands of men and women who are completely illiterate and inarticulate in the elements of design; people who are, therefore, unable to choose and wisely consume objects which depend upon line, light and dark, form, color, and texture for their intrinsic beauty.

Contemporary man is finally realizing that the guided development of that form of art which he senses with his eyes has been very much neglected. There is an awakened need among our

people for a thorough understanding and enjoyment of the visual arts. The enthusiasm is manifested by the phenomenal growth of art museums and the record-breaking attendance at art exhibitions throughout the nation even during the depression-war years. Because of improved methods of color printing, the masterpieces from the past as well as contemporary art works have been reproduced in relatively inexpensive books and magazines.

People are realizing that they need to become informed in art. They need to see that the age of elaborate decoration is past; not because of the war, not because of any forced curtailment or rationing of goods, not for any other reason except their desire to live simply and completely. Long before the war we realized that our lives had become fettered with an over abundance of accumulated relics of the nineteenth century and we were beginning to experience the application of intelligent design to the products of our time. The many adjustments that we have had to make during the last decade through the depression and into the war years have made us search for permanent values. The "old red hills of Georgia" are full of these permanent values. Our capacity to find them rests in our ability to recognize them all around us.

After the war is over it is the hope of civilization that the times of ruthless destruction will be gone forever. Industry will shift from the manufacture of war munitions to the production of goods and materials for the civilian reconstruction. New homes will be built and equipped. Long delayed community improvements will come to life. Entire new cities will be constructed in war-torn countries.

And today, even before the war is ended, we feel the rumblings of a new world which wants

to sift the good from the bad, the worth-while from the worthless, the timeless from the dated. The world, after the war, must be beautiful. The modern woman will feel the responsibility of making wise selections of objects for her home. She will take her place as a determining factor in the *designing and buying days* that lie ahead. Physically and spiritually she is going to need a sound education in the arts. We look forward to a new day when art and science will be firmly welded together with but one purpose: to further a richer, more abundant life for mankind.

ART IN AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

Looking to the future, the educational policy of Agnes Scott College has been adapted to a new program in the visual arts. The work in art history which has long been a vital part of the curriculum will be continued with increased emphasis given to the meaning of art in the lives of the students.

There are two broad objectives of the new art program:

1. To provide a rich background in visual arts experiences.
2. To give a sound preparation for living with and using art in all of its forms.

One of the first problems will be to give the students confidence in themselves by freeing them from fears and inhibitions. They are afraid because of the veil of mystery which often surrounds a work of art. They will therefore be thrown immediately into contact with visual art materials so that they may tear the veil apart themselves and realize the actual and immediate nature of these materials. The growth in their

ability to explore and discover will be in direct proportion to the depth of their active experience.

Contemporary education recognizes the laboratory experience in the visual arts as a vital contributing factor to intelligence. Creative experience, the coordination of the hand and the brain, develops the individual into a better adjusted person who is more prepared to understand and enjoy the finer works. It adds to his resourcefulness and his inventiveness. We believe it is an obligation of our times *to create* instead of borrow. As Gilbert Rhode so aptly says, "If the Greeks had been concerned only with studying the work of the Egyptians there would have been no Greek art."

But what happens here in the lecture and laboratory studios is not the important thing; it is what happens out there in the homes and in the communities in which our students are to live that is really thrilling to contemplate. It is what happens inside of them and what they give that lasts forever.

The entire third floor north wing of Buttrick Hall has been remodeled into new studios equipped for laboratory work in the visual arts. The basic courses are open, without prerequisites, to interested students. The work will supplement the art history lectures and will carry full academic credit. The reception of this new program has been unusually favorable.

To further the visual arts program in the college community, arrangements have been made for a continuous exhibition program in the Library gallery throughout the season. Exhibits of paintings, drawings, prints, and crafts will be shown in periods of two to three weeks duration so that visitors may study well-chosen original

works and become articulate in their language.

Here at Agnes Scott College we gladly accept the challenge of this emergent era. We want to be ready to take our places in an age of freedom

"Put the man, his house, his conversation together—and you have a painting."

—Howard Thomas.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mild-mannered, quiet-voiced Howard Thomas, writer of the preceding article and Art Consultant to the ALUMNAE QUARTERLY, comes to Agnes Scott this year as head of the Art Department from the Women's College of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. He is a young-looking man, sensitive, reserved, intensely interested in the world around him. And the varied experiences of his life have greatly contributed to his talent for painting people as they really are—their houses, possessions and communities.

Growing up in a family of sober, industrious Pennsylvania Quakers, where even whistling was frowned upon, Howard Thomas learned early in life the value of hard work, the pleasure of simple things, the importance of a religious faith. Evidences of these quiet, restrained early years abound in his work—from the layouts which are carefully planned before a stroke is painted—to

when man will live unhampered in a new civilization, his birthright in the twentieth century. We want to share in the reconstruction of a war-torn world.

the minute meticulous lines of the wood engraving reproduced on the cover. Even in such care-free abandoned water colors as *Coal Miner's Home*, *Boat and Turtle*, and *Willis Alley*, his delight in little details well done is obvious.

As a boy, Mr. Thomas spent summers and Christmas vacations working in the little shoe store of Monessen, Pennsylvania, waiting on customers, making posters and designing window displays. Later on he became a structural iron worker in a steel mill, working until he had saved enough money to enter the Chicago Art Institute, where he studied under men like Ernst Dettener, George Bellows and Park Phipps. He spent 3 months in an army camp (just before the Armistice was signed in the last war). He has had a summer abroad, where he attended the International Art Congress at Prague as a delegate from Wisconsin. He taught art for 6 years in the Milwaukee High School, where he had the distinction of being Milwaukee's first male art teacher. For the next 12 years he held the position of Director of Art at Milwaukee State Teachers' College, going from there to the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, which he left last Spring to come to Agnes Scott.

In his spare time, between classes, on weekends and summer vacations, he painted continuously—contributing to state-wide exhibitions, holding one-man shows and carrying off such coveted awards as the Milwaukee Institute Bradford Memorial Prize for a group of block prints, The Milwaukee Journal Purchase Prize

for an oil, *Women of Prague*, the Milwaukee Art Institute Medal and Purchase Prize for another oil, *Haymarket Square*, the University of Wisconsin Salon First Prize for a group of water colors in 1938 and again in 1941. Two of these water colors, *Laurel Ridge* and *Mountain Crew*, were purchased by the government and now hang in the Marine Hospital at Carville, La. He also found time to become President of the Wisconsin Painters and Sculptors Association, to get married (in 1922) and to rear two daughters, Anna Dell and Margaret, now 19 and 14.

Howard Thomas' work is as varied as his life and includes wood engravings, lithographs, silk screen prints, etchings, drypoint, water colors, oil and tempera paintings. "Oil is my favorite medium," he says, "because it is the one in which I think best." He makes his own picture frames, carving them out of white pine and finishing them the proper tone. In his studio on Third Floor Buttrick stands a cabinet filled with little bottles containing earth pigments (the first colors used for painting) which he has collected from road cuts and river banks all over the country. These colors range from a greyish-green discovered near Highpoint, N. C., to the terra rosa of our own Georgia Hills. The earth is first ground with mortar and pestle to a powder consistency—then mixed with linseed oil or gouache, according to its use.

Mr. Thomas believes that a painter should have a variety of approaches—that he should avoid at all costs routine or accepted mannerism. He is pleased when an observer exclaims, "Oh, did you do this? But it doesn't look at all like your other works!" He likes to paint boats—"There is something about a boat, the shape, the rhythm of lines, the structure that is so honest. Boats have a definite function. There is no ex-

traneous ornament about them." He likes to paint alleys rather than main streets, the backs of houses rather than their fronts—"Walk around to the back of a house and you discover its real personality. Here, all pretense is gone. Only the functional things, the zig-zagging stairways, the ashcans, the passageways remain, and they speak volumes for the people who inhabit the house. Old houses, built a hundred years ago, are more interesting to paint than new ones—because they are more honest. They were constructed for one purpose—protection against the elements."

Above all, Howard Thomas likes to paint people. He thinks painting is an excellent way to get to know people. "Just take up a position and start sketching—and presently someone will stop to watch. Then he begins to talk, and you find out all about him, where he lives, what he does, what he likes. Put this man, his house and his conversation together—and you have a painting." As a painter of the people, he believes that good art belongs in the home as well as in the museum, that the ability to choose the right rug or lamp for a room is as important as a knowledge of the masters, that good taste is rare, and that the person who possesses this gift also has the obligation of transmitting it to his community.

Because of this democratic down-to-earth conception, Howard Thomas stands today as one of the leading figures in American art. Whether his paintings live on or not (we are too close to say), his teachings will. For his belief that art is a vital part of the New Civilization, that it must become universal through communication of the learned few to the masses—this teaching is of tremendous importance to our own generation and to the generations after us.

MEET THE NEWCOMERS!

Minute interviews with six new Faculty and Administration members.

GENIAL, GIANT-FRAMED, DEEP-VOICED PAUL LESLIE GARBER comes to Agnes Scott this year as head of the Bible Department from Durham, N. C., where he held the pastorate of Trinity Avenue Pres-

byterian Church. As a minister's son, he has moved around considerably, spending most of his boyhood, however, in Ashland, Ohio. Beside his B.A. and B.D. degrees he also holds a Ph.D. awarded him by the Divinity School of Duke University in 1939. It was on the campus of Duke that he first met Mrs. Garber, then secretary to the Dean of Freshmen Men, whom he married 13 months later in the University's famous chapel.

"Ours was a whirlwind affair," Dr. Garber admits, grinning, "and we've been rushing around ever since!"

In the two short years of their marriage, they have managed, between church and social activities, to take several trips through the New England States, North Carolina, and to New York.

"When we travel," Dr. Garber says, "we look for two things: strange and unusual places to eat—and good shots for our movie camera. On our last trip to New York, Mrs. Garber and I dined in 8 different foreign restaurants.' He pauses to recall an especially toothsome delicacy served to them in a Persian restaurant there. "It was fillet of lamb, mildly seasoned, baked and brought to

the table wrapped in grape leaves. Um-m-m-m, delicious! "As for our movie camera," he continues, "that was a wedding gift. And with it we have recorded all the important occasions in our married life so far—from the day of our wedding to the time we were snowbound in the Virginia mountains."

Besides traveling, gourmetizing and movie-camera-ing, Dr. Garber also likes to read. Most of his reading at present is done in relation to teaching. Right now he is working on the sources of the different religions—their fundamental concepts and significance in the world today. This information he hopes to pass on to his classes with the view of helping them to an understanding of religion as a whole. His plans for teaching Bible at Agnes Scott are equally sound and interesting. (See p. 19 this issue, "Why Bible at Agnes Scott?")

Both he and Mrs. Garber are enthusiastic about Agnes Scott, its friendliness and cooperative spirit. We welcome them to the campus with pleasure!

MUTTERING, SALTY-HUMORED, UNASSUMING WALTER B. POSEY, who takes over the duties of the History Department this year, hails from Birmingham-Southern College. He has also served on the faculties of Cumberland and the University of Hawaii; studying at the University of Chicago, Cumberland University and Vanderbilt; marry-



ing, in the meantime, one of his pupils, who he admits was a "pretty good student!"

As a boy, Dr. Posey grew up in one of the oldest and most historic houses of Rutherford County, Tennessee. In fact, Dr. Posey could write his own play—for President Andrew Jackson also slept there, on his way to and from Washington, when the surprisingly modern-looking house was used as a tavern. Built in 1817, the old Posey homestead is wainscotted throughout, boasts hand-carved mantels and door sills, morticed and pegged timbers of yellow poplar, black walnut, white ash and oak, chimneys constructed from brick baked in a kiln by slaves and entrenched 8 feet into the ground, two rare museum-piece cherry presses in the dining room, and a two-story smokehouse bearing cannon scars of the War Between the States. All in all, it seems quite an appropriate home for a man who has made a career out of teaching American History.

His most interesting assignment, perhaps, was to the University of Hawaii, where he accepted an exchange professorship from 1939 to 1940. Mrs. Posey and his young daughter, Blythe, went along. He recalls their year on the island with a sigh of pleasure. "Pineapples weighed around 6 pounds; papayas tasting like a delicious mixture of banana and peach, breadfruit which we prepared in the manner of our Southern sweet potato, abounded. Cocoanuts, of course, were everywhere. When you get hungry in Hawaii you just step into your backyard and gather all you eat!" As for orchids," he adds, "our cook kept Mrs. Posey well supplied."

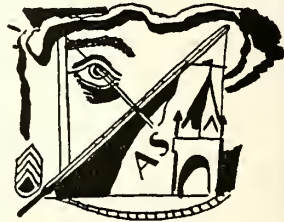
At the University of Hawaii, Dr. Posey taught American history to a mixture of Chinese and Japanese students who, he says, spoke excellent

English and rated higher mentally than the average student of an American university. "This was due to the fact," he points out, "that the University is the only institution of higher learning in the islands and has about three times as many applicants as it can take."

When questioned about his favorite hobbies, foods, entertainment, Dr. Posey frowns a little—then says, slowly, "Oh . . . there's nothing especially interesting to write about me. I'm just an ordinary person making a living at what I like to do best—teach." Such is our new History Head's modest opinion of himself. But you'll form quite a different opinion when you meet him. And you'll want to make his office the first stop on your next trip back to the campus!

PRESBYTERIAN, SCOTCH-IRISH, AND A NATIVE GEORGIAN, DR. JOHN-

NY ARMSTRONG McCULLOUGH seems like an old friend to most of us at Agnes Scott. This year between office hours in Decatur,



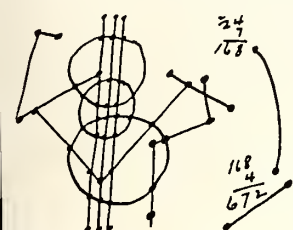
she physicians to our college crowd, checking metabolism, advising low-calorie diets, and soothing sprained ankles in the Infirmary. She is a slight, wiry, efficient little woman—almost midget size beside her towering 6-foot-2 husband, who is a major in the medical corps at Lawson General Hospital. Dr. McCullough likes dancing, country ham, Bette Davis, purple evening gowns and accompanying her cornet-playing husband on the piano.

She believes that the rationing of food has made us a healthier nation as a whole—that mental health is as important as physical health

—that while the war has actually brought about no new medical discoveries, it has hastened the perfection of the famous sulfa drugs and penicillin which doctors had been experimenting with long before the war. To war workers, collegiates and other busy people—she advises a balanced diet and plenty of rest.

With a B.A. from Randolph-Macon, an M.D. from the University of Virginia Medical School, and with 2 years experience as Decatur's only woman pediatrician, she seems well-equipped to handle the situation here at Agnes Scott. Already . . . her keen wit and delightful informality have made a name for her on the campus.

BLONDE, BLUE-EYED, AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE



HOWARD MACGREGOR, Agnes Scott's new Assistant Business Manager-Treasurer, has been a financial expert almost from the day of his graduation at Johns

Hopkins School of Business Administration in 1934. Since then he has held various impressive positions in banks and investment banking concerns over Maryland and Virginia. And for the past 4 years has served as Treasurer of Queens College in Charlotte, N. C. He is a surprisingly young man (31 last September) to have such an experienced background, and he will need it all here at Agnes Scott, where his duties include supervision of buildings, grounds, personnel relations, and the collection of campaign pledges.

After a hard day's work, he goes home to a good mystery story, the financial pages of the newspaper, and to his 3 small children—Sally, 6; Kady, 2½; Glenn, the baby. He is especially fond of oysters on the half-shell, ice tea (which

he drinks the year around), David Copperfield and Dagwood. His biggest puzzle to date: "How to tell the different faculty houses on S. Candler apart. "Ansley, Sturgis, Boyd—they all look alike to me. I never know where I'm going!" We hope for Mr. and Mrs. "Mac" and all the little "Macs" a happy first year at Agnes Scott.

TWO MORE NEW FACES ON THE CAMPUS THIS YEAR are those of Mrs.

J. B. Bunnell and Mrs. Ewing G. Harris, resident-hostesses at the Alumnae House. Both are native Tennesseans



—both have been close friends for years. Together they are managing the Tearoom in the Alumnae House and taking care of Alumnae guests.

Last year, Mrs. Bunnell was house mother at Emory's Sigma Nu house. When the government took over all fraternity houses she came to us. Asked which she liked the better: mothering college boys or girls, Mrs. Bunnell honestly replied, "Well, when I left the boys at Emory I thought I would never love the girls as much as I loved them. But now I find that Agnes Scott is creeping into my heart." Mrs. Bunnell has a married daughter, Mrs. R. J. Buskirk, living in Atlanta; a son, Major J. B. Bunnell, Jr., who is Commanding Officer of the Dental Corps at Fort McPherson. Her cordiality and poise, her sparkling blue eyes and distinguished white hair make her an ideal mother and hostess for our Alumnae House.

Mrs. Harris can also claim the title of ideal mother. Hanging in her room is a service flag with two blue stars—one for a son, John Ewing, who is with the Classification Headquarters in

Sicily, and one for another son, Hunter, who is home at last after 30 months as a sergeant in the Marines. Hunter went with the expeditionary forces to Iceland and spent 9 months in the Pacific area.

Mrs. Harris has just returned from Chicago, where she attended the National War Mothers' Convention as delegate for Tennessee. She is al-

ready famous on the campus for her ice-box cookies and tangy tomato aspic. Together, our two new hostesses are serving real home-cooked meals to capacity college crowds. (Dinner at night is by reservation only.) Alumnae coming back to the campus this year will find their Alumnae House even more of a home than ever—thanks to the capable management of Mrs. Bunnell and Mrs. Harris!

OUR NEW \$12,500 CAFETERIA AND HOW IT WORKS

LAST JUNE when the school term ended and faculty and student body moved out into the wide open spaces for a little well-deserved rest, two hard-working, equally exhausted people stayed here on the campus to tackle one of the biggest problems in the history of the college—i. e., FOOD! How to feed the campus in the year ahead with (1) provisions getting scarcer, (2) help uncertain, (3) new equipment almost impossible to obtain, and (4) a record-breaking enrollment expected. Here was a problem to stump an Einstein. But quick-thinking, fast-moving Business Manager Tart and slender, energetic Head Dietician Jessie Harriss sailed in with their sleeves rolled up, determined to find a solution. This is what happened.

Although campus officials had been puzzling over the situation for a year or more, it was Miss Harriss who got down to brass tacks first. "Why not adopt the cafeteria plan?" she queried, "with everybody eating under one roof. Many other colleges have. Why don't we?"

"How do you know we could get the necessary

equipment, service counters, etc.?" someone must have asked.

"Well, we could try . . ."

"And what would happen to White House dining hall?"

"Close it up! One kitchen is less expensive to run than two."

"But would there be room enough to seat everyone in Rebekah Scott dining hall . . . and besides, wouldn't the cafeteria system destroy our home atmosphere of the family around the dining table?"

"Give me a week or two," Miss Harriss replied amiably, "and I think I can provide you with a workable set of plans."

So during the month of June, while most of us were back-yard vacationing, Miss Harriss sat in her little office behind Rebekah Scott dining hall, estimating floor space, conferring with campus officials and drawing the plans. Within a few weeks her layout was unanimously approved and a list of vitally necessary equipment turned over to Mr. Tart, who began his long and victorious



struggle with government priorities, triplicate and quadruplicate applications in Form PD-831, 411, sent to WPB Ref. L-182 and L-248 or Ref. L-89 . . . and similar headaches!

"Our main problem," Miss Harriss states, "lay in utilizing all available space and equipment with as little alteration of the present building as possible. We're even using the same light plugs!" When you go through the cafeteria with Miss Harriss today, you see how ingeniously this has been done. Only one wall—at the back of Rebekah Scott dining hall—was torn down. All the rest stand as they were. Every inch of space has been used. Behind the dining room are two doors, exit and entrance to the new built-to-order cafeteria service counter which keeps dishes and food piping hot, salads on ice; and has mammoth sections for hot breads and ice water. Built into the wall behind the counter stands the impressive four-shelved dumb waiter which can bring up around 300 pounds of food from the basement kitchen below.

Through a door to the left of the cafeteria counter lies the dishwashing room with its handsome new two-tank dishwasher that cleanses china, silver, glassware twice, rinses and dries by evaporation enough utensils for a whole meal in 50 minutes. Here also are the huge refrigerators, one salvaged from White House, the towering salad dressing mixers, dishracks and vegetable choppers. To the right of the dishwashing room you find the storage room where dry groceries are pyramided to the ceiling, and behind this room the linen closets with their rows of snowy napkins and tablecloths. Gleaming milk cans take up the last bit of available space. When you reach the linen room you are almost at the back of the building, but even here, Miss Har-

riss has managed to squeeze in a long rectangle of an office which opens on the hall leading to the basement kitchen below. It was in this medium sized, day-lit basement room that most of the remodeling had to be done. "In fact," Miss Harriss says, "carpenters were still putting up shelves when we began serving our first meal."

Looking around the kitchen you are amazed at the number of pieces of equipment it holds. Side by side, neatly dovetailed around the walls, are the meat block, the vegetable bins, the cavernous steam cooker, the serving tables, food choppers, mixers and the new curved-front baker's table, capacity, 200 pounds of flour, with its wooden mixing bowl the size of an ordinary wash tub, and its immense rolling pins. If you arrived in the kitchen on meat pie day, for instance, you would find Lynn in his white mushroom-topped cap standing at the baker's table rolling out innumerable pie crusts. While on the opposite side of the room, before a huge five-sectioned range that stretches along the whole length of the wall, would be Burton in his high-peaked chef's hat, lifting cartwheel lids from pans of simmering meat and filling the air with a mouth-watering fragrance.

Behind the kitchen you find more storage rooms, more closets built into every nook and corner, and a new 10-foot walk-in refrigerator which keeps eggs, meat and vegetables at three different temperatures. If you are a hardy soul, you might do as the refrigerator's name suggests—and walk in! But you won't stay long. Your breath goes out in white, frosty streams and after a while you begin to feel as cold and numb as the tub of plucked fowls that sits in the meat compartment awaiting tomorrow's dinner.

When your inspection of the cafeteria is over,

you begin to realize what an amazing amount of work has been accomplished in three short summer months. And the total cost of \$12,500 (which does not include all of the remodeling) seems fairly small in view of the fact that around 12,000 meals are served daily. Another nice thing about the plan is the way it combines cafeteria and traditional family-style meals. For only breakfast and lunch are served cafeteria style. Dinner in the evening is just as it always was, with hostesses at each of the tables. However, this year, scholarship students, many of whom volunteered for this duty, help serve the evening meal. There are 49 of them, rotated over a period of 7 weeks according to the ingenious and effective plan worked out by Assistant Dean Charlotte Hunter. So that each student, at one time or another, serves each of the 34 tables in the dining room, including the 3 tables in the faculty parlor across the hall, where professors take their evening meal in blissful peace and quiet. Student servers eat 30 minutes before the regular dinner hour. They never enter the kitchen. They are on duty only four days a week—the rest of the time being free.

Campus acceptance of the cafeteria system is enthusiastic. "It's faster — more convenient," one sophomore says. "At breakfast, for instance, you choose only what you want to eat and then

dash off to class."

"It's so wonderful to sleep later in the mornings!" another student confides. "You see, if you don't have an 8:00 o'clock class, you can wait as late as 7:45 before going down to breakfast."

"It's more democratic," a thoughtful upper-classman explains. "This way you usually eat with the person next in line to you—rather than with a set group. You get to know all the classes better—especially the freshmen, since they're not eating in White House any more."

"Our system works fairly well, at present," Miss Harriss modestly admits, "but we've still a long way to go." She looks down ruefully at the grocery list before her and you realize, suddenly, that her biggest job—that of procuring food—lies ahead. However, it seems a pretty safe bet that she and her assistant, Miss Will, can continue to supply Hottentots with their favorite delicacies; guave jelly, chocolate ice cream and mint sauce, honey rolls, shortberry shortcake and steak. If you're planning a visit to the campus soon, put Agnes Scott's new cafeteria first on your list of things to see. It will give you some interesting pointers on how to conserve space and time in your own kitchen. It will make your problems of food and servant shortage absurdly simple by comparison.

SHOSTAKOVICH:

A PRIVATE OPINION

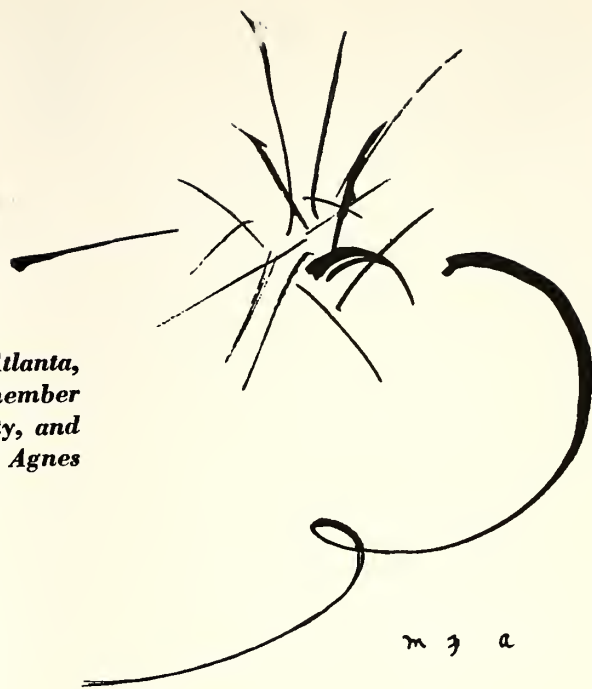
by Willa Beckham Lowrance, '33

Organist at the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, graduate of the Atlanta Conservatory of Music, member of Mu Phi Epsilon, National Music Honor Society, and wife of Robert S. Lowrance, Jr., director of the Agnes Scott Glee Club.

DIMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH, that "rather noisy young man" as he has been described, has certainly given the musical world something to talk about! Living in a country of struggle and upheaval, he has embodied that life in brilliant and striking form, clothing it in bright colors with startling effects.

My first introduction to this modern Russian composer made me feel that surely he had taken the rhythm of roaring engines, of noisy factories, of busy streets and put it into musical form—not too musical at that! What I heard in part was the *Seventh Symphony*, known as the "Leningrad Symphony", played on the Sunday afternoon Symphonic Hour. Shostakovich is quoted as saying, "Music cannot help having a political basis," and his *Seventh* is the story of Leningrad's struggle. Later I read the following story about it.

The completed symphony was to be played for the first time in Leningrad, and Shostakovich was still dissatisfied with the final climax of the work. While he was waiting to board a plane, the precious manuscript clutched in his hands, a stiff wind came along and blew away the last



pages. Immediately upon arrival at the capital, he started to reproduce the missing pages. Just as he sat down, he heard the roar of an angry mob and throwing open the window, saw a group of enraged Russians approaching with two German pilots who had been shot down in battle. This menacing, threatening roar became the crashing, thunderous climax of his *Seventh Symphony*.

However, upon listening more closely to other of his compositions, I found them certainly intellectually interesting, surprisingly melodious, and with an occasional dash of downright sweetness. His harmonies are very modern, with dissonances to which most of our ears are unaccustomed. His themes are difficult to establish because rather than developing one idea at length, he is continually introducing new ones. He employs wildly descending chromatics and crashing, thunderous chords. He describes the youthful, straightforward vigor of the Russian people; also the haunting sadness of the race.

Leopold Stokowski has played several of his symphonies and enthusiastically defended them. His *Fifth Symphony* is described as "a thoughtful and tuneful glorification of the October Revolution." His opera, *Lady MacBeth of Mzensk*, written in 1932 with its American premier in 1935, was praised for the "uncanny way the orchestra described each character, each situation." Virgil Thomson summed it up by saying, "The New York audience loved; the New York critics hedged."

As a man, Shostakovich is described as "looking like an incredibly shy school boy—pale, solemn, cherubic, with thatched hair and wide eyes behind horn rimmed spectacles." He was born in Leningrad on September 25, 1906, and studied at the Leningrad Conservatory of Music. He volunteered for service in the People's Army of Leningrad after the Germans attacked the Soviet Union but was considered too precious to serve there. He is, however, a member of the

Home Guard and contributes greatly to the morale of the people through his music.

Although he received a \$20,000 award for highest achievement in Arts and Sciences for a piano quintet in 1940 and is hailed today as the "Mozart of Modern Russia," Shostakovich was not accepted at first by his fellow countrymen. It is said that in playing a piano recital before an unenthusiastic audience he ended with a sonata of his own composition. To the backs of the audience departing amid feeble and scattered applause he remarked, "I'll play it for you again. Perhaps you didn't understand." After he finished it a second time, hardly a listener remained.

There is no perhaps about my not understanding his music, but I do find it very interesting—not taken in too large doses. The appeal is of effect rather than of sheer beauty, but it may be that when I have listened and listened, comprehension will lend added enjoyment. He is undoubtedly a very gifted person.

... *The first of four articles concerning the private lives of outstanding campus personalities.*

ELLEN DOUGLAS LEYBURN:

"Teaching is such fun!"

HALFWAY down South Candler, oldest and most dignified of Decatur's streets, stands the house of Ellen Leyburn, professor of English at Agnes Scott. It is a small boxy white house, Cape Cod in style, situated well back from the road and almost enveloped in Georgia maples and oaks. There are trim green shutters at the windows and the grounds about are simply kept and heavily wooded, so that many going up and down the street might pass by, unaware of the startling contrast this spick and span little house keeps with its older, more towering neighbors.

Lifting the brass knocker and walking through the square white door of the house, you find yourself face to face with its owner, designer and decorator—Miss Leyburn herself. Almost the first thing you notice is the startlingly deep and resonant tone of her voice. It is a voice not easily forgotten. And next you notice her eyes—clear grey-green, alive, interested. She welcomes you with a heart-warming cordiality and you like the tall grace of her stride as she leads the way into the living room, the long thinness of her hands as she clears away a mountain of theme papers on the little table before the sofa.

While you are getting settled in the lovely old cherry rocker that belonged to her grandmother,

Miss Leyburn says in that slow North Carolinian drawl, "I'm sure Caroline would like to meet you. Let me call her." You prepare yourself for a meeting with someone no less important than a Pulitzer-prize poet or a visiting colleague. And presently, in comes Caroline, silky-haired pensive-eyed, waddling on four fat legs. She passes you by with a barely perceptible sniff and scuttles across the floor to the sofa, where she stretches full length, happy at last by the side of her adored mistress. Like all good Americans, Caroline is a mixture of several races. Sky terrier probably being her most definite strain. But pedigree blood is somewhere along the line and Caroline doesn't let you forget it. There is a slightly aloof look in her large brown eyes and she withdraws carefully from the approach of an unfamiliar hand.

After you have met Caroline, you begin looking about you in unabashed curiosity. You see a pleasantly cluttered, livable room with an Early American fireplace on one side and a great square staircase breaking into the other side and going up to the bedrooms above. There are many windows in the living room and French doors at the end opening on the garden below.



It's the fun of sharing . . . with others.

Gradually you become conscious of a very subtle, unobtrusive color-scheme. Shades of pale wine, mist green, natural and grey predominate in the striped sofa, the quietly flowered Victorian rug, the restrained wallpaper. It is a color scheme with a definite purpose, for against these soft wines, greys, greens and buffs, Miss Leyburn has assembled in a fascinating melee all of the things she likes best. In the living room, for instance, you find side by side, a rare old English set of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and a rugged mountain bench . . . treasured pine end-tables made on the family plantation years ago and drapes designed by Miss Leyburn, herself, from warm uncut corduroy discovered in a North Georgia mill. In the dining room, modern tea tiles rest beside the mellowed and lined family wedgewood. In the bedroom two exquisite Delft vases brought back from a trip to Holland . . . and on the floor, a hand-hooked mountain rug. Upstairs you are also surprised to find the Cape Cod dormers are missing at the back of the house, the wall rising straight to the roof. "I needed more room!" is Miss Leyburn's simple and very adequate explanation.

All the time you are looking at the little house, you find yourself arriving at new conclusions about Ellen Leyburn, the woman. She is a really good architect, you decide. Her house is well-planned, functional, made to live in. She has the rare combination of imagination and practicality. She is honest, without pretense, and there is no display about her house. She has filled it simply with the things she likes to live with and these range from a deep red homespun comforter, chosen for its color, to a lovely old reproduction of her favorite painting, Vermeer's *View of Delft*. Also, she is a good cook. This definitely proved by the odor of hot muffins for

dinner that floats out from the narrow kitchen behind the dining room and now fills the house. Back in the living room again, you settle down to an earnest discussion of Miss Leyburn's profession. Why is a teacher? What qualities should she have? What are the dividends in return for years of study and patient instruction? Caroline, yawns sleepily from her favorite place on the wine, green and grey striped sofa, close beside the tweed skirt of her mistress. She is worn out from the recent tour through the house, which she personally supervised, her little black toenails click-clacking on the polished floors. She knows that soon a long gentle hand will drop to ruffle and smooth the silky white hair on her head and back. So she waits and pretends to doze.

And presently the hand begins, up and down, rising and falling in an unconscious rhythmic precision. Caroline relaxes with a groan of canine ecstasy. And you become aware only of the movement of the hand, the falling of leaves in the garden below and the slow, haunting voice of Miss Leyburn as she speaks. "Teaching, I think is a lot of fun. It's the fun of sharing what you have read and learned with others. It's the fun of watching an idea catch fire . . . of laughing with a class over the diary of Fanny Burney. Why, some of the best times I've had, have been in class. I don't believe a teacher ever considers her job as hard work or a sacrifice, particularly. It's just something she'd rather do than anything else. And I think she receives as much from her students as she gives them."

In the course of conversation you discover other things about Miss Leyburn, too. All of her family were born in Virginia. But her father, who is a Presbyterian minister, moved to North Carolina just before she was born. "Consequent-

ly," Miss Leyburn adds with a twinkle in her eye, "the rest of my family rather look down on me." You begin to get a picture of her childhood and adolescence. How the Leyburns moved from manse to manse, from Hedgesville, Virginia, to Durham, N. C., to Rome, Ga. How she entered Agnes Scott in 1923, and was the first Agnes Scott graduate to continue her study at Radcliff College in Cambridge, Massachusetts — where they were rather skeptical in the beginning of "this Southerner from a Southern college." How after receiving her M.A. degree from Radcliff, she taught for three years at Buffalo Seminary, a private school for girls, going from there to Yale where she received her Ph.D., and finally returning to Agnes Scott as English instructor. How, during all of this, she managed to spend three summers abroad, one each in Italy, Germany and England where she collected many of her favorite possessions.

You know that it is getting late and that you must go. But you stay on a little longer. Outside the long sloping garden is filled with the autumn mist that rolls up over Georgia hills and hollows this time of year. You sit in the growing darkness and listen to Miss Leyburn as she talks of her favorite man of letters—Samuel Johnson and of his common sense, his full-bodied humor. You chuckle a bit as she quotes a passage from his famous dictionary—What is a pie? "Anything baked between two crusts!" If you are not an avid admirer of Johnson, you will yearn to be before you leave. So great is her enthusiasm and thirst for knowledge that it is impossible to talk with her, even for an hour, without becoming stimulated and inspired. This, then, is the real secret of her success as a teacher and friend. This, plus a disarming modesty which is summed up in her parting words at the square white door . . . "I can't believe that I've spent a whole afternoon talking just about myself!"

WHY BIBLE AT AGNES SCOTT?

An open letter from our new Bible Department Head, Dr. Paul Leslie Garber. Interview on page 9.

DEAR ALUMNAE;

You see, because equally earnest people differ on what the well-informed mind should know, every subject must constantly justify its inclusion in a college's curriculum. For some subjects that is more difficult than it is for others.

Agnes Scott from its beginning in 1889 has

included regular Bible study in its course offerings and in its requirements for graduation. In framing the Agnes Scott "Ideal" President F. H. Gaines made the second item, "The Bible as textbook."

The explanation for this action is given in Dr. Gaines' introduction to *Bible Course: Outline and Notes* (1895). "There are strong and even unanswerable arguments," he wrote, "for the introduction of the Bible into the college course." He enumerated those arguments:

1. The Bible stimulates "mental development" by causing the student to think

about "the greatest subjects in all the range of human thought."

2. The Bible contains uniquely valuable knowledge such as the origin of man, the fall, ethnology, law and psychology.
3. The Bible has a preeminent value in the literature it contains and also in those writings which it has inspired either directly or indirectly.
4. Bible study produces maturity in knowledge of the Bible to match developing ideas and knowledge in other fields.
5. Study of the Bible aids character formation by teaching the right, instilling the love of the right and guiding in the right.

Perhaps it would be just as well for me to leave the matter just here. Certainly I would agree with Dr. Gaines and the Agnes Scott tradition that the Bible has a rightful place in the curriculum and that for "strong and even unanswerable" reasons.

But we all like to say things our own way. Then let me try. *Why* study Bible at Agnes Scott? The answer lies in what the Bible is.

1. The Bible is an important source for ancient history. Without those tested facts found only in it our knowledge of life in the ancient Middle East would be measurably abbreviated.
2. The Bible is vital, pulsating writing not produced as literature but accepted now as a touchstone of literary style and achievement.
3. The Bible's primary value is religious. It

was written and "handed down" to cultivate faith in God, to warn against evil and to extend His promise in Christ of redemption and eternal life.

Beyond these brief comments of ageless truth two observations relative to our day are worthy of mention:

1. The Bible gives a *meaning to life* which, when accepted, becomes a center to make college an unified experience for the student and not, as it is for many, a series of unrelated "dead" studies strung on a thread of more vital week-ends.
2. The Bible has that *motivation for service* which is able to blast even college people out of complacency and indifference into the employment of talents and skills for the benefit, not of self alone, but of society as a whole.

The most significant contribution Agnes Scott can make to our country's present needs is a generation of college women who know life's inner meaning and who consider their education primarily training for service and only secondarily personal enrichment. Basic to that effort is the Bible.

These brief comments on *why* the Bible at Agnes Scott, I share with you in the hope they may be of interest to all members of the Alumnae Association.

It is a joy to be related to the charmed circle of Hottentots.

Sincerely,

PAUL LESLIE GARBER.

WILLIAM SAROYAN: "HIS HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS"

Roberta Winter, '27*

"NOBODY BELIEVES in anything any more," marvels Owen in *The Beautiful People*. "Not even old ladies."

But William Saroyan does.

He believes in *the magnificence of Almighty God*,¹ the creator and preserver of trees and birds and mice and children; in Life and Death; in love and music and genius; in talk and in the communion of silence; in *broad generous reckless deep honesty*. He acknowledges *the wonder and waste of human beings*; he mourns that *the world is inhabited by the dead not the living*; that *there is no Honor or Grace or Truth in contemporary history*; that *everything is getting worse every minute but in a way that is irresistible and noble, with that delicate balance of despair and delight which glues all unrelated things into the continuity and architecture which are the fable and fantasy of this world and life*.

He believes in a theatre that could stage Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" or a production which he calls largely "Chicago: 1905-1925."

He believes in the infinite capacity of man-



kind to re-create himself and the world through the exercise of *noble imagination*.

He believes in William Saroyan.

The very nature of Saroyan's beliefs provokes hostility in a conventional, realistic, scientific world. Because he is original and independent and enthusiastic, we feel uncomfortable and pronounce him obscure, undisciplined, and impertinent.

For hundreds of years man has been facing what he calls facts, deducing laws and limiting himself by them, formulating rules and insisting that others observe them, falling heir to beds and lopping off occupants to fit them. Time helps him to accept many things screamed at as madness by contemporary objectors; but each succeeding generation is as unresponsive as the preceding one to its non-conformers. We insist on an artist's disciplining himself, not according to his own capacity, but along lines laid down by ourselves. Shakespeare's plays do not fit the pattern of Sophocles'. Bach's interpretation of life is not the only one for those who can listen to the message of Shostakovich. Van Gogh's frenzy at last achieved meaning.

It is therefore less important that Saroyan be summarily measured and classified, than that he not be restrained or embarrassed or silenced by

*Instructor in Speech, Director of Blackfriars, author of the play, "Bridal Chorus".

¹ Italicized material is Saroyan's.

an unsympathetic reception. If an artist's philosophy is worthy, his method of expressing it deserves consideration. Certainly Saroyan's stature is undetermined. He has a rich imagination, a headlong pen, a capacity for revealing souls, a gift for unreality. He has not written the great American play. But for those who will enter the dream-like, hilarious, tragic, absurd, heroic drama that is the expression of his genius, there is refreshment, stimulation, pleasure, and pain.

Shaw was called the "upstart son of a downstart father," who "struck the stage like a thunderbolt." O'Neill's reception was more sympathetic, probably because his experimental work came after the acceptance of his naturalistic, and therefore obvious, early plays. But O'Neill himself contended, "We have taken too many snapshots of each other in every graceless position. We have endured too much from the banality of surface."

Saroyan is sincere in his effort to use the modern theatre for vicarious experience beyond the banality of surface. That he can write conventional, realistic plays he has proven in several short plays and his scenario, "The Human Comedy." It is to be hoped that he will not be made self-conscious and apologetic about his experiments lest coming generations with freer dramatic appreciation than ours be cheated of rich material. In any case, his extravagance and bravado will have shaken the shackles of more matter-of-fact dramatists.

His chief contribution to date has been his call to belief in the beauty and goodness of people, thus reminding us in a very salutary way of our own practices in suspicion and indifference; our reliance in substance and logic and formula; our acceptance of limitation. He makes us sad that we have allowed angel visitations to diminish on the earth. And impatient with ourselves for having been involved in so few miracles.

BOOK REVIEW

SO LITTLE TIME

by *John P. Marquand*

Little Brown and Co., Boston, 1943, \$2.75

Elizabeth Stevenson, '41

Book Editor for the Atlanta Journal

TO DESCRIBE change is a difficult thing to do. *So Little Time* is an ambitious effort to confine the unsolid present within the limits of a novel. The satiric eye surveys America being forged anew in the shifting influences of the new war.

The author's eye is Jeffrey Wilson, whose variety of experience makes him well able to savor the crazy contrasts in this interlude in the national life. He was born in the small town,

Bragg, Massachusetts, one fact which is an important comment on his life. He flew in the last war, and now he has a son just old enough to fight in this one. He once wrote a play that ran two weeks on Broadway. Today he doctors other people's plays and movie scripts and does it almost with genius. He married into Park Avenue. His wife has persuaded him not to be Bohemian.

Jeffrey often says that it is strange and confusing to have lived his life in so many different compartments none of them having any connec-

tion with the others. One of these compartments was his small town, American youth. He looks back with real tenderness upon an episode which suggests *Seventeen*; however, *Seventeen* seen through experienced eyes. Another compartment was that queer time when he lived close to death and close to life when he was an aviator in France. He has never been able to talk about it even to Jim, his son; even now, when Jim is about to go to war.

Jeffrey's pinched New England background has effectively prevented him from being able to believe entirely in the two worlds which divide his time. Neither the staid magnificences of Park Avenue nor the extravagant vagaries of Hollywood have ever entirely convinced him.

One side of his life is where he works at hammering other people's creative energies into professional shape. Because he has never entirely believed in the characters and settings of this theatrical world, he has been able to bring zest to his craftsman's task.

On the other hand, his marriage, it seems to him, has been supposed to represent security. That is what Madge has wanted. It is a pity that the solidity of Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue seems in the cold dawn of 1941 to be the most ephemeral part of the American scene. Like a great many Americans he found that all that he had thought permanent was dissolving. The feverish nights and days of pre-war hysteria had infected him. All was fluid.

In representing this spirit of change and departure, the author was faced with a dilemma. Having tried to seize upon something which by its nature was unseizable, he is in danger of having his story dissolve into the general atmosphere, what he aptly calls "a sort of chaotic discontent."

To solve his problem, Marquand, who has had a reputation built up upon his subtle and satirical sense of irony, has done a difficult thing. He has flatly and simply tried to reduce all the problems of his scene to the most ordinary and average human relations. In truth, Jeffrey finds that they are all that are left. The only surety he finds are his feelings for his wife, Madge, his son, Jim, for the few friends who have lasted for years, for Marianna Miller, who may become important enough to change his whole system of habits.

This matter of habit bothers Jeffrey. He is a reflective man. For that reason the absurdities of the scene are doubly absurd. The satire of the world correspondent scene, the big Hollywood writer conference scene, the first night scene, etc., seem to belong naturally to Jeffrey rather than to the author. Jeffrey is most critical of himself. He is highly self conscious. The unrest of the new, the unpredictable America unsettles him too, in his views of himself.

He has a chance to quit the brilliant hack work that he does honestly and efficiently. He worries himself with an urge to give his long restricted creative ability a chance to try again. This desire is all mixed up for him with the person of Marianna Miller, an actress who has loved him frankly and wistfully for years. He hovers upon the edge of a new relationship.

However, the person who comes to fill up most of his conscious and unconscious thoughts is his son, Jim. In this, Jeffrey is pathetically like most fathers of a war generation. He comes more and more to identify himself with Jim. He sees what he was in the last war in Jim in the new war. Trying to avoid a fancy and professional climax, the author tells the story of Jim's being in love and going to war, of his mother's

(Continued on Page 58)

● *First published in the Poetry Society of Georgia's Yearbook, this poem won the 1933 Savannah Prize for the best poem depicting Southern low country local color. It is one of our favorites of all of Miss Preston's brilliant and colorful works. We reprint it here with her permission.*

DESERTED HOUSE ON BAYOU LAFOURCHE

Jane Newman Preston, '21

Instructor in English at Agnes Scott College

These broken columns, once so proudly tall,
Uphold too long the roof that men disown;
Too many summers' grass has split the stone
Of steps that bear no more a light footfall.
Unmarked by feast or fast day, seasons crawl
Across the chimneys that long since have sown
Their sparks upon the dusk, or thinly blown
Blue smoke upon the day at matin call.
The sundial mocks, "Horas non numero
Nisi serenas." While slow hours pass,
The garden's marred and broken patterns show
Like skeletons half covered in the grass.
Time lingers on this threshold but to taunt
The house that has outlived man's utmost want.

He wants no more the roof he made secure
Against the sharp, bright daggers of the sun,
And sky that plunged him little and alone
In space that only planets can endure.
He wants, no more, walls builded to immure
The old sweet certainties that he has known:
Hearth fire, the broken loaf, the benison
Of sleep; and after grief, time's sure
Uplifting of the stricken head. He craves
No closet here for prayer, no ringing rafter

To answer to his mirth; and silence saves
Upon its edge no crying now, nor laughter.
This was his shelter, and his dream defended;
The latch is broken now, the dream is ended.

Here is the lonely shame old houses bear
When men who loved their comeliness are gone.
From empty door to empty window flown,
The birds have left their droppings everywhere;
Dismantling Time has trod to dust the fair
Unmeasured welcome of the wide hearthstone;
The swamp mist climbs from stair to foot worn stair,
And down the smooth hand-rail the lizards run.

Better the river's lethal breast had taken
Or that a towering flame had wrapped and crowned
This beggared beauty by all men forsaken,
This legend's body left above the ground.
No tales are writ in water, and no scar
Tells in to-morrow's grass where old walls were.

A FRESHMAN LOOKS AT AGNES SCOTT

Bet Patterson

AGNES SCOTT, you friendly sensible community of brick and stone and wooden buildings with life inside of you and all around, with something real and important going on through you; I like you.

You weren't always something real to me. Three months ago you were only a dream, a group of buildings one of which housed a swimming pool and all of which were floating gracefully six feet off the ground with a convenient little nebula hovering around your foundations. Then you were an unknown thing to me, a quick glowing eagerness and a lingering timid dread. It had taken a long time to decide upon you as the place to spend my next four years.

Not knowing where to go to school, I had asked advice from a friend, who answered with a set of questions:

"Where do you feel you could find that place which would help you to become your highest self?—to stimulate you to growth in mind, body, spirit relationships in such a way that you can be a *used* person in the world? Where can you be truly yourself? Where do you think you could express your highest self in work, among friends, in relationship to faculty, in looking out on and understanding a desperate world?"

Agnes Scott, I knew that it would be presumptuous for any girl to enter college this year unless she had that purpose of becoming a *used* person



in the world. Seeing all the boys left without any choice, I felt that I should have to decide carefully, that I should have to learn a part of their share. I chose you, Agnes Scott.

When I first came, I liked you. I liked the straightforward friendly interested look of your leaders, who seemed to want to be used. I liked

the sensible way that people had of doing things—of signing a list to see a committee and then leaving instead of waiting around in line all day, of providing a junior sponsor or a sophomore helper to pop up at just the right moments to make us feel at ease in this new place, of having a roommate already selected with a view to interests and backgrounds and selves.

I like your sense of the values of things, your emphasis on intellect and faith and graciousness and health. I like the challenge of you, Agnes Scott, the way you trust a girl to do the honorable thing, the way your teachers demand more work than most of us had ever thought about before, the way you expect a girl to be her highest self.

I like your faculty with its academic merit balanced by its understanding interest, with its rigid expectations strengthened by its happy sense of humor. I like the gracious manner of your dean, and I like the prayers of your president. I like your willingness to change your ways of doing things to meet real needs which you must face today.

The friendships in the making here are full of
(Continued on Page 38)

A SENIOR LOOKS AT AGNES SCOTT

Anne Ward

A SENIOR who tries to look *objectively* at Agnes Scott is apt to find that she is attempting the impossible! She finds that Agnes Scott has given so much of itself to her that she identifies Agnes Scott with the particular things that it means to her.

Perhaps, however, the best way to look at Agnes Scott is introspectively. After all, the only sure way one has of measuring the worth of a school is by measuring what it is to oneself. Seeing what it has made of other people,—alumnae and fellow students,—can make us realize to a large extent its worth; but, in the final analysis,—the test of *one's own experience* is the ultimate standard by which the individual can determine value.

As I look at Agnes Scott,—(and I very frankly admit that I look, not from an objective, but from a personal viewpoint),—the thing that impresses me most is that *Agnes Scott is looking at the world*. As I look at Agnes Scott, it seems to me that each year that I have been here her program has become more closely related to the needs of society outside the college campus.

Of course, the truth of the matter is not that Agnes Scott has changed, but that I have changed. Agnes Scott, as a liberal arts school, has always had as its aim to equip the individual with those skills and understanding, those attitudes, and those appreciations which will enable the indi-



vidual to contribute most to her community when she leaves college. It has been possible for me to understand this aim only in proportion as it has become my own aim.

Because it is the organization that has given most to me, the student government association's theme for the year,—“*Today's Agnes Scott Stu-*

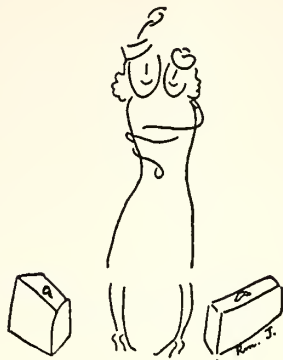
dent: Tomorrow's Citizen”,—expresses the spirit that I see when I look at Agnes Scott. Agnes Scott students look today at a world where a fundamental selfishness and dishonesty are causing unfair practices such as the black market, where a lack of discipline and self-control is leading to a deluge of juvenile delinquency, where bigotry and ignorant prejudice are encouraging religious and racial discrimination, where inertia and apathy on the part of even the intelligent citizens are nourishing corruption and inefficiency in government. As today's Agnes Scott students who are about to become tomorrow's citizens, we are realizing that we must build now, in specific college situations, those habits of honesty, self-control, fair-mindedness, and active interest in the needs of others which will enable us to contribute most to Agnes Scott now and to the communities in which we take our places later.

Our Senior, Anne Ward, is President of Student Government, member of Mortar Board and the collegiate Who's Who. *Our Freshman* is the sister of Pat Patterson, whose story “Mom” in the January '43 QUARTERLY won such wide acclaim.

150 ATTEND AGNES SCOTT'S 13th ALUMNAE DAY

Good-Fellowship, the Keynote of the Day!

On Tuesday, November 9, approximately 150 Agnes Scott Alumnae met on the college campus for a quiet, informal reunion. Due to traveling restrictions and gas rationing, only local Alumnae were contacted and the program closely followed that of Alumnae Day last year.



ART LECTURE, EXHIBIT

Registration began at 4:00 in Buttrick Hall on the afternoon of November 9. At 5:30 Alumnae met in the Library lecture room to hear Agnes Scott's new Art Director, Howard Thomas, discuss the works of two outstanding Southern artists—Dr. Marion Souchon and Reuben Gambrell. After the lecture, Professor Thomas took the group to the Library Art Gallery, where paintings of these two artists were on exhibit. Keynote of the lecture and gallery tour was informality—with the Alumnae asking many spontaneous questions and receiving interesting, stimulating answers from Professor Thomas.

DINNER, CAFETERIA STYLE

At 6:00 Alumnae and their escorts dined in Rebekah Scott's new cafeteria as guests of the college. Broiled halves of chicken, Georgia yams, green beans, salad, and chocolate-date ice-box pudding made a feast to remember—especially in these rationing days. After dinner, Alumnae adjourned to the Library, where coffee

was served around an open fire in the huge Library fireplace. This social hour, from 7 to 8, was the highlight of Alumnae day.

Among those present were Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett, Miss McKinney, Miss Torrance, Dr. Sweet, plus new Faculty and Administration members, who were introduced to Alumnae, plus members of classes from Academy days to the present class of '43. Miss Margaret Ridley, president of the Alumnae Association, poured and 12 members of the Atlanta, Decatur and Business Girls' Clubs served. Miss Hanley provided an interesting and up-to-date exhibit of the newest books, which everyone enjoyed.

"THE NEXT ACT IN EUROPE"

At 8:15 a warning bell rang and the Alumnae hurried to Gaines Chapel in Presser Hall, where the Lecture Association presented its first speaker of the season—distinguished, suave Henry C. Wolfe, who had just returned from Europe. Mr. Wolfe, author, international correspondent and expert on foreign affairs, lectured on "The Next Act in Europe." He discussed generals, our boys, and the outlook of the war with an informality and insight that delighted his audience. After his lecture, Alumnae and student body were introduced to Mr. Wolfe at a coffee in Murphey Candler.

ALUMNAE CHILDREN

For the first time in Alumnae Reunion history, Alumnae children were invited to attend Alumnae Day. While mothers listened to the Art Lecture, dined, and enjoyed the after-dinner coffee in the Library, their children romped and played in

(Continued on Page 38)

WHY JOIN THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION?

*Here's the Answer
in a letter from our
President, himself!*

Agnes Scott College Decatur, Georgia

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT

Agnes Scott Alumnae:

This question has just been asked: "Why should those who have attended Agnes Scott join the Alumnae Association?" I think I have never before tried to answer it.

I suppose in normal times I would recite some of the benefits which a member might receive, such as the Quarterly, an invitation to the Alumnae luncheon, special consideration as guests in the Alumnae House, and other like privileges.

Just now, however, it seems to me that there is something much more important than these personal benefits, something more important than keeping in touch with Agnes Scott and giving assistance to it. More than at any previous time it is important that people with some degree of culture and of high ideals unite their strength so as to be of real assistance in the post-war planning and in the building of a new world.

There are no more effective ways of uniting our strength than through the various alumnae-alumni organizations of the strong colleges, which surely will be acting together in the days ahead.

Just now, alumnae membership is significant in this larger sense.

Cordially,



J. R. McCain,
President.

October 4, 1943

"In modern warfare, an advantageous position is not a place where you stay, but a place from which you go!"

OUR SCORE IN THE WAR TO DATE

Catherine Strateman Sims

Assistant professor of History, teacher of International Relations, and advisor to Agnes Scott's International Relations Club, reviews past Allied successes and setbacks, brings you up to date in World War II.

THERE HAVE BEEN many depressing periods since the European war began a little over four years ago. There was the summer of 1940 when Norway and Denmark, the Low Countries, and France had been overcome, when the British Army had been evacuated from Dunkerque, when the Battle of Britain was at its height. Then for the first time most Americans realized the true nature of the struggle going on in Europe.

The late fall of 1941 saw first the steady retreat of the Russian armies, with Germany in control of most of southern and central Europe, followed by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the rapid fall of most of the bastions of British, American and Dutch strength in the Far East.

Yet in retrospect and in a larger view, the early fall of 1942 was perhaps most dangerous of all for the United Nations. At that time no perceptible dent had yet been made in Japanese strength in the Far East and in the western theater of the war the situation was indeed dismal. The German armies were then pressing forward in their second great offensive in Russia. All the Ukraine had been overrun. A deep penetration had been made in the region north of the Caucasus Mountains. The epic battle of Stalingrad was at its

height. If the Russians had lost that battle, and for many weeks it seemed that they might, the consequences would have been at least threefold; first, the destruction of a considerable part of Russia's military power; second, the cutting of the southern route by which goods come to Russia from her British and American allies, by way of the Persian Gulf and Iran; and third, the conquest by Germany of the entire Caucasian region with its vast wealth of oil. At the same time General Rommel's Afrika Corps, one of the finest military machines the war has produced, was poised in the desert of North Africa, at El Alamein, only 70 miles from the British naval base of Alexandria. A Nazi conquest of Alexandria would have assured Germany of complete domination of the Middle East, would have jeopardized the southern supply route to Russia, and would have endangered India from the west. Never were the United Nations in greater danger than at this period when Russia might have been eliminated from the war, when Germany and Japanese forces might have made a junction in India.

In the year which has passed since then, the story in the Far East has not been one of regaining lost territory and bases but rather of securing the bases that still remained in the United Nations' hands and developing new ones. We have managed to hold the Japanese enemy within a strong girdle of ships and planes and to prevent him from making further conquests. We have undertaken a few limited offensives to push him back a little. Our own strength has increased and Japan has suffered from a steady attrition of her strength.

In Europe the action has been more dramatic and decisive. We have moved from defensive to

offensive warfare. No one now speculates as to where the German armies will strike next, but rather as to where United Nations' invasion forces will land. That is the measure of what the last twelve months have done for us in the European theater.

Desperate as the situation was last year, even as late as the first of November, the next few weeks were to show that the darkest hour does not come just before dawn, and by the end of February, within 6 months, the military situation in the western theater had altered greatly in our favor.

The events which brought this change about were, in chronological order, the successful British offensive at El Alamein which drove the Germans out of Egypt back into Libya; second, the combined British and American landings in French North Africa; and third, the fact that the Russians outdid themselves at Stalingrad and held out until the approach of winter ended the German offensive. It was on October 21 that the first shots were fired in the British offensive in Egypt, on November 10 that the landings began in French North Africa, and by the end of November it was possible to say that the second German offensive in Russia had failed. Stalingrad had not been captured and the German armies were being expelled from the Caucasus region.

At the time it seemed that the tide was turning with painful slowness and yet we can see now that during the winter months of 1942-43 the United Nations were steadily improving their situation with regard to the Axis. This was true in the Far East as well as in Europe, though on a smaller scale. Early in August of 1942 our first offensive of the Pacific war began with the

landings of United States' Marines on the island of Guadalcanal in the Solomons, northeast of Australia. The Guadalcanal campaign seemed ill-fated in its first months, but after some of the bitterest fighting the war has seen, we made good our hold on Guadalcanal and the neighboring island of Tulagi. Likewise, a limited but successful offensive was conducted by Australian and American forces on New Guinea, the large island north of Australia.

By the end of February of this year, the net result of all these campaigns, in Europe, Africa and the Far East was this: The German armies at Stalingrad had surrendered, the first time large German forces had surrendered since the war began. The Caucasus region had been entirely cleared except for the Black Sea naval base of Novorossick. The siege of Leningrad had been broken and the strong German lines in the Ukraine were being pierced. Germany, instead of being established in the heart of European Russia, was retreating until the spring thaw came and brought Russian offensive operations to a halt. In North Africa, Egypt and Libya were entirely within our control, as were Morocco and Algeria. The Afrikan Corps was bottled up in Tunisia between American forces on the one side and British forces on the other. To be sure it was still struggling hard to break the bottle. In the Far East, Japanese forces had been withdrawn from Guadalcanal and the land campaign on New Guinea at Buna-Gona was proceeding satisfactorily and was soon to end.

In the spring the first large-scale attack directly against Germany herself began. Week after week thousands of tons of bombs were dropped on Germany and German-held territory. Hamburg, the seaport and naval base, Wilhelmshaven

and Nuremberg, Hamm and Essen, Duisburg, Berlin itself, and many other places felt the weight of mature British and American aerial power. There were several naval and air battles in the Pacific, all victorious to us, costly to both sides but more so for Japan, since her power of replacing lost ships and planes is inferior to our own. Individually, these naval and air battles may not have appeared so significant. But the successive victories in the Coral Sea, at Midway, in the Bismarck Sea, off Savo Island, and in the Kula Gulf, to mention only some of them, may in the future be recognized as marking the turning point in the Pacific war.

By the first of June the Tunisian campaign was over—all Africa was in the control of the United Nations. As we now know, the stage was being set for what is happening in southern Italy today. The results of the long struggle in Africa have been several. First of all, the United Nations inflicted a decisive defeat on important German forces, a famous German army. Good for our morale and for the morale of conquered Europe; bad for German morale. In the second place, we secured a safe and short supply route by sea through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, not only to Russia and the Near East but to the Far East, too. After Italy entered the war in the summer of 1940, this route was for all practical purposes closed. Convoys to India and Australia went across the Pacific or by the Atlantic around the coast of Africa. Convoys to Russia used either the difficult and dangerous northern route to Murmansk or the long southern route around Africa into the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf to Iran. The opening of the Mediterranean, which was achieved with the successful conquest of Tunisia, has thus automatically increased the shipping at the disposal of the United Nations.

One ship can now make perhaps three round trips in the time formerly occupied by one. Our supply lines have in some cases been shortened by as much as 10,000 miles. And last, but certainly not least, we acquired by the conquest of North Africa a base for the invasion of Europe. Furthermore, we established there well-trained, well-equipped land, sea, and air forces ready for the offensives of the future.

In addition to these concrete results of the African campaigns, our efforts and those of the countries which preceded us in the war have brought about other favorable consequences. The shipping shortage, though it will last in some degree until the war is over, has ceased to be acute, both because of the building program here and because of improved defense measures against submarines in the Atlantic. And, although the victories of the United Nations have been few in number in comparison with their defeats, they have, even in defeat, managed to inflict damage on the Axis. There have been millions of Axis casualties in Russia and hundreds of thousands in North Africa. Thousands of planes and tanks and guns have been destroyed. The Japanese have lost relatively few soldiers, but many thousands of tons of shipping and thousands of planes. The day-by-day reports in the newspapers sometimes are not particularly impressive. What do 150 dead Japanese amount to when there are 70 million left? What do 25 German planes amount to when German factories may be producing three times that many every day? But the accumulation of losses on the one side when confronted with growing strength on the other, will tip the scales. Every summer since the war began some commentator has spent a good deal of time proving that this summer was the summer Germany had to win if

she were to win at all. But now it is obvious to all that Germany had to win in 1942 at the latest. When she failed to knock out the Red armies and to destroy the British in Egypt, she lost her last opportunity. For by the summer of 1943 the potentially greater strength of the United Nations had been mobilized.

What has happened this summer and this fall has thus been made possible by the hard lessons learned and the hard work done in the last four years; the protection of the sea lanes in the Atlantic by the British navy, the steady attrition of German strength by the Russians, and Japanese strength by our forces and the Chinese armies, and finally, the enormous production of American factories, the conversion of this country from peace to war.

Shortly after the end of the Tunisian campaign several small Italian islands in the Mediterranean were easily occupied, notable Pantelleria, between North Africa and Sicily. Then early in July, Sicily itself was invaded. The campaign was short, about 38 days long. The defense of the islands had been entrusted largely to Italian forces who preferred not to fight, an encouraging sign for the future. The conquest of Sicily meant full protection for our supply route through the Mediterranean and it also gave us a stepping stone for the invasion of Italy. On September 3 the British Eighth Army crossed the narrow straits of Messina from Sicily into Italy and not long after the combined British and American Fifth Army, under the command of General Clark, landed at Salerno just south of Naples. There has since been a junction of the Fifth and parts of the Eighth armies on the western coast of Italy. These combined forces have succeeded in taking the city of Naples. They have pushed beyond Naples, to a point some 90 miles south

of Rome. Meanwhile units of the British Eighth Army have pushed up the eastern or Adriatic coast of Italy. The result is that our combined forces now hold a nearly straight line about 100 miles long across southern Italy from sea to sea. The conquest of southern Italy is an accomplished fact.

We have then established our bridgehead on the mainland of Europe. We have a funnel through which men and supplies can be poured for the offensives of the future. The port of Naples, one of the finest in Europe, is large and deep. It can harbor many ships and large ships. The toilsome task of unloading from cargo ship to lighter and from lighter to beach which was necessary at Salerno will not be necessary for the future. It is true that some damage has been done to the port facilities of Naples. But we and our British allies have had excellent experience in dock repair and salvage work, beginning with the clearing of the harbor of Massaua in the former Italian colony of Eritrea, through the raising of the Normandie, and the clearing of the North African harbors like Bengazi and Tripoli. Conservative reports indicate that the port of Naples is now in partial use and will soon be in full use. Among the most important of our recent gains, in addition to Naples, is the town of Foggia in south-central Italy. Foggia, the location of some twelve or thirteen air fields, is within bombing range of a large part of southern and central Europe, from France to Rumania. The city of Rome is the next objective of the Fifth and Eighth Armies. The road is hard; progress has been, and will probably continue to be, slow.

Meanwhile, the summer which saw the collapse of Italian power in the Mediterranean also saw a definite deterioration in Germany's position in Russia. The Germans began their third

offensive of the war in Russia on July 5. By July 15 the strength of the drive had been spent and the Russian counterattack began. By August 4, barely a month after the heavy fighting started, the Russians had taken Orel and Belgorod, the two points from which the German attack had come. Hitherto in 1941 and 1942 the Russians had compelled to bow beneath the weight of the German summer attacks. Their own offensives had not come until winter. The fact that this has not been the case this year is a good measure of the strength of the Russian armies and the relative weakness of the German armies.

The break in the German lines which occurred in the middle of August has steadily widened. Cities which the Germans have held for over two years have been recaptured. Rostov, Stalino, Taganrog, Kharkov, Smolensk have been retaken. The entire valley of the Donets River, Russia's great industrial area, has been recovered. Novorossisk, the Black Sea naval base, all that was left to the Germans after the disastrous Caucasian campaign of last year, has been taken. Today Russian armies have broken the German defense line along the Dnieper River. They have taken Dnieperopetrovsk and are pressing hard at Kiev. They were among their earliest losses to Germany in 1941. They have already entered the province of White Russia. They are today less than 90 miles from the border of Latvia and not much farther from the pre-1939 border of Poland. In the South the route of escape from the Crimea has been closed and Russian forces are driving swiftly forward toward the mouth of the Dnieper River. The German armies have already suffered a major disaster in Russia this year. Others may be in store for them. It is indeed possible that the decisive blow against Ger-

many may be dealt along the eastern front and not in western Europe.

Yet we know that additional offensives in the West are being planned. It is not impossible that landings may be made in Norway or Holland or on the Atlantic coast of France, although that seems unlikely for the present. It has been suggested that forces operating from North Africa may invade the Mediterranean coast of France. That is perhaps made more likely by the fact that the islands of Sardinia and Corsica have been brought under our control. There is a strong possibility that the Balkan peninsula may be invaded from southern Italy. Certainly we control both the sea and the air in that part of the world, and can make landings wherever we choose. An active fighting front is known to exist already in Yugoslavia, where guerilla troops have never stopped fighting Germany.

As the military situation has changed in our favor, so has the political. Benito Mussolini was forced from power in Italy on July 25. Whether he is today dead or alive, it is clear that Italian Fascism is dead. It is a system which feeds on victory but has nothing to offer in time of defeat. The government of Marshal Badoglio, which succeeded Mussolini, surrendered to General Eisenhower on the day General Montgomery's forces landed in Italy. The Italian fleet has been turned over to us. And now Italy has officially entered the war against Germany. On August, neutral Sweden announced that the use of Swedish railways for the transportation of German troops to and from Norway was ended. When Norway was overrun in 1940, the Swedish government found itself unable to deny German demands for the use of Swedish railways. Their assertion of independence at this time is a pretty good indication of well-informed neutral opinion.

In August also, there was a revolt against the Nazis in Denmark. The German commander was forced to abolish the technically independent Danish government and so ended what the Germans liked to call the "model protectorate." The Finnish government has categorically announced that it wishes to make peace with Russia on certain conditions. Mysterious events have happened in Bulgaria. King Boris is dead, just how or when no one knows, but it is suspected that he met his death because he resisted German demands for further aid from Bulgaria. The significance of these events is that the German plan for the conquest of Europe always called for a large measure of collaboration from the conquered people and from the neutrals. Today there is less collaboration than at any time since the war began. These events are blows at the New Order. They are straws in the wind, showing that the non-German Europeans believe that Germany is losing the war.

I wish it were possible to paint as bright a picture of the Far East. There we have made some progress, but it has been very little compared with what has happened in Europe. The Japanese have been driven out of the two islands in the Aleutians which they held for over a year. The island of Attu was invaded in May and conquered in June. In August our troops landed on the other of the two, Kiska, to find that the Japanese had abandoned it. It is hardly true to say that we have thus acquired the bases for a major offensive against Japan. It is more true to say that we have eliminated the danger of an attack on Alaska and Canada from the Aleutians. In the south Pacific the central Solomons were invaded in June and by mid-August we were established there. Of particular value is Munda airport, only 425 miles from the great South

Pacific base of Rabaul. Now an invasion of the northern Solomons is under way.

And we have just seen the completion of the third campaign on New Guinea. The first was fought a year ago to prevent the capture of Port Moresby by the Japanese, and thus the southern coast of the island was cleared. The second was the Buna-Gona campaign of last winter. The third campaign has resulted in the capture of Lae, Salamaua and Finschhafen. There will probably be more fighting on New Guinea, but the worst seems to be over. And whereas the defense of Port Moresby last year was motivated by fears for the safety of Australia, the campaigns at Buna-Gona, Lae, Salamaua and Finschhafen were intended to clear the island so that we may use it, together with the Solomons, as a base for operations against Rabaul. In addition to these limited land offensives we have been able to increase our aerial offensive against Japan. The Marcus Islands, 1,200 miles from Tokyo, have been heavily bombed recently. There have been frequent raids over Burma and portions of Occupied China and a few in the East Indies. At least twice within the last year, Paramushiro, the great naval base in the Kurile Islands north of the Japanese homeland, has been attacked. In the middle of October a very heavy raid was conducted against Rabaul, on New Britain, perhaps the next objective in the South Pacific.

Probably the most significant recent news about the Far Eastern war is the appointment of Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten as supreme commander in Southeast Asia. This is believed to herald the long-awaited sea, land and air offensive against Burma. The reconquest of Burma is an absolute essential if China is to be relieved and the way opened for a vast offen-

sive from China against the Japanese homeland. We may reasonably expect the beginning of these operations sometime within the next six months. The surrender of Italy and the consequent release of portions of the British and American fleets for use in the Pacific will materially advance the beginning of operations in southeast Asia, as will the opening of the short supply route through the Mediterranean.

Our Far Eastern effort, in other words, is still in the preparatory stage. That is easy to understand because the plan laid down for victory over the Axis calls for the defeat of Germany first. The strategic soundness of this plan can no longer be doubted. It is obviously true that vigorous prosecution of the war in Europe is the best way to strengthen our position in the Far East.

A short time ago the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Morgenthau, made a bond-selling talk over the radio in which he asked why we allowed ourselves to indulge in this "childish and foolish optimism." Some people were rather irritated at what he said, but he was telling the unpleasant truth. The day after the surrender of Italy was announced, one congressman was quoted in the newspapers as saying that there was now no need to impose higher taxes, and another one as saying that there was now certainly no need to extend the draft for the armed services. Just a few days after these optimistic gentlemen assured us that the war was "in the bag" the Fifth Army at Salerno was struggling desperately to keep its bridgehead. It was in imminent danger of being driven into the sea. The early surrender of Italy does not mean that the war against Germany is at an end. Anything is possible, and the Germans may lay down their arms next week. But the odds are heavily against it. It is almost certain that they will give ground in Italy slowly,

fighting the hardest kind of delaying action until they reach the valley of the Po River in the north, where they will probably make their last stand. When Italy is conquered, there still remain Norway and Denmark, the Low Countries and France, Central Europe and the Balkans. When the last war ended in November, 1918, the Allied High Command had already laid its plans for an offensive in the spring of 1919. It is in that spirit that we must proceed now. Our casualties may be heavier in the next few months than they have been for the whole war up to now. Certainly there will be a heavier drain on all kinds of equipment and supplies (including gasoline) than ever before. Other invasions with their heavy toll of men and shipping will be necessary before final victory can be achieved in Europe.

When Germany has been defeated there is still Japan. In the Far East a tough war is certainly ahead for us, even if it should not be as long a one as some people fear. We have enormous distance to go in the Pacific, and, as Vice-Admiral told us recently, on the other hand, we have to build bases from the group up as we advance. The Japanese plan in joining with Germany and Italy was that the Western Powers would either lose the war against Germany and Italy or be so exhausted in winning it that they would have no strength to continue the war in the Far East. The loss of Italy from the Axis and the weakening of Germany on the Mediterranean and Russian fronts now present to Japan the prospect of a great combination against her alone, a combination which would outnumber her in men, ships, planes, artillery, tanks and every other conceivable category of war material. To defeat Japan it is necessary that the combination

(Continued on Page 58)

SOME PRETTY PLAIN TALK...

From an Old Maid Aunt,

TO ALL AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE:

- ★ *Did you know that out of some 7,500 Agnes Scott Alumnae, only 600 pay their Alumnae dues regularly?*
- ★ *Did you know that your Alumnae Association is still forced to accept financial support from the College to keep going?*
- ★ *Did you know that if only 3,000 Alumnae paid their yearly dues, we could become an independent organization?*

With this special edition of the Alumnae Quarterly, we open our 1943-44 drive for paid members in the Alumnae Association. Your dues of \$2.00 annually or \$50.00 life membership go toward the upkeep of the Alumnae House and Tearoom (our main contact with students on the campus—tomorrow's Alumnae), and bring you four issues of the Alumnae Quarterly each year (your main contact with classmates and college news). Your degree from Agnes Scott gives you definite prestige in the business world and in your community. Show your loyalty and appreciation by becoming an active supporter of Agnes Scott through the Alumnae Association!

We realize of course that there is a war going on . . . that many of you are busier than ever before. But one of the things we are fighting for—is the privilege of a higher education. The reputation of Agnes Scott and of all colleges and universities rests with the Alumni and Alumnae . . . what they do after graduation, how well they impart to others the ideals of the institution which they attended. Here is your chance to become an active member in the educational movement which is planning now, for the new world after the war. Join your Alumnae Association today!

Remember—no one else can take your place!

Sincerely,

Your Aunt Agnes.

AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE HOUSE, DECATUR, GEORGIA.

I want to join the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association, and herewith enclose \$2.00 () for my '43 - '44 dues or \$50 () for a life membership.

Name _____ Class _____

Address _____

Check Enclosed () Money Order Enclosed ()

Make All Checks Payable to the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association.

➡ Watch For The February 1st
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Canal Zone. You'll get a new slant on our neighboring countries—and a global education in one magazine!

If you haven't already paid your '43-'44 dues, send them in now! Don't miss this exciting adventure-packed issue! (See p. 37 for coupon.)

150 Attend . . .

(Continued from Page 28)

White House under the supervision of twenty-five members of the Agnes Scott Granddaughters' Club, headed by Betty Pope Scott, '44. Alumnae Children also ate at tables set aside for them in Rebekah Scott dining hall. From 7 to 8 they were taken on a tour of the campus, including a survey of roller skating in the gymnasium, which is a feature of Tuesday nights. Betty reports a good time by all—especially by the Granddaughters. And the entertainment of Alumnae Children will probably become a regular part of Alumnae Day.

COMMITTEES FOR ALUMNAE DAY

Credit for the success of Alumnae Day goes

to Miss Scandrett, who planned, with Margaret Ridley, the events of the day; to Mr. Thomas for an illuminating lecture, to Miss Hanley for her help in the after-dinner coffee; to Mrs. J. B. Bunnell and Mrs. Ewing G. Harris, Alumnae House resident hostesses; to Miss Harriss, Dietician, for her tempting dinner; to members of the Granddaughters' Club; to Mrs. Bonner Spearman, president of the Agnes Scott Club in Atlanta, for her artistic flower arrangements; to Mrs. J. C. Sylvester, president of the Decatur Agnes Scott Club; to Miss Elizabeth Nicolassen, past-president of the Agnes Scott Business Girls' Club, and to their telephone committees who brought out such splendid attendance. It is hoped that after the war, our more elaborate Alumnae week-ends will be continued. In the meantime, that is just one more thing to keep on fighting for, to keep on buying war bonds for!

A Freshman Looks . . .

(Continued from Page 26)

joy for me. The midnight feasts, the bull sessions, the craziness of folks are all a part of you. There's nothing longer strange in you, and I know that I belong with you, dashing for your mailroom, peering at your bulletin board, standing in your breadline, singing at your vespers, digging at your lessons. I'm sore from doing sit-ups and tired from reading great English

literature in a hurry, but I'm happily sore and glowingly tired, for I'm discovering things and I think I'm on the way to beginning to learn how to be a used person.

You aren't perfect, Agnes Scott, but your foundations are steady and sure. Your room for improvement is chiefly a matter of growth not of fundamental change. Your ideals are high, and it seems to me that you are tending toward them. I appreciate your past; I believe in your future; I like your present.



Give Magazines for Christmas! for New Year's!

*Order Them Through the Alumnae Office,
Personal Attention to Each Subscription!*

Why buy your magazines through an agent or other channel when you can buy them *at the same prices* from your Alumnae Office—and contribute to the Alumnae Budget at the same time! Below is a partial list of the most popular magazines which we carry . . . with their lowest accepted prices, Special Group Rates and Club Prices. Actually we have some 2,500 periodicals from which you may choose. If the magazine you want is not listed here—write the Alumnae Office for current rates. As Authorized Agents we can offer you the same prices of any other authorized magazine agent. Check the list below and send us your order today! Special Points to Remember:

- ★ Any orders you send us are accepted at the the lowest rates in effect at the time. But all prices are subject to publisher's changes.
- ★ MAGAZINES IN ANY COMBINATION OFFER MAY BE SENT TO EITHER THE SAME ADDRESS OR EACH TO SEPARATE ADDRESSES EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.
- ★ Appropriate gift cards for Christmas, birthdays and other occasions will be sent on request to recipients.
- ★ Publishers require from two to three weeks to fill orders sent in during busy December and January months. If your order is too late for the magazine itself to arrive at Christmas or New Year's—let the publisher's holiday gift-cards announce the coming gift!
- ★ "Club Prices" mean a special rate is offered when two or more subscriptions of the same magazine are ordered.
- ★ Abbreviations: M means monthly, W published weekly, S-M semi-monthly, Q quarterly, etc.

MAGAZINES	Publ'a Price	Add for		
		Can- ada	For- eign	Pan- Amer.
American Girl -----M.	2.00		.60	
2 years -----M.	3.00		1.20	
3 years -----M.	4.00		1.80	
American Girl				
with Boy's Life -----	3.25			
with Child Life -----	3.75			
with Etude Music Mag. -----	3.50			
with Open Road for Boys -----	2.90			
with Parents' Mag. -----	3.25			
with Reader's Digest -----	4.00			
American Home -----M.	1.50		1.00	
2 years -----M.	2.25		2.00	
3 years -----M.	3.00		3.00	
Two 1-year gift subscriptions, (one donor) -----	2.50			
Three or more 1-year gifts (one donor) -----each	1.00			
American Magazine -----M.	2.50	.50	1.00	
2 years -----M.	4.00	1.00	2.00	
3 years -----M.	6.00	1.50	3.00	
American Magazine, special rate for Military address, 1 year only ---W.	2.00	U. S.	Armed Forces.	To
American Magazine (* To one address)				
* with Collier's -----W.	4.75			
* with Collier's and Woman's Home Companion -----	6.00			
* with Woman's Home Companion -----	3.50			
American Mercury -----M.	3.00	.50	1.00	
2 years -----M.	5.00	1.00	2.00	
3 years -----M.	7.00	1.50	3.00	
American Mercury, special rate for U. S. address, 1 year only -----	2.00	Armed Forces.	To Military	
American Mercury with Reader's Digest -----	5.00			
Antiques Magazine (Club Price 4.75) M.	5.00	1.00	1.00	
2 years -----M.	8.00	2.00	2.00	
3 years -----M.	11.00	3.00	3.00	
Atlantic Monthly (Club Price 3.75) ---M.	5.00		1.00	
(Current Renewal) ---M.	4.00		1.00	
2 years -----M.	8.00		2.00	
3 years -----M.	12.00		3.00	
Atlantic Monthly, special rate for U. S. address, 1 year only -----	2.50	Armed Forces.	To Military	
Atlantic Monthly				
with Asla -----	6.50			
with Harper's Magazine -----	7.00			
with Nation -----	7.50			
with New Republic -----	7.00			
with Reader's Digest -----	6.00			
Better Homes and Gardens -----M.	1.50		1.00	
2 years -----M.	2.50		2.00	
3 years -----M.	3.00		3.00	
Better Homes and Gardens New De Luxe Cook Book ----1 copy	2.00			
Boys' Life, for All Boys -----M.	2.00		.75	
2 years -----M.	3.50		1.50	
3 years -----M.	4.50		2.25	
Boy's Life				
with American Girl -----	3.25			
with Child Life -----	4.00			
with Nature -----	4.00			
with Parent's Magazine -----	3.25			
with Popular Mechanics -----	4.00			
Camera -----M.	3.00	.50	1.00	
Child Life (Club Price, 2.25) ---M.	2.50	.25	.50	.50
2 years -----M.	4.00	.50	1.00	1.00
3 years -----M.	5.00	.75	1.50	1.50
Child Life				
with Parent's Magazine -----	3.50			
with Popular Mechanics -----	4.50			
with Reader's Digest -----	4.50			
Christian Herald (Club Price 1.75) ---M.	2.00	.50	1.00	1.00
2 years -----M.	3.00	1.00	2.00	2.00
3 years -----M.	4.00	1.50	3.00	3.00
Collier's Weekly -----W.	3.00		3.50	
2 years -----W.	5.00		7.00	
3 years -----W.	7.00		10.50	
Collier's Weekly, special rate for U. S. address, 1 year only -----W.	2.00	Armed Forces.	To Military	

MAGAZINES	Publ'a Price	Add for		
		Can- ada	For- eign	Pan- Amer.
Collier's Weekly (* To one address.) with American Magazine-----	4.75			
with American and Woman's Home Companion-----	6.00			
with Woman's Home Companion-----	4.00			
Coronet -----	M. 3.00		1.00	
2 years -----	M. 5.00		2.00	
3 years -----	M. 7.50		3.00	
Coronet, special rate for U. S. Armed Forces. 1 year only-----	1.50	To Military address.		
Esquire, The Magazine for Men-----	M. 5.00	.50	2.50	
6 mos. subs.-----	M. 3.00	.25	1.25	
2 years -----	M. 8.00	1.00	5.00	
3 years -----	M. 10.00	1.50	7.50	
Esquire, special rate for U. S. Armed Forces. 1 year only-----	M. 3.50	To Military address.		
Etude Music Magazine (Club Price 2.25)-----	M. 2.50	.25	1.00	
2 years -----	M. 4.00	.50	2.00	
3 years -----	M. 6.00	.75	3.00	
Etude Music Magazine with Parents' Magazine-----	3.75			
with Popular Mechanics-----	4.50			
with Readers' Digest-----	5.25			
with Child Life-----	4.25			
Financial World-----	W. 15.00			
(Incl. 12 monthly Stock Manuals with Ratings and Statistics on 1,600 stocks. 3 weeks' trial offer for NEW subscribers only -----	W. 1.00			
Fortune—The Magazine of Management-----	M. 10.00	2.00	2.00	
2 years -----	M. 17.00	4.00	4.00	
3 years -----	M. 24.00	6.00	6.00	
(Subscriptions start with current issue) Current Issue-----	1.00			
Fortune, special rate to U. S. Armed Forces. 1 year only-----	M. 6.00	To Military address.		
Glamour of Hollywood-----	M. 1.50	.25	.50	
2 years -----	M. 2.50			
Good Housekeeping (May not be clubbed)-----	M. 3.00	.50	2.00	1.00
2 years -----	M. 5.00	1.00	4.00	2.00
3 years -----	M. 7.00	1.50	6.00	3.00
Harper's Bazaar (May not be clubbed)-----	M. 5.00	.50	2.00	1.00
2 years -----	M. 7.50	1.00	4.00	2.00
3 years -----	M. 10.00	1.50	6.00	3.00
Harper's Magazine (Club Price 3.75)-----	M. 4.00	1.00	1.00	
2 years -----	M. 7.00	2.00	2.00	
3 years -----	M. 10.00	3.00	3.00	
House and Garden-----	M. 4.00	.50		
2 years -----	M. 5.00	1.00		
Hygeia, The Health Magazine-----	M. 2.50	.50	.75	
2 years -----	M. 4.00	1.00	1.50	
3 years -----	M. 6.00	1.50	2.25	
Jack and Jill (for Children up to 10 years)-----	M. 2.50	.50	.50	.50
2 years in U. S. and Poss. only-----	M. 4.00			
2 or more subs. for Schools or Libraries-----	2.00			
Jack and Jill (* To one address in U. S. and Poss. only) * with Saturday Evening Post-----	5.00			
* with Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post-----	7.00			
* with Ladies' Home Journal-----	4.00			
Ladies' Home Journal (In U. S. and Poss. and Pan-America) 3 years -----	M. 4.00			
2 years -----	M. 3.00			
1 year -----	M. 2.00			
Ladies' Home Journal (** 1 year only in all other foreign countries)-----	M. 3.00			
(* No reduction for long term foreign subs.) Ladies' Home Journal, special rate for U. S. Armed Forces. To Military address. 1 year only-----	M. 1.50			
Ladies' Home Journal (* to one address) * with Saturday Evening Post (In U. S. and Poss. and Pan-Amer.)-----	4.50			
* with Jack and Jill (U. S. and Poss. only)-----	4.00			
* with Saturday Evening Post and Jack and Jill (In U. S. and Poss. only)-----	7.00			

MAGAZINES	Publ'a Price	Add for		
		Can- ada	For- eign	Pan- Amer.
Liberty -----	W. 3.50	*	2.00	1.00
2 years -----	W. 6.00	*	4.00	2.00
Life, The News Mag. of Pictures-----	W. 4.50	1.00	5.50	1.50
2 years -----	W. 9.00	2.00	11.00	3.00
3 years -----	W. 13.50	3.00	16.50	4.50
Life, special rate for U. S. Armed Forces. To Military address, 1 year only-----	W. 3.50			
Mademoiselle -----	M. 2.50	1.00	2.50	1.50
2 years -----	M. 4.00	2.00	5.00	2.50
McCall's Magazine-----	M. 1.50	*	1.00	.50
2 years -----	M. 2.40	*	2.00	1.00
3 years -----	M. 3.00	*	3.00	1.50
* Add 10 cents to Publ's Price for Canadian subscription. McCall's and Redbook (to one addr.)-----	M. 2.60	1.00	2.00	1.00
Motor Boating (May not be clubbed)-----	M. 3.00	.50	1.00	1.00
2 years -----	M. 4.50	1.00	2.00	2.00
Nature Magazine (Club Price, 2.75) 10 Nos.-----	3.00	.75		
Nature Magazine with Boys' Life-----	4.00			
with Etude-----	4.75			
with Parents' Magazine-----	4.50			
New Republic (Club Price 4.50)-----	W. 5.00	1.00	1.00	
New Republic with Atlantic Monthly-----	7.00			
with Harper's Magazine-----	7.00			
Newsweek -----	W. 5.00			
2 years -----	W. 7.50			
3 years -----	W. 10.00		6.00	
6 months -----	W. 2.60		1.00	
Newsweek—Special Christmas Rate—Good through Dec. 31, 1943, all subscriptions, regular, new, renewal and gifts. 1 year only-----	W. 3.50			
Newsweek—Special rate to educators, clergymen, schools, colleges and public libraries, 1 year only-----	W. 3.50			
Individual subscriptions to teachers and clergymen must be ac- panied by signature. Newsweek—Military rates to U. S. Armed Forces Overseas "Battle Baby" to A.P.O. and Fleet P. O. addresses. 1 year only-----	W. 3.50			
Regular Ed. to U. S. Armed Forces with U. S. Military address 1 year only-----	W. 3.50			
(Regular Ed. will not be sent to men in the Armed Forces overseas)				
New Yorker-----	W. 6.00	1.00	2.00	
2 years -----	W. 9.00	2.00	4.00	
New York Times Book Review-----	W. 2.00	1.00	1.50	
New York Times (Sunday)-----	6.00	2.00	12.00	
Parents Magazine (Club Price 1.75)-----	M. 2.00			
Parents' Magazine with Christian Herald-----	3.50			
with Etude-----	3.75			
with Popular Mechanics-----	3.75			
with Reader's Digest-----	4.50			
Popular Mechanics (Club Price 2.25)-----	M. 2.50	.50	1.00	
Popular Mechanics With American Girl-----	3.75			
With Boys' Life-----	4.00			
With Etude-----	4.50			
With Parents' Magazine-----	3.75			
With Reader's Digest-----	4.75			
With Science Digest-----	4.75			
Reader's Digest— Special offer to Jan. 15, 1944, only -----	M. 2.75			
2 years -----	M. 5.00			
3 years -----	M. 7.25			
Each additional one year subs. by same donor -----	2.25			
Reader's Digest, Special rate to U. S. Armed Forces with military ad- dress, 1 year only-----	M. 1.50			
Reader's Digest "Selecciones" Span- ish Ed. or Selecciones Portuguese Ed. In U. S. and Canada—one year only -----	M. 3.00			
To addresses in Latin America-----	M. 1.00			

MAGAZINES	Publ's Price	Add for			Publ's Price	Add for		
		Can- ada	For- eign	Pan- Amer.		Can- ada	For- eign	Pan- Amer.
Reader's Digest								
With American Mercury	5.00							
With Atlantic Monthly	6.00							
With Harper's Magazine	6.00							
Redbook	M. 1.00	1.00	.50					
Redbook, special rate for U. S. Armed Forces to military address, one year only	M. 2.00							
Redbook and McCall's (to one address)	3.50							
Saturday Evening Post								
(In U. S. and possessions, Canada and Pan America)								
3 years	W. 7.00							
2 years	W. 5.00							
1 year	W. 3.00							
Saturday Evening Post (To one address)								
With Ladies' Home Journal	4.50							
With Jack and Jill	5.00							
With Jack and Jill and Ladies' Home Journal	7.00							
Saturday Review of Literature								
(Club Price 4.75)	W. 5.00							
Science Digest (Club Price 2.75)	M. 3.00							
Science Digest								
With Popular Mechanics	4.75							
With Scientific American	6.00							
Theatre Arts	M. 3.50							
Time, The Weekly Magazine								
(New Subscriptions Only)								
1 year					W. 5.00			
2 years					W. 9.00			
Renewal Subs. in U. S. Only								
1 year					W. 5.00			
2 years					W. 7.50			
Time, Special rate to U. S. Armed Forces with military address, reg. ed. 1 year only					W. 3.50			
Time, Air Express Edition. New Subscriptions (all Air Express areas except Cuba and Mexico) 1 year					W. 10.00			
New Subscriptions to Cuba and Mexico								
1 year					W. 7.50			
Special rate Air Express Ed. to U. S. Armed Forces with military address								
In Cuba and Mexico, 1 year only					6.00			
In all other Air Express areas, 1 year					8.50			
Town and Country (may not be clubbed)					5.00			
Vogue					S.-M. 6.00			
Woman's Home Companion					M. 1.50			
Woman's Home Companion special rate for U. S. Armed Forces, to military address. 1 year only					M. 1.00			
Woman's Home Companion (*To one address)								
*With American Magazine					3.50			
*With American Magazine and Collier's					6.00			
*With Collier's					4.00			
Yachting					M. 4.00			
Yale Review					Q. 3.00	.50	.50	

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Make All Checks payable to the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association.

Our Score to Date

(Continued from Page 36)

continue to exist. The stronger and the more united it is, the sooner will victory come in the Far East.

An accurate and realistic estimate of the current situation requires one to say that the United Nations are today in an advantageous position on all fronts. Yet accuracy and realism also require this word of warning: In modern warfare, an advantageous position is not a place where you stay but a place from which you go.

Book Review

(Continued from Page 23)

opposing this love, and his father's fostering it.

Marquand has dared to be simple. For that reason, I call this his most ambitious novel to date. One has a sense of the author's trying by the sweat of his brow to avoid the sophistication

which has been the breath of life of his other novels. In this effort of his, I would say that as far as the main line of action is concerned, he is successful in conveying a straight, unspoiled emotion. However, since it is not his natural mode of expression there is a flatness about it that has not appeared in his earlier books. It does not spoil the novel. The effect is rather moving, a flat, hard honesty of approach.

Compliments of

Sherwin-Williams Paint Co.

HAVE YOU A

*New Husband?*_____

*New Job?*_____

*New Baby?*_____

*New Address?*_____

If so, won't you please let your Alumnae Office have this information at once? We want to keep your name in the Quarterly Class News so that all your friends will know where you are and what you are doing. If you are uncertain about your present address, send us your home or permanent address so that each issue of the Quarterly will reach you!

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS' ISSUE

FEBRUARY

1944

IF YOUR ALUMNAE DUES ARE ABOUT TO EXPIRE...

You will find attached to this *Quarterly* a notice to that effect. This advance warning gives you one month in which to renew your dues (\$2 for 12 months) and to reserve your copy of the next Alumnae Quarterly, April 30 CAREER ISSUE.

From now on all subscribers will be notified of expiration of dues *one Quarterly in advance*. Also, all new or renewed subscribers will be mailed DUE CARDS announcing the receipt of their dues *and* the expiration date. (e.g. Your dues of \$2.00 have been received today, March 1, 1944. They will expire next March 1, 1945.)

Save your DUE CARD and save yourself worry later on! Keep us informed of any change in your address!

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Student Loan

MARY WARREN READ, 1929
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VIRGINIA HEARD FEDER, 1933
Alumnae Week-End

ISABEL LEONARD SPEARMAN, ex-1929
Entertainment

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Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

VOL. XXII

FEBRUARY 29 "FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT" ISSUE

No. 2

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SPRING CALENDAR

MARCH

- 1 Exhibit of Faculty Publications, Library. Lamar Dodd Exhibition, paintings and drawings, Art Gallery, Library
- 2 Exhibition Badminton Match, Atlanta Athletic Club players, Gymnasium
- 3 Brown Jug Basketball Tournament, Gymnasium
- 4 Dr. Kenneth J. Foreman, Davidson College, Chapel speaker for Religious Emphasis Week
- 5 "The Bat," Philadelphia Opera Company, City Auditorium
- 6 Music Appreciation Hour, Presser Hall
- 8 Exhibit, Vocational Guidance on Librarianship, Library
- 9 Exams begin!
- 15 Last day to see Lamar Dodd Exhibition
- 16 to 21 Spring Vacation!
- 21 Watercolor Exhibit, Gregory D. Ivy and Mary Leath Stewart, Art Gallery, Library
- 25 Exhibit of Chinese books, pictures, poetry, Library
- 27 Sophomore Musical for War Fund Drive, Maclean Chapel
- 29 Ballet Theater, City Auditorium

APRIL

- 1 Exhibit, Opportunities for Women in Social Work, Library
- 3 Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation Hour, Presser Hall
- 4 Carroll Glenn, American Violinist, Women's Club, Auditorium
- 12 Oscar Levant, City Auditorium

THE CAMPUS CARROUSEL

THIS IS SPRING at Agnes Scott . . . white pear trees rising into the sky, white bridal wreath by Inman, white hyacinths blooming in Dr. McCain's doorway . . . the pale pink of peach blossoms near the Infirmary, the flaming pink of Quince behind Science Hall, the dusky pink of the camellias on Miss Scandrett's desk . . . the tender green of tree ferns after a rain, the slick black of the tree trunks, the bright unbelievable green of the grass, with jonquils strewn like yellow stars through it . . . the gold of the forsythia along the Stukes' picket fence, the red-gold of the fat lazy gold-fish in Alumnae Pool . . . the sound of rain falling on the Library roof, rain mixed with the calls of warblers, wax-wings and wild-canaries . . . the smell of rain . . . and of wind and damp earth, the lingering sweetness of Christmas Honeysuckle. . . . These are the colors and sounds and fragrances of Spring returning to Agnes Scott. It is a spring you can never forget.

THIS IS WAR at Agnes Scott . . . the drive for junk jewelry staged by the War Council, the second waste paper roundup that netted around 5000 pounds . . . the "Junior Joint" that added \$100 to the War Fund . . . the Freshman Shoe Shop, the IRC Fireside Chats, the Senior Bridge Benefit, the Sophomore Musical all originated for the same cause. War Council Films—*Desert Victory* and *The Pilot Is Safe* at Maclean Auditorium. The minor "battles" waged recently by students against (1) the present nominating system, and (2) the present organization of Student Government. After many stormy chapel sessions, No. 1 stayed the

same, No. 2 submitted to a general reshuffling of duties and qualifications—the most important change being, perhaps, a separation of the executive and judicial branches of the organization. War casualties—the Founder's Day Dinner, the Minuet, the Junior Banquet.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Miss Lewis' nephew, Lt. Hugh Barr Miller, who lived for 43 days on cocoanuts and water on a Jap-held island, whose extraordinary deeds have won him the Purple Heart, the Gold Star and the Navy Medal . . . about Miss Sydenstricker's return to the campus last week for a round of teas and dinner-parties . . . about Freshman Bet Patterson (see p. 26 November Quarterly) who outspelled professors and classmates in the recent faculty-student spelling bee . . . about our new May Queen, Robin (Taylor) Horneffer of Atlanta . . . about Tommie Huie's ('44) May Day Senario—*The Making of the Rainbow* . . . about Miss Hanley's collection of foreign coppers, given to the Library by Dr. Sweet . . . about Miss Wilburn's new course in Recreational Leadership . . . about the enthusiastic approval of Miss Cilley's new textbook—*A First Portuguese Reader* and Mrs. Dunstan's timely translation of Pena's *History of Mexican Literature* . . . about the retirement of Ella Carey after 30 years of faithfully announcing your "Comp'ny in de pahlor" . . . about Louise the cook, whose chocolate fudge cake is making tearoom history.

SO YOU LIKED YOUR November issue of the *Alumnae Quarterly*! We of the editorial and

art staffs say thank you for the deluge of letters, telephone calls and dues still pouring in. Thank you for showing us what kind of *Quarterly* you want . . . for helping us make it a magazine you will pass on with pride to friends, neighbors and (incidentally) future Hottentots!

SO YOU CAN'T TRAVEL again this year. So what! This issue of the *Quarterly* takes you around the globe in an afternoon . . . to India, China, Japan . . . to Brazil, Hawaii . . . even to Germany. You'll visit all the countries you've wanted to see—through the eyes of Alumnae who have recently returned or are living there now! Don't expect our "Foreign Correspondents" to talk about the war. *Do* expect them to discuss the quaint customs, the beautiful scenery, the admirable traits of these good-neighbors who are working with us to end the war.

BY THE WAY . . . your cover artist for this

issue of the *Quarterly* is Joan Crangle, '48 from Florida. Other *Quarterly* illustrations are by students in Art 150. Professor Howard Thomas, of course, is responsible for our super-smooth make-up!

COMING APRIL 30 . . . Alumnae *Quarterly* has the much talked-of CAREER ISSUE, filled with the success stories of famous Hottentots. Authors, artists, editors, musicians, entertainers, home makers! Read how these Agnes Scott career girls climbed to the top. If your dues are paid, *your* copy is reserved.

AND DON'T FORGET . . . Alumnae Office is still magazine subscription headquarters for more than 2,500 of the country's leading periodicals. We can handle your new, gift or *renewal* subscriptions at lowest authorized rates. So send us your orders. We need the business.

THE EDITOR.

ASSIGNMENT TO TOKYO



Isabel McCain Brown, '37

America doesn't know the meaning of sacrifice decides President McCain's daughter, Isabel, after 6 months in Tokyo where she and her husband were sent to study the language and customs of Japan. She writes here of Japanese thrift, psychology and stoic endurance.

"ONE LAST PIECE of advice," said our friends, half seriously, half jokingly, the night before we landed in Japan. "Be sure to write your book on Japan before you have been here more than six months."

"Why in the world?" I asked half jokingly, too. "That is, *if I should* decide to write a book on Japan. Surely I ought to wait till the end of our first missionary term anyway."

"Oh, no," they replied. "After six months you begin to realize how much you *don't* know about Japan!" And then more seriously, "Besides, the first clear impressions you get of the country will begin to get 'fuzzy' about then, and the sharp lines in the pictures will blur."

We did stay in Japan only six months and a day; so I have all the advantages of that point of view—and the disadvantages. It is true that some pictures of Japan are still clear and sharp in my mind. I can never forget the first ones.

Our introduction to Japan really came before these first pictures, I suppose, for we sailed on a Japanese boat, the *Hie Maru*. On it we be-

came accustomed gradually to Japanese stewards and officers, and some missionary friends taught us (or tried to) a few words. We even tried Japanese food several times. A "first-timer" like ourselves told us with an air of superior wisdom that one unguessed item in some soup was seaweed. It was like paper—dry and tasteless—to me. "I was just joking," she confided later to me," and *was* I surprised when one missionary told me afterward that it really *was* seaweed!"

Even with this introduction, however, we faced with a little awe the prospect of seeing for the first time the land where my husband and I expected to spend most of the rest of our lives. Our first glimpse was early in the morning, September 14, 1940. We were awakened about 4:30 a. m., as health and immigration officers were to inspect us and our passports early. We climbed up to the port hole of our cabin, and looked out on the harbor of Yokohama. At first we could see nothing in the thick mist. Gradually the shapes of many ships, of many nations, and all kinds, became visible. There was one old sailing vessel, and some of the little Japanese fishing boats with their big sails, besides all kinds of freighters, tankers, and passenger ships. The mist gave a quality of unreality to it all. And then the sun began to rise! It was a great scarlet ball of fire—just as it is

pictured on the Japanese flag—rising slowly through the mist. My husband and I looked at each other. We had finally arrived at the “land of the rising sun!”

As soon as possible we went up on deck for our first glimpse of our new land. The ship had pulled closer to the docks, and already we could hear the click, clack, clickety, clack of the wooden sandals on the cement docks. It is the most characteristic sound of Japan I think, and was a constant refrain through our six months' stay. Wooden shoes clicking on our half-paved street in Tokyo, wooden shoes clicking on the railroad platforms, and across the wooden bridges. Wooden sandals with thick wedges in rainy weather, and with decorated toe protectors. Beautifully lacquered wooden sandals, and ordinary sixty sen kind.

After we marvelled at the noise of the shoes, we marvelled at the costumes of the people on the docks, and we continued to marvel. Any mixture is permissible. The East really meets the West here. Some of the men on the docks had on kimono, but I think they all wore American style hats, and many carried American style umbrellas. Some had on western clothes entirely—or clothes somewhat similar in style (without the style)—“Japanized” American clothes. American clothes are not really becoming to most Japanese, however, because of their short, rather stocky figure. The kimono is truly flattering.

I was amazed at how becoming the kimono was to the *men*. “How sissy they would look!” I had thought. But I'll never forget one six-foot giant (“giant” comparatively, in Japan) who swept out of one of the railroad cars with flowing robes. They added at least a foot to his height, and a world of dignity.

And it is certainly flattering to the women. There was one young woman on the docks who made a beautiful picture. She had on a violet shaded kimono that brought out all kinds of tints in her lustrous black hair. Her features were sculptured, and her complexion perfect. The flow of her kimono gave a liquid grace to her movements; so that she had poise even on her wooden shoes. (I *still* wonder how. I could barely hobble in the things myself. They do account for a sort of characteristic shuffle in the Japanese “gait.”)

Many even of the women on the docks, however, had on dresses more or less like ours, too. Almost all the women in business, industry, or professions (and more and more are entering this type of work because of the war) wear this kind of dress. It would be hard to imagine a stenographer typing in flowing kimono sleeves, or a factory worker operating a machine in one. Most of the men and the women, however, relax in the kimono at home.

And in the country towns and villages the old-fashioned kimono is still the rule. The men wear dark colored kimono, and the women somewhat brighter shades with more figured patterns. (Every time these are washed they are ripped apart and ironed by drying them on boards; then they are sewed back together!) The little children's kimono are a riot of color—red and pink a favorite combination. Even in the villages, however, at school the children wear western clothes. The middie and skirt is the national uniform for girls; and a military uniform much like ours is worn by the boys, light gray in the summer, and navy in the winter.

Another thing that astonished me about the children's clothes was the number who wore knitted suits. Japan had evidently had, and was having, a knitting “craze” worse than America's

Women knitted standing up in street cars, and even walking along the street sometimes. And some of the garments were "fearfully and wonderfully" made, too. All kinds of sweaters, suits, pants, combinations. It didn't matter whether they fit or not. Sometimes a kimono would be worn over the suits, and over that a little "bib-apron." Yes, anything was possible.

Some of the laborers on the docks wore short tunics—coolie style. And I never tired of seeing the straw raincoats that the laborers, especially in the country, wore in the rain. They made them look like haystacks. And another strange item of clothing was the health mask, a black or white mask that a large proportion of the people wore, especially in the winter to protect them from cold germs, and tuberculosis germs. These masks startled us at first, but we finally became used to them.

But I don't want to leave us standing too long on the deck of the boat; for eventually we did leave boat and docks, and made our way through customs, and boarded one of the electric trains. Those who complain of crowded trains and busses in America should go to Japan. The number they accommodate is, I am sure, a mathematical impossibility. The crowd breathes as one, sways as one, surges as one toward the door whenever it is opened. I can hardly remember riding in one without a soldier's sword ticking in my ribs, or a baby's head bobbing under an arm, or my practically sitting on some little old lady's back. If I did get a seat by some chance, some man would probably look amazedly at me, wondering why I wasn't polite enough to get up and give him my seat!

Yes, the women were supposed to stand for the men (and carry the suitcases, and walk about our steps behind their "lords,") but we often

saw men and women both stand to let little children sit. They say a child never cries in Japan, and most of them are petted and spoiled when they are young. *We* never stood for children, that I remember, but I did let my husband have my seat in the busses sometimes, for his six-foot-one could never stand up straight in the five-foot-ten busses, and he would get a crick in his neck if he stood too long. It always amazed me that *I* could see over the heads of practically everyone. I had to get a whole new perspective when I came back to America, a sort of Gulliver's travels adjustment!

On that first train trip we craned our necks to catch our first glimpse of the land of Japan, but we could really tell little about what we saw—mostly tile roofs. We passed mile after mile of houses and factories, separated by occasional canals. We couldn't tell where Yokohama ended and Tokyo began in fact. Eventually, however, we arrived at the local station near our future home, and walked with our host along the wide street. We hired a ricksha to carry our bags. A row of them stood outside the station.

This was one of the larger streets, broad, paved, with street cars running down the middle. Not an automobile was in sight in this, the third largest city in the world! (Whenever we did see one, I was sure it was headed for a wreck, for it careened madly, it seemed to me, along on the *left* side of the street, as Japan observes European traffic laws. I never could get used to it.) As we walked along an ox cart did lumber by. Several bicycles passed us; and two or three "Grasshopper" vehicles, somewhat like motorcycles except with three wheels, which were used by business houses for delivery, hauling, and other such purposes. The sidewalks were level with the street, and all the stores open immediately on the sidewalk, their sliding doors

thrown open.

Soon we turned down a narrow side street. This was barely wide enough for a car to pass through, the pavement was broken and uneven, the street was full of children. On either side were small Japanese homes. These, too, were shops. In the evening when the husband and father returned from work, in a factory perhaps, the doors were closed, and this was home. In the morning the doors slid back, and the family brought out its small stock of goods. One home was a pickle shop, one sold sandals, one sold cookies and candy (of a sort), one sold boiled sweet potatoes two or three times a day—a treat for the children, one made “*ta-tami*”—straw mats, and all other goods imaginable were displayed.

It was on this street that we lived for six months. Ours was an American style house with a garden behind a high wall. We had sliding doors on our closet, and there were Japanese style quarters for the servants, but most of the house was familiar in style to us. We lived next door to a Buddhist shrine, and the gong that called believers to worship was soon a familiar sound. The children played in the shrine grounds; it was the only place they had beside the street. Occasionally little boys or girls could be seen playing with “brother” or “sister” tied on their backs. (I had somehow thought this was an outmoded custom, but mothers especially, carried babies this way all the time. And a very convenient way it is too, especially when there are two other small children—one for each hand!) There was most excitement when a baseball game was in progress. The boys loved it, and of course it is the national game of Japan.

I could not tell you the name of the street, for the streets in Tokyo do not have names. Districts are named, and the houses are more

or less numbered, but it is almost impossible for a stranger to find anyone in Tokyo. But I think I could find the street again by its smell—not an unpleasant one, for Japan is exceedingly clean—but a composite of all sorts of interesting, strange smells. The smell of the large vats of radish pickle which stood “seasoning” outside the pickle shop in a poisonous looking yellow mixture; the smell of chrysanthemums from the flower shop; of fish from the little fish market; of incense; and rain on the pavement; and the musky, almost sweet odor of the Japanese people themselves. Every time we walked along the street the little children would call “*he-ro*” (“hello”), their one American word to us. And we would peer into the homes and wonder what it would be like to be a member of one of the families there.

Life seemed so simple. Only a room or two. Most of their belongings were stowed away in drawers in the wall. There was usually a small table on the floor with cushions around it for people to sit on. Heat (what there was of it!) came from a small jar filled with burning charcoal. The wife “primed” before a tiny mirror over a chest of drawers that would be the delight of any little American girl with a doll house. The floor was raised from the entranceway (where sandals and shoes were left), and was made of springy straw mats. A house is measured not by number of feet in Japan, but by number of mats necessary for the floor. It is really a luxurious feeling to walk in stockings on this soft, springy floor. I’ve wished for some matted floors in America many times. They have no pictures on the walls, or decorations as we think of them. A few simple objects of art—a scroll, a carving, a vase of flowers, in a special niche called the “*tokonoma*” is as much as any

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Inge fled from Germany with her parents just as the Hitler regime got under-way in 1934. In the article below she gives a telling description of the changes Hitler has made in the Old Germany she knew and loved.

The Last Time I Saw GERMANY

Inge Probstein, '45

I DISLIKE TELLING people I am from Germany. Not because of any ill-feeling this may awaken against me. But for the fact that it puts a barrier between myself and that person. Immediately I feel as if I were some kind of novelty. My conversant begins to picture me in six petticoats and black vest from the "old country." Or he starts sniffing mentally to ascertain how much beer and sauerkraut I consume daily. Or he shelves me as a compound of these two German elements. If he could see a picture of my father today, I can almost hear his disappointment when he finds that gentleman neither attired in leather knee-pants, nor topped by a green feathered Robin Hood affair, nor even caught in his natural habitat, yodeling over the mountain tops. Alas!

After the inevitable disappointments suffered above, my conversant usually pities me, admires me or continues with the following questions: "How is America different from Germany?" A question involving some thought and general rumination for which in 10 years I have never yet mustered a reply. Or: "What were your first impressions of America?" Or: "How do you like it here?" My answers to these questions are equally vague and unformulated. But if

he should ask me—"What do you remember of Germany . . . what is your last picture of it?" . . . ah, immediately I am carried back to my home town—to Frankfurt—and I start to pass down its streets again, mentally, on my way to school.

Isn't it strange how, in childhood, the buildings of your home town seem to be mere facades, fronts propped up by wooden joists, and immediately behind is the blue sky? The buildings of Frankfurt, particularly in the Altstadt (Old Town) give you that stage-set feeling. This Altstadt dates back to remote and picturesque centuries. One house, painted pink and blessed with many quaint towers, bears a 14th century building-date on its forehead. I used to pass by this building with special pride and a somewhat arched back just as if I had built it.

In the Altstadt, the cobble stone streets are narrow and dark. The second and third stories of the tall, slim houses jutt out above the first, thereby conserving ground space, yet gaining room from above. Window boxes profuse with white and purple petunias dot second and third story windows. A wrought-iron sign swings from an inn here and there announcing that this is "The Golden Crock" or "The Evening Star." From out of these taverns streams the healthy



odor of pork and rotkraut (red cabbage). The day's menu is posted in the window, carbon-purple typing on white paper, complete with prices. The Old Town is crowded with impressions and smells and noise and darkness, little broken by sharp patches of sunlight where the rays have finally succeeded in breaking through the dense conglomeration of roofs, gables, and chimneys.

I love to remember this Altstadt, this little romantic paradise. I should like to isolate it from everything else and tuck it away like a keepsake, but this is impossible because, you see, the streetcar runs through it; the streetcar that goes to the zoo. It rushes through Altstadt with sacrilegious clatter and 20th century impersonality, speeding on its way to the New Town.

But I was on my way to school and that is in the New Town where most of us live, and market, and go to school. Here the streets are wider and the stone houses, rather large, two, three, and four stories high, are set back in little gardens surrounded by a high wall or an iron fence. That is one thing distinct about Europe in general, I believe; the sense of property is accentuated by careful fencing and bounding.

The general aspect of the New Town is much like the old parts of Philadelphia or New York—the brown stone house section—big windows and soothing, formal, unimaginative gardens. There are few really small houses except in the modernistic building projects further out in the suburbs where one-family houses alternate with large apartment buildings, flat topped and thoroughly scientific with wide strips of communal lawn.

But I am supposed to be in school by now or else the fateful second bell will toll. My

school is in the brownstone section, a somewhat gloomy place that habitually smells of boiled milk, which is meted out to kindergarten patrons at "sensible intervals." Naturally, I resent this smell, for I am in the enlightened fifth grade and I eat emancipated sandwiches in the *Pause* at 11 o'clock.

I place my hat and coat on a numbered peg beside other hats and coats that are already regimentally hung there. I pass into the classroom where most of the girls are giggling and whispering behind open desk-tops. When the teacher comes in, all action in progress freezes into the one and only approved position: back straight, feet flat on the floor, hands folded demurely on the desk, and mouth tightly buttoned. Variations from this standards are corrected by Fraulein Munch, our teacher, who passes around the room with a yardstick bringing this down on any rounded back that may come into her field of vision. Whispering or poor work is punished by a stinging application of the ruler to the outstretched hand. Word to the hand that is drawn away to deflect the blow, either from fear or spitefulness; the reward for this is a double portion of the same medicine. (Corporal punishment, even mild as this, was definitely "on the out" before the advent of the Nazis, but the New Order revived it immediately in 1933.)

Our course of studies was much the same as in America. Perhaps we were a bit more thorough in our preparation for recitations and consequently could advance more rapidly. On the other hand, there was definitely not a good pupil-teacher relationship. Most German teachers teach from a raised platform, which they leave only to administer raps on student backs. It is not hard to see the consequent reverence

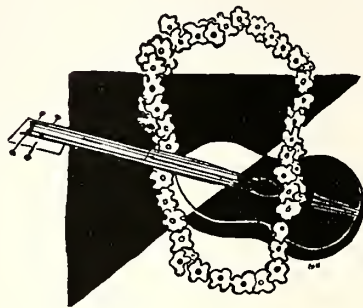
(Continued on Page 26)

HAWAII: ANOTHER PART OF AMERICA

Barbara Frink, '45

AFTER LIVING three years in the Hawaiian Islands, I now look at them not as a strange, isolated land, but as a real part of America with its own atmosphere. Pre-Pearl Harbor Hawaii was thought of as a sparsely occupied land of soft music, grass skirts, pineapples, and Waikiki Beach. Letters from "mainlanders" would come asking us if we had automobiles, if we had ever seen movies, if we wore grass skirts and flower leis, if we had department stores, and numerous other questions. The Hawaii I knew four years ago was a busy American territory, brilliantly colored with tropical life and equal to a community in the States. There were cars and too many of them; there were movies in modern outdoor theatres; there were large stores in downtown Honolulu, there were grass skirts only on festival days, but there were also flower leis every day, soft music, pineapples and Waikiki Beach. I loved living there because it is a combination of a typical mainland town and Hawaii with all of its local color.

Looking geographically at the islands as a group, Hawaii, the largest, was the island of ranches, mauna loa, and summer resorts; Maui had the tallest volcano, Haleakala; Kauai was famous for its colored craters and flowers; and of the smaller islands Oahu was the most important, with the city of Honolulu situated there.



The islands were surrounded by coral beds protecting the beaches from fish trespassers, also making it possible to walk a mile from shore in some spots. Warm, continuous, tropical breezes kept the climate ideal. The days got hot, but the evenings were always cool. It rained in the rainy season, but since the sun shines too, no one noticed it. We would take off our shoes and socks "to keep from catching cold" and forget that there was any "liquid sunshine."

How well I can remember my first glimpse of the island of Oahu. We were on the ship at sunrise rounding the volcano Diamond Head. The sun made the waters of Waikiki Beach glisten at the foot of Diamond Head with the reflection of the magnificent pink Royal Hawaiian Hotel dancing in the ocean. Behind the beach rose the deep green mountain Tantalus with its fertile Moana Valley. The shore was dotted with early swimmers, fishers, and outrigger canoes, as we moved slowly along to the harbor of Honolulu with its Aloha tower welcoming us. Everything was colored in this first picture, deep, vivid, sincere colors that never faded but grew richer with familiarity.

Here was Honolulu, the only city of any size in the islands. It appeared to be a friendly, country town, but buzzed with the importance

of a large city. No one seemed to know where it began or ended, but the actual business section was not much larger than ten city blocks. However, including the residential districts far into the valleys, on the craters, and along the beaches, it resembled a rambling bungalow. Because Hawaii is American, the buildings were all similar to those found in our own southern cities. Yet, Honolulu had the only palace on American soil, with its throne room and all the dignity of true aristocracy. Its presence in the life there was impressive and invigorating being the center of Hawaiian history and festival days.

The country surrounding Honolulu was extremely picturesque. Continuing around the island from the harbor, there were acres of pineapple fields along the road to Pearl Harbor and Schofield Barracks. The pineapple fields interchanged with sugar cane plantations all the way around to Diamond Head again with barren strips of land covered with lava from volcanoes to heighten the picture. Beautiful beaches, treacherous beaches, and fishing markets surrounded the island sloping to the center to form the mountains seen from the ship. With the exception of large army posts on the other side of the island, few people actually lived there, but it was a favorite spot for recreation.

The people in Honolulu were Americans. They might be Caucasian, Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Korean, or Philippino in appearance, but they were American. Of the Caucasian race, most of them were service people in the army or navy who lived there on the average of two years, but shiploads more always arrived keeping the islands up-to-date with the mainland. Then there were the tourists, mostly movie stars and others looking for a rest, who

made themselves at home, and enjoyed the tropical life, with the exhibitions, around-the-island tours, festivals, and beaches. You could always tell a "malehine" (new comer) from a "kamahaina" (old timer) because the first thing they always did was buy loud Hawaiian print shirts, wear Japanese shoes, wear Philippino hats, whereas the Kamahainas dressed in the fashionable vacation clothes from the mainland. There were many haoles (white people) who made Honolulu their home, but they were few in comparison to the transients.

Of the other races, Oriental people predominated, ranging from the very Americanized ones to those who still carried on their native life. Those born and raised in Honolulu were very American and have mingled, intermarried, and become equal to the white race in many respects. They are required to attend American schools and two-thirds of my classmates were Oriental. However, most of their families sent them to their own schools immediately after the American schools were over in the afternoon so that they continued having their own education. Those who had come directly from the Orient lived just as they would have there. Our maid was the quaintest person I've ever known. About 4' 10" including the high coal black hairdress, dressed in exquisite Japanese silk kimonas with obis around the waist, tabis, and slippers, she looked like a China doll in a curio shop. Like most of them she seemed timid, frightened, and quiet, but was as sincere and loyal as a puppy. Shimi was always there speaking her Pidgin English, fixing us Japanese dishes and floral arrangements, and loving us all.

Unfortunately, the Hawaiian race is fading away. In Honolulu, there were very few true Hawaiians, but on the other islands many more

of this race still lived in a primitive style. The most familiar sight of the Hawaiians was one of my first experiences in Hawaii. As the boat steamed in the harbor, it was surrounded by swimming copper colored boys with shining black hair and eyes, each one screaming "Throw me penny, neekel, dime; I catch!" They would greet all the ships and follow them to the piers, where an Hawaiian orchestra played "Aloha Oe" and "Song of the Islands." Standing along the wall, with their arms full of gorgeous flower leis, were the Hawaiian lei sellers. Each one had on a Mother Hubbard style dress with a short train in back called a holoku. They were of a very bright flower print and were topped off by broad brimmed straw hats with flowers banded around them. The Hawaiians were a very handsome race, with a melodious language modeled somewhat on German pronunciation of "w" but they pronounce every syllable. With the mingling of many races and languages in the islands, it was amazing to see their understanding and friendship toward each other in work and play.

Although there were many hours devoted to play and leisure, the rest of the days were spent in vigorous outdoor occupation. One of the favorite places of interest to all visitors was the large, modern pineapple factory that had pineapple juice flowing from drinking fountains, and fresh pineapple strips for the asking. Sugar cane business and working in the fields took many laborers and it was a favorite summer time job for students. Men on the other islands ran prosperous cattle ranches. One exciting sight I remember on the island of Hawaii was the transporting of cattle from the beach to ships. The cattle were herded into the water and made to swim to the ships where they were lifted on board. Riders swam out to keep the cattle to-

gether, yelling and shouting in Hawaiian. There was always great excitement on these days with crowds gathered on the beach to cheer them on. Fishing was a common occupation and pleasure. The Japanese sampans pattered out of the fisheries every night flying their curious many colored flags to return in the morning with their catch. Of course, there were the usual business positions for men and women but they are not peculiar to the islands.

Women in the islands never worried about finding just the right clothes or finding many of the same right clothes on other people. All dresses were original creations of talented Japanese dressmakers. Every block was dotted with shops where all styles could be made to order with tailored finish. The dressmaker soon became one of our best friends and there was no need of fine shopping districts to fill our desires. Women also made and sold the flower leis that were seen every day. They had their own wagons adorned with orchid, carnation, gardenia, hibiscus, pikaki, rose or tube rose leis and sold them at unbelievably low prices when they knew us and realized we were not tourists. The children all went to school which started very early in the morning so that we could get out early. They were standard American schools with the same courses. Classes were often held out of doors and there were many holidays given for Hawaiian celebrations. After school, and after those who had to attend Oriental schools had gone, the rest of us went to the beach without fail.

Hawaii had limitations to activities because of the seasons, but what was not natural to summer weather had an Hawaiian substitute. Being a lover of winter sports, I knew I would miss sleighriding, but Hawaii was full of surprises. I found that ti-leaf sliding down the steepest

mountain held thrills and dangers foreign to coasting. Our gang spent many drizzling moonlit nights at our favorite slide enjoying the mud, bumps and bruises. To be prepared, we had to dress ourselves in our oldest slacks and shirts, no shoes or socks, hike or ride up the mountain, collect large clumps of long ti-leaves in neighboring woods, and hurry to get the slide in good condition. By sitting on the leaves and holding the stems between our outstretched legs, we could slide down a well-worn slide, slicked by the moist drizzle and lighted by the moon. After several trips, the slide was slippery enough to go down without the leaves by sitting on one foot, feeling the cool mud ooze over our feet with the warm wet breeze blowing through our hair. It was messy, yes, but it was fun, and that was a nice thing about Hawaii. We could have a good time, and no one seemed to care how we looked while we played.

Some nights we would sit on the sea wall in front of our house and watch the torch fishers. Their costume was quaint with flaming torches attached to head bands, face plates, rubber boots, and a long spear. The flames attracted small fish, and we could see the expert fisherman spear them quickly and put them in their boxes. If we did not watch the fishermen, we often went to the Hawaiian feast, luau, where true Hawaiian atmosphere is felt.

Rows of mats were placed on the ground with bowls of food on them and everyone sat around the mats. The main courses were pig, cooked in pits dug in the ground, poi, a pastry starch eaten with the fingers, and sea-weed. The part of the feast I enjoyed was not the food, but the music and dancing performed by natives. Guitars accompanied the hula dancers as they told ancient Hawaiian legends through the motions

of their hands and the smooth swaying of the hips and legs. The gracefulness of the hula done by an Hawaiian is very rarely equalled by a haole, and few people understand the significance of their dance. Their costumes were of fresh ti-leaves made into skirts, with a-tapa cloth waist decorated by flower leis. The singers wore white shirts and trousers, red sashes, and flower leis and entertained the guests with their rich, mellow voices. The luau was a custom enjoyed by everyone in the islands as well as the May Day Celebration.

May Day was Lei Day in Hawaii. Everyone wore leis; the Hawaiian women make their prettiest leis for exhibition, and a May Day festival was given. In the big park, lei stands were put up to display the originality and talent of the makers. To visit it was like walking into fairyland. The color was brilliant, the intricacies of design and pattern were extraordinary, and the perfume could not be equalled. Following the judging, there was the parade of boats bedecked with flowers and Hawaiian scenes to the place for the pageant put on by the schools of the islands. Hawaiian themes were carried out and although everyone was thrilled by the performance, we secretly wished that Hawaii were like this day always—full of old tradition, gay and dancing, singing and laughing, simple and natural.

To go on about the many other gifts offered us in Hawaii would be easy, for it was a place in America with an especially different atmosphere and locality. Even with its individual differences, we did not feel we were away from the mainland, but as if we were living in a glorious part of America with opportunities to know and understand the American people who made Hawaii their home.

We Live at the ZONE and Love It!

Elizabeth Roark Ellington, '28



MY HUSBAND and I came to the Canal Zone over twelve years ago. Except for visits home and a nine months leave of absence in 1938, we have been here ever since. I admit being "Far from thy sheltering arms" but it doesn't seem far.

Miami, Florida is only six hours distant via air travel; New Orleans only a little more than twelve hours. Then, too, there are so many thousands of us here, and have been since 1904, that the Zone is typically American.

Those of us from the South have less difficulty in becoming adjusted to the life here than do those who come from colder States. The tempo of the tropics is not displeasing to our languorous dispositions. Having known Negroes all our lives, the Jamaicans, who speak cockney English, the Barbadians, all the West Indians, in fact, are understandable to us. We are neither horrified nor dismayed at the sight of roaches, centipedes or scorpions, having long been accustomed to them.

It is never as hot here as it is in the South in summer. The nights are always cool, and the mean temperature the year round is 80 degrees.

Yet the humidity is high and often we feel miserably warm and sticky and doubt the thermometer's accuracy. We use small electrical heating units in closets to keep our clothes dry and free from mold. We paint our books with an anti-mold solution, we keep needles in talc to prevent rust, and there are many other precautions we have to take in combating humidity.

My husband came here to be a health officer. The first four years we lived in Cristobal. Our Betty was born there, at Colon Hospital, on the beach. From my room I could watch the ships begin their transit of the Canal. In those days it was not at all unusual for thirty ships to go through in a day. When the sea was rough I could watch the white caps dashing over the breakwater, and I enjoyed the refreshing breeze blowing through my room. When Betty was three we moved to this, the Pacific side. Both Jesse, Jr. and Richard were born at Gorgas Hospital, and I think it is the loveliest hospital, with the most beautiful grounds I have ever seen.

We live in Ancon. To be more specific, we live in a big two-story frame house, across the street from the Tivoli Hotel. All residences in the Zone are furnished and rented through the Quartermaster, and we refer to them as quarters. Ours happens to be one of the largest and oldest, built when servants were plentiful and sumptuous entertaining a matter of course. But we like it, for it is cool, and roomy enough for our children and their playmates to romp as much as they like. The screened porches, shaded by bougainvillea vines, are fine for games.

The backyard, too, is well suited for children. An old mango tree with widely spreading branches is ideal for climbing, and when the fruit is in season there are always children

in it, seeking the "peachy ones" in the topmost parts. Other trees in the back include a cashew, a calabash, a breadfruit, a poinciana and a frangipani. The latter two are famed for their blossoms. Bamboo trees line the backyard fence and screen us from the railroad tracks and Panama City.

There is also an air-raid shelter in the backyard, built soon after Pearl Harbor. Those of us living in this block were so impatient to have it that we all took part in digging. Those who weren't digging made sandwiches and served them with Coca-Colas. It was a good way to get acquainted and we had fun, finally when we finished and the carpenters came to do the frame-work, they told us we had dug it too deep! Yesterday I noticed children having a tea party on top of it: grass has carpeted it, so it isn't as ugly as it was.

Citrus fruits, as well as guavas, papayas, and bananas are raised here. Pineapples, coffee, sugar cane, rice and most of your summer vegetables are also grown here. However the supply is not enough and most of the food is shipped here from the States. Lately a good deal of food had been coming in from neighboring countries. I do my marketing at the Ancon Commissary, in fact, nearly everything I buy comes from there. There are, of course, shortages, but that is to be expected. Nothing, however, is rationed, except gasoline.

The days here do not vary in length more than twenty minutes throughout the year, as we are only 8 degrees from the equator. My day begins early since my husband goes to his office at seven-thirty and the children are due

at school at eight. The school system in the Zone is splendid and compares favorably with the best in the States. The teachers are well paid and most of them have been here many years. There are probably three thousand American children enrolled and about half that number of Negro children, in separate schools.

I do a little church work. As there is no Presbyterian Church we moved our membership to the Balboa Baptist Church. There are about five hundred members, and the average Sunday School attendance stands around two hundred. Perhaps it may interest you to know we have Sunday School busses making rounds every Sunday morning, without charge, for all who care to use them.

I, also, do some Girl Scout work. Nearly every community has a "Little House," and we have a splendid one here in Ancon. I thoroughly enjoy being one of the leaders. The Scouts here, as in the States, enjoy picnics, hikes and weiner roasts. They have been making daily life scrapbooks to send to England in an exchange. Now they are making Christmas gifts for the service men in hospitals here.

Recently the censorship rules were modified somewhat and now I understand servicemen stationed here can give their post office addresses. I am sure it made them happy to be able to tell their families in plain words where they are. Someday they will be transferred away from here. The Army and Navy have their systems for doing that. The Panama Canal has no such plan. To its thousands of employees this will remain home.

I Saw the Bombing of PEARL HARBOR

Bryant Holsenbeck Moore, '43

JUST IMAGINE SITTING on the sofa in the Alumnae House, deeply engrossed in the Sunday paper—and suddenly having the house jarred quite abruptly by some nearby explosion. You would do just as I did on that beautiful Sunday morning December 7, 1941. You would dash out of the house to see what had happened.

It did not take us long to realize what the targets were for those planes diving out of the sun onto “the harbor.” We live not over fifty feet from the harbor, on a peninsula projecting out close to that part of the harbor where the big battle ships put in; however, rather ironically, our view of the ships themselves is obstructed by a screen of palm trees on a neighbor’s estate—a Japanese doctor’s estate. Of course, we were dazed by the thought that at that minute, we were plunging into war. The bursts of anti-aircraft in the blue sky over head reminded us that we should seek shelter at once. But I could not stand missing what went on, so with my nine months old baby in my arms, I stood at the kitchen window watching the planes. The vibrations and noise became very intense—so intense that I did not know until later that the Japanese plane which barely missed scraping our house had showered us with a burst of machine-gun fire which entered the opposite wall and went out of the house through the very side we was facing!

The attack lasted from 7:55 a. m. until about 1:00 a. m. At the very beginning my husband

left immediately for his post. Three of us wives and two children gathered in my house to keep each other company. It is funny to look back on the things we thought and did. The boat load of men we saw coming our way appeared under our distorted imagination to be a Japanese landing party, until we saw the white through an oil soaked sailor’s cap. We would not even go from one house to another alone without feeling sure that something dreadful would pop out around the corner—though we weren’t quite sure what that something dreadful would be. And I was positive that the red flag an engineer had put in front of our house the day before for dredging purposes was some sort of signal for the enemy.



The three of us decided to stay in my house instead of going to the main part of the island, or to the sugar cane fields and to the hills as most of the other peninsula occupants were doing. We sat in the dark and listened on short wave to New York and heard for the first time approximately the extent of the damage. We played a guessing game, but we each kept one ear turned to the speaker on the radio, who was discussing the possibility of a night attack. We laid out our heavy suits and, fumbling in the dark, filled a suit case—just in case. Then we all flopped into bed for our first moment of relaxation.

No sooner had we dozed off than the death-like stillness enveloping our area was broken by the rat-tat-tat of machine guns and the boom of anti-aircraft fire. The sky was lit up with red and green rockets—just like 4th of July. Before we realized it, a plane had plummeted to earth in flames two blocks away. A stiff wind came up suddenly, blowing sparks over to our roof and into our yard. And we heard the swoosh of fired bullets dropping all around.

After convincing the police that there *was* a fire other than the fire from the *Arizona* down our way, a policeman came in a blacked-out car to take us off the peninsula. We asked him to take us to the safest place. I'll never forget how the three of us smiled when he announced that the Waiman's Home would be the best place for us—the home for the feeble-minded! It turned out that it *was* the safest place and that only people with children were being taken in there.

After a ride which was interrupted every few hundred yards by sentries, we finally arrived at the home. We were guided through the night to a dark hall where a hand reached out of the

blackness to give us a blanket, and a kind voice told us to find a square on the floor. And thus we were introduced into the first stage of being refugees. Our refugee career continued the next day when we were sent to a Red Cross emergency center at a nearby sugar plantation. Of course, the center was like all those you have read about—even to the soup line. But I must confess, never had soup and crackers tasted so good. The wife of a sugar plantation superintendent insisted that I take my baby and come to her house. Their house made me feel secure, quiet and grateful. No matter how courageous a person wants to be, he can not go through a bombing without feeling the need of such a place, or without having a deep admiration for people who have gone through more.

After my husband found us and took us back home, we began visiting around to see how to improve our black-out windows. Sometimes we gave dinner parties when our husbands could come home, but we always had to be in by the nine o'clock curfew. The Japanese store where we bought our groceries continued to give us good service—excellent service, in fact. My Japanese cleaning woman who spoke little English and much Japanese continued to work for me, but she lost twenty pounds the first two weeks from sheer fright. Our Japanese neighbor—the doctor—was put into a concentration camp, and our Japanese land lord fined and put into prison. Indeed life in Hawaii became very changed after the seventh of December.

I have to admit I regretted leaving Hawaii when I stepped into the coast-bound clipper in the middle of March of 1942. Luck gave me a chance to have my friends at both ends of my one-way trip, for after spending eighteen hours in the air, we landed in Hawaii! Later our plan

finally made the trip.

Some day I want to go back to Hawaii. I want to go deep sea fishing again and know the thrill of conquering a savage barracuda. I want to feel the salt water pounding the beach of our favorite swimming place. I want to wake up in the middle of the night and see a mystical

Mary Anne Derry, '45

The fall of Singapore brought Mary Anne home from Australia to Agnes Scott. Although, as the daughter of an American Consul, she has also lived in Paris and Mexico, it is evident from the article below that her heart belongs to . . .

silver lunar rainbow over the moonlit hills.

I want to go back and take that trip we were to take on December 8 to the more rustic Hawaii—the island of Hawaii where two active volcanoes keep the land barren and weird and more like the Hawaii the ancient Hawaiians knew.



THE HALE AND HEARTY AUSTRALIANS

AN AMERICAN, upon leaving Australia, remarked to the representatives of the press that the Australian was a “hardy bird.” Many of our Australian friends in Perth, Western Australia, felt insulted by this classification, and we Americans, left behind, found it most difficult to explain to them what we knew our compatriot had meant. Indeed, we found the Australian to be what we would term a “sports fanatic.” His love of the great out-doors, and his determination to excel in all types of sports, regardless of any obstacles imposed by nature, is one of the most striking aspects of life in Australia.

Fortunately for him, the climate in all of the most populous sections of the continent encourages out-door sports for the greater part of the year. In Sydney and Brisbane on the Pacific or Tasman Sea, as well as in Perth on the Indian Ocean side there are never freezing

temperatures. The winters (June, July, and August) are mild and often rainy, but there are many clear and crisp days when everyone wants to get out of the unheated and uncomfortable houses to the “great out-doors.” The summers (December, January, and February) are usually dry, but the cool southerly coming up from the South Pole refreshes the cities and greatly tempers their summer heat. Spring and fall are perfect seasons for life on the outside.

Of all the out-door sports, I am sure that Australians love swimming or “surfing” as it is sometimes called, best of all. We had hardly put our foot upon the continent, when we were taken for a ride to see the beaches of Sydney. It was a warm December day and the surf was “riding high.” But there were thousands of “surfers” enjoying the breakers that came rolling in from the Tasman and broke with thun-

derous roar upon the beach. We were told all about the shark tower, the shark boat, and the efficient life-saving system necessary to maintain for protection against the dangerous undertow and shark-infested waters. When we remarked that we would be afraid to go into such waters, our Aussie friends said, "Oh, why be afraid? No one has been taken at this beach in two years. Besides, there is always someone on watch in the shark-tower. If he sees a shark approaching, he sounds the siren, and everybody comes out of the water. Then, the men get into the shark-boat and follow him, hoping to get in a lucky shot with the shark-gun. Really, there is no danger!" But we found little comfort in his words.

The Australians are beautiful swimmers. Living on the water, and being able to swim from October to April, they are usually champions before they are twelve years of age. Swimming is compulsory in all schools and it is taught by professionals. Most cities have municipal pools in the river or harbor with shark-proof fences, and it is here that all little six-year olds in Australia are taught to swim. It is not an unusual sight to pass a pool on a cool March morning and see the teacher giving instruction to thirty or forty small boys and girls. All schools enter into the yearly Interschool Swimming Contest. The contest is held in one of the fenced-in pools in the river, and every type of group and individual swimming and diving is demonstrated. Happy is the school that establishes "records" (accent on both syllables) and wins the shield!

When we were steaming up the Indian Ocean side of Australia, approaching Tremantle, the port of Perth, where we were to make our home for three years, we were thrilled to see the blue water dotted with graceful little sail boats. As we rode from Tremantle to Perth, following the

road along the Swan River, we saw more of these lovely little boats. Our taxi driver asked if we had a yacht? Thinking that he must consider us millionaires and associating "yachts" with the luxurious ones we had seen at our former post in Mexico, we quickly told him that the only type of boat we had ever owned was a small motor boat, which we had left behind in Mazatlan. He said that nearly all Australian men and lots of young boys owned yachts, and that yachting was one of the principal sports of old and young. After much conversation on his part, we came to the conclusion that "yachts" to the Australians were sail-boats or motor launches to us. The yachting season was in full swing when we arrived in Perth in early January. Every afternoon the Swan River, or tidal estuary as it really is, was dotted with boats of every size from the tiny dinghy to large sail-boats. It is true that every Australian boy at an early age learns to handle sails. He accompanies his father on the races which are held every Saturday afternoon, and by the time he is fourteen he is a most skillful skipper. On the races his swimming is often tested, for many times a sudden squall or a bad tack capsizes the boat. It is "sink or swim" and every Australian boy swims, and usually rights his boat. Along the rivers or harbors are many Yacht Clubs, most of them with the adjective "Royal" prefixed before their names. These clubs have lovely houses with beautiful grounds, and here the men and their families do much of their entertaining.

Closely associated with yachting is another sport that high school boys enjoy. It is rowing and the Interschool Contest is called "The Head of the River." For weeks before the actual contest, the rowing crews may be seen practicing daily on the river. All the fathers and mothers as well as relatives and friends of the rower

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*Non-rationed shoes and cheese, soldiers in kilts, dogs
on streetcars . . .*

This Is Wartime C A N A D A

Glenwyn Young Bell, '41

HELLO FROM CANADA—the supposedly “frozen north” which, at the present time, is as warm as Atlanta with no snow or ice anywhere! Of course, I must admit that the temperature has been below zero a few times, but there has been little suggestion of real winter weather here as yet. I have heard much about feet of snow before Christmas and planned on enjoying a white Christmas, too, but I was disappointed.

Toronto, our new home, has about a million people mostly connected in some way or another with one of the three thousand factories scattered over the city. Due to the presence of so many factories the city is dirty and in appearance is similar to Buffalo with the old three-story houses built close together and practically without yards. Of course, some sections have beautiful homes with large yards. There are many churches here and, consequently, the city has been dubbed “Toronto the Good.” People outside of Toronto, however, call it “The Hog City” since it always claims credit for

everything that happens in Canada.

The city, itself, is a very cosmopolitan city with a wide variety of nationalities, tongues, and accents. Most of the people seem to come from British parents, mostly English or Scotch; however, there are many Chinese, many Jews, some Italians, some Poles, some Czechs, some Negroes, and a smattering of almost anything else. Our neighbors upstairs are Austrian, next door Italian, and across the street Scotch. So, we are in constant contact with all kinds and types of people.

I find the people that we meet, socially, very cordial and friendly. Many we have met are strangers in the city, too, and eager to make friends. In our search (which lasted over two months) to find a place to live, we met a young couple who were househunting also. After exchanging woeful tales of no place to live, we became acquainted and now we are good friends. Incidentally, they were much more fortunate than we, because they found a five-room duplex and all we found was a three-room apartment.

People aren't so friendly, however, in stores, on the streets, or in street cars. In fact, they are very rude and inconsiderate; and it's a fight and struggle each one has to face for himself. One time I saw an old blind man get on a crowded car and no one helped him or offered him a seat. Once in a while some one will give a seat to an elderly person but not very often.

Canada, outside of the province of Quebec, is very similar



to the United States, thus, I don't feel as though I'm in a foreign country at all. Nor do Canadians refer to Americans as foreigners. There are some small differences and customs which have been brought over from "The Old Country," and these have made my stay here very interesting. Many families still have afternoon teas and invite their friends to come to see them at tea time. Socially they are very polite and formal but greet friends warmly. Tea is served with every meal. I still have to learn to make tea that will satisfy the Canadian palate, and they still have to learn to make coffee to satisfy mine. I thoroughly enjoy the Scotch foods and short bread and hope to learn something about Scotch cooking eventually.

Approximately the same things are rationed here that are rationed in the States—meat, butter, sugar, gasoline being outstanding items. However, shoes are not rationed; nor is cheese; nor canned goods; but tea and coffee still are rationed. The cheese here is excellent; most of it being made by monks in Quebec. Coca-Colas, to me, just do not taste the same as the ones in Atlanta. Perhaps the colorless bottle in place of the familiar green one is the true difference instead of difference in taste. All boxes and packages have instructions on them in French and English, because about forty-five per cent of Canada is French. (Montreal has more French people in it than any city in the world with the exception of Paris). Milk is much cheaper here than in Atlanta and the quarts are a fifth larger. I am still trying to get used to red mail boxes, and oftentimes I'll pass several before I realize that they are not fire alarm boxes.

Once in a while you see a soldier in a kilt; and whenever I do, I stop and stare and wonder if he feels as odd as he looks to me. As yet,

though, I have not seen a Royal Mounted Policeman but I still hope to see one sometime. One of the oddest things I have come across was a rest room in the middle of a bus.

Some words are pronounced differently from the way we pronounced them in Atlanta. "Lieutenant" is pronounced as "left-tenant"; the letter "z" is pronounced "zed." A tale is told of a man, a Canadian, who claimed he was an American and had been to Canada for a short visit. The immigration officer, suspecting that he was Canadian, asked him to say the last three letters of the alphabet; and when he came forth with "zed" for "z" the officials refused to let him into the States. No one here ever says electricity. It is always "hydro."

Stores in Toronto are very like those in the States with about the same merchandise but without as many novelties and unusual things. These Canadian stores really excel in woollen (Canadian spelling) goods and leather goods—practically all of which are imported from England. Goods from England are much less expensive than goods imported from the States due to the high duty in crossing the border.

Dogs are allowed to ride on street cars here with their masters and a fare is paid as if for a person. Once in a while a dog will board a car by himself, jump into a seat, ride to a certain stop, and then will fuss to get off. It is little things like this which make the city different and fascinating.

I am not accustomed to hearing "God Save the King" in every theater, in every church service, and at every public gathering. Whenever it is sung, I am afraid that I turn American and the words of "America" always come to my mind, since the tunes are the same, instead of the words of "God Save the King."

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Our correspondent arrived in Brazil at the tender age of 6 months and lived there with her missionary parents until her entrance into Agnes Scott in 1938. She was President of the Christian Association during her senior year. She is the wife of Atlanta Journal sports writer, Claude Nelson, Jr.



I Grew Up in BRAZIL

Billie Davis Nelson, '42

BRAZIL IS SUCH A MAGIC LAND, with so much that is quaint and beautiful and picturesque, that I can't begin to tell you about it. There are books and books you can read on Brazil, but you will never get its full thrill and intensity until you see for yourself the mountain-beach-and-city pattern of Rio, until you climb up in a *jaboticaba* tree to eat all the "grapes" you can hold, until you experience the warmth of Brazilian friendship and the demonstrative Brazilian embrace. You really must go to Brazil as soon as you can travel safely again—you'll love it! Until you can go, let me try to tell you some of the things to which you may look forward. And I believe the best way I can do that is to let you grow up with me in Brazil.

My first recollection is of tall bamboos swaying overhead and of the intensely sweet smell of the white "flags" growing near the marsh, which were only incidental, however, to the main attraction—paddling down a narrow wooden water conduit while my father held my hand securely. Our huge orchard also made a big impression on me, with all its orange and tangerine trees, banana and papai palms, small wax-colored plums, and umbrella-shaped mango trees. Like all old-style Brazilian houses, our house was placed right along the street, with the living-room windows opening right onto the sidewalk.

It was built of sun-dried brick covered over with plaster and sheltered with a tile roof. The smaller cobble-stoned patio was separated from the orchard by a rough adobe wall, and the same kind of wall separated our orchard from the neighbors' yards.

Our living-room windows always gave us a ringside view of everything that went on in the street. The whole family, including the cook, nurse, and errand-boy, used to rush to one of the three windows whenever a procession passed, carrying Saint John, Saint Peter, Our Lady of the Apparition, or whatever saint was being honored that day from the central cathedral to one of the older churches. The day-time processions appeared more colorful, for you could see plainly the rich embroidery detail on the canopy held over the priest's head and on the tablecloths and sofa pillows set in the windows of the homes to be blessed by the priest's passing. The bright sunlight accentuated the colors in the paper flowers placed around the saint's altar (carried on the shoulders of four men), the deep purple robes of the Daughters of Mary, and the scarlet vestments of the Brothers of Joseph. It also made the gold incense-burners sparkle as the small black-robed boys swung them on their chains, and it added a special radiance to the little white "angel-girls" bobbing

down the uneven streets with cranes' wings on their shoulders and a tinsel halo around their hair. The night processions, though, were decidedly more fascinating because of the lighted candles in two even rows along each sidewalk, first, as the church orders led the group; the lighted altars in the center; then the hundreds of candles carried by the ordinary people massed at the end of the procession.

Through the same windows we watched the *congada* on the sixth of January (which celebrates the arrival of the Three Wise Men in Bethlehem). Groups of masked and painted men, dressed in all kinds of outlandish costumes, came dancing down the street, beating on tin pans and drums. They would stop in front of an encouraging front-window audience, sing a song, do their dance, and try to catch in their hats the coins tossed from the window.

Processions didn't happen every day, though, and sometimes, in search of some excitement, I would go to the living-room to try to catch a humming-bird. Mother kept a big vase of flowers on the magazine stand close to one of the windows, and since there were no screens, an occasional humming-bird would dart in, hover over the flowers for a second, and then be on again in a flash. My ambition was to catch one alive in my hands; so there I would stand, with a pinch of salt in my fingers, waiting for the moment when I could drop it on the humming-bird's tail. I was a disappointed huntress, for that moment never came.

It wasn't until my first trip to the U. S. A. that I found out that not everybody has five meals a day. We did at home, in true Brazilian style—hot milk-and-coffee with bread and butter the first thing in the morning; then a full-fledged meal for "breakfast" around 11:00 a. m.; more

coffee, home-made cookies and sweets at 3:00; dinner at 6:30; and coffee again before going to bed. Of course, we children always had milk with one or two drops of "café."

Christmas was different, too. In Brazil, it comes in the middle of the summer, during the rainy season. Hard going for Santa Claus—and no chimneys, either, for the Brazilian houses are not heated. And so, in the Christmas stories told to brown-eyed, dark-haired Brazilian children, old St. Nick is beginning to abdicate, more and more, in favor of *Papai Indio* (Father Indian). Since there are no fireplaces, Brazilian children know nothing about "stockings hung by the chimney with care." They put their shoes near the kitchen stove—a huge wood-burning affair built of brick covered with concrete. In some homes there are no Christmas gifts at all because the families prefer to celebrate New Year's Day instead.

Going back to Brazil after forgetting every single word of Portuguese besides *sim* and *nao* was no fun for my brother, sister, and me—especially at school. But we found that our American novelties had their attraction in a town where tricycles, doll's hair brushes, and chewing gum were none too common. We gained prestige, also, by the general impression that while in the United States, we had hobnobbed daily with Tom Mix, Janet Gaynor, and Charles Farrell.

The half-abandoned public garden in front of our house was the ideal gathering-place for all the children of the neighborhood. Most of the garden was taken up with flower-beds (roses, tiger-lilies, daisies, dahlias, bougainvillea, palms, mimosa trees, bird-of-paradise bushes) but the open place in front of the fish-pond was just the place for hop-scotch, jump-rope, and "peteca" (something like a large badminton

birdie made of leather and batted with the palm of the hand). The fish-pond itself was a source of interest: it was lyre-shaped and built around the little round, tile-floored "coretto" in which the city band gave public concerts.

High school in Lavras was the height of any girl's desire. An ideal situation, with five girls to 40 boys in a class. Since the mission school in our home town of Varginha had only six grades, I went off to a boarding school at the age of twelve. There were four or five other American students, who went to school with 300 Brazilian boys and girls, studying in Portuguese according to a government-approved schedule of courses. We had eleven subjects one year—Portuguese, English, French, Latin, general science, physics, chemistry, world history, geography, mathematics, art—and gym, too, first thing in the morning. It never got cold enough to snow in our section of the country (about 200 miles inland from Rio), but on some frosty mornings in June, we were so cold in the unheated classrooms that we moved outdoors in the sunshine. We studied hard, especially every two months when "partial exam" time came. But we had plenty of fun, too, with parties, picnics, and athletic events (soccer, volley-ball, basketball, tennis, track and field events). The parties always began with a program of musical numbers, short plays, and one or two declamations; then came refreshments and a chance for group games and informal "promenades" on the campus. The picnic honoring the freshmen was a delightful yearly event in a eucalyptus grove four or five kilometers away from school, up a winding red dirt road. We had such fun chewing on sugar cane and oranges, going for walks and perching on top of abandoned termite-hills—to say nothing of exploring the well-filled lunch-bags—that we forgot about the ant-bites

and ticks until we were back home again.

On Saturday nights the "footing" in the public gardens was the main attraction before the movies opened (one cinema, showing one film once every evening). Since Brazilian girls were not allowed dates as the American young people know them (it would be unheard-of, for instance, for a girl to go for a drive with her boy friend), they made the most of the "footing." The usual technique was to line up arm-in-arm with three or four friends and walk slowly up and down the center aisle of the public garden. The boys would also walk back and forth in groups of two's and three's, each one looking for one particular girl if he were the "steady" kind, or flirting with several if he were more of the play-boy variety. This "drink to me only with thine eyes" system had its limitations, which even serenades could not amend—although there is no question that the sounds of a rich baritone and guitar floating up to one's window held plenty of heart-throbs. The Brazilian young people like the easy congeniality and the naturalness of American ways, which they are adopting more and more.

Young people in Brazil mature sooner than the Americans, and they impress me as being more serious-minded, on the whole, discussing politics and world affairs with zest, writing poems and essays for the school paper and literary clubs, and cultivating their talents of oratory. They are much more formal with their parents and teachers, addressing them as "o senhor," or "a senhora." They are also very proud of the richness of their land, of its cultural heritage, and rapid progress. They sing their patriotism in the inspiring anthem, "Ypiranga"; declaim it in speeches honoring various patriotic leaders; and they prove it in hard work tilling the soil, or in opening schools in back-

wood communities, and in carrying the radiance of Christianity into the fog of ignorance, superstition, and fear. Green, blue and gold are the colors which represent Brazil in its flag—green for forests, blue for sky, and gold for the metal itself. To me, they also express the refreshing spontaneity, the true loyalty, and the golden warmth of Brazilian friendship.

... **CANADA** *(Continued from Page 22)*

Ian, my husband, (the name is Scotch for John) and I came to Canada last June, visited his home for a while, and then went to Montreal because the French influence made it so very different from any city I had ever visited. French is spoken as frequently as English there. Then, too, I was interested in the great influence the Catholic Church had over the lives of the people and the running of the province. There are the most elaborate Catholic churches in Montreal that I have ever seen. One church, St. Joseph, was started about ten years ago and will take about another twenty to finish because it's so large.

After about a month we left Montreal and took a trip down the Hudson River to New York and then I went to Reading, Pa., while Ian went to Wilmington to the du Pont laboratories to learn some rubber chemistry. Then our next stop was Toronto. I would suggest the trip from Windsor, Ontario, to Toronto; take a boat, maybe, from Toronto to Montreal; venture a side trip to Quebec City, and head home via the Hudson River as a most worthwhile and beautiful trip.

Ian is a rubber technician for Canadian Industries Limited and has to travel to all rubber factories in Ontario. I have taken every opportunity to travel with him and see all I could

of my new home. The rest of the time I kept our little apartment and shop around the stores to see what I can find that is new and unusual without much success.

That sums up a few things about my new home with the exception of our family itself. We have an odd combination of nationalities in this Bell family—a Scotchman, a Canadian and an American. You see, at the present time I am in the hospital, and up the hall is the newest member of the Bell family—Master Roy Clark Bell. He is a week old now and has red hair.

And so from Canada we all send greetings

... **GERMANY** *(Continued from Page 10)*

and feared position the teacher occupies in the student's mind.

I think German children must grow up more quickly. I have seldom heard American 10 to 12 year olds discuss politics as we did then. I remember distinctly January 31, 1933, when Hitler won his fatal victory, how, clustered in hot-beds of discussion in front of the school, we were too absorbed by the weight of the moment to note the ringing of either first or second bell.

After that day things changed noticeably and quickly. Our old principal was replaced almost immediately by a party-sanctioned man, a Storm trooper. The morning recitation of the Lord's Prayer and "Good Morning" were replaced by "Heil Hitler" and the singing of such Nazi inspirational songs as "Die Kopfe Rollen, Die Juden Heulen," (The heads are rolling, the Jews are shrieking). Our geography lessons were confined to a study of Germany's "rightful colonies in Africa which have been shamefully stolen from her," and Germany's encirclement, etc.

(Continued on Page 3)

INDIA—the Land of Paradoxes

Emmie Ficklen Harper, '24

After 16 years as a Methodist teacher's wife in Jubbulpore, India, Emmie Harper comes home only to dream of going back again after the war. In this article she introduces you to Indian shopkeepers, various Mohammedan women—veiled and unveiled, and to the Indian nationalistic youth.

GREETINGS TO Agnes Scotters from Hindustan! India is a land that many of you are interested in because you have husbands, lovers, brothers or close friends there. They probably can't tell you much about their stations because of censorship rules, so I am going to tell you a bit about India so that you will feel closer to them and so that you will become more interested in this great country.

India is a land of paradoxes. Thousands have been dying in Bengal from lack of food. At least half of India's population has only one good meal a day. In one section of a Native State near our home, the average income of a family each month is \$1.50, and yet the richest man in the world, the Nizam of Hyderabad, is an Indian. The fat, fleshy Bengali candy seller is symbolic of too much rich food. These thousands are dying in a country where three good crops a year can be grown.

India is a land where a woman is considered a possession of man. She is sometimes yoked with a buffalo to plow the ground; she is taught from birth that

her duty in life is to serve her husband's every whim and to bear him male children, and yet in India this same country, the most beautiful monument in the world, The Taj Mahal, was erected to honor a woman.

India's heat is what the soldiers write home about, and yet the Himalayas are snow-capped and snow-covered the year around. In the Punjab there are places where the rainfall is 8 or 10 inches a year, while on the other side, in Assam, at one place the rainfall is over 300 inches yearly.

Differences as great as these are true in our daily living in India also.

We have made our home in Jubbulpore, Central Provinces, for nearly sixteen years. Jubbulpore is located in central India. We like to say we live in the heart of India, for, indeed, many of the customs and habits of the north combine with others of the south in our section. For example, the people of North India, especially of the Punjab eat wheat bread twice a day. The Madrassis, south Indians, use rice



as their principal dish twice daily and eat no bread. In Jubbulpore, Indians have rice for the noon meal and bread for the evening meal. With the rice and bread a stew-like dish, highly flavored, called "curry" is eaten. Curry has about as many varieties as there are kinds of pie in the U. S. A. In our own home, I suppose, we combine the Eastern and the Western, as well as the English and American. We love to be English early in the morning and have a nice cup of hot tea before leaving our beds; in the afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock, even though the thermometer registers 105 degrees, a cup of hot tea is refreshing. Many of our soldiers will have the tea habit if they stay in India, or around the English for any length of time. For breakfast, we have Indian food; Indian cereals with buffalo milk and sugar, then curry, rice, and bread with a chutney of fresh vegetables; in the evening our dinner at eight is the end of a long working day and we enjoy the combination of English and American food. I have become Indianized to the extent that I crave Indian food even when it must be eaten, Indian fashion, with my fingers, but I still cannot eat grapes with a knife and fork as some English folk insist on doing.

Ancient and modern meet in Jubbulpore, too. Our homes are not modern and yet many Indians think they are. Since we went to live in India, Jubbulpore has been electrified, that is, some of us have electric lights and fans. One thing that the Indians marvelled at when the Americans began settling down in Assam was that they put in lights before they finished the barracks. Lights are so modern in India that they are never put into anything but finished houses. The wires are strung around on the outside of the walls like a border on wall paper until the mason can find a place he can bore through the sun-dried

brick walls. Many Indians believe that electricity is connected with witchcraft. My cook was so afraid of my electric waffle iron that he would not touch it even when it was disconnected, but would walk all around the room to avoid stepping on or over the cord. He did not object to switching on the light because "it came on so far away." Air conditioning is fairly common in Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta but is unknown in Jubbulpore. Our most recent development in electricity is a few refrigerators which must be serviced from Calcutta, 700 miles away.

Jubbulpore means "City of Rocks" and folklore has it that when the monkey god, Hanuman, was on his way to Ceylon to free the beautiful and faithful princess, Sita, he stumped his toe, fell, and broke the big bag of rocks which he was carrying to use as ammunition and scattered rock everywhere. These are the black rocks of Jubbulpore, which are older than the Himalayas. Another legend has a different story to explain the prevalence of the many rocks. This is the Mohammedan version while the first was of Hindu origin. High on one of the hills surrounding Jubbulpore is situated an old Gond fortress. Historically this was the fortress of the aboriginal tribe, the Gonds, and their last stronghold in Central India. When the Queen saw that she could not hold out against her enemy, the Mohammedan Prince of Lucknow, she turned all of her faithful army into black stones, the larger stones around the fortress being the faithful elephants, and the smaller her loyal soldiers. Then the Queen mounted her faithful steed and rode horseback down a steep hill into the lake at the foot; so neither she nor her army was ever defeated. Today American and English tanks are maneuvering among these black rocks.

My shopping tours would be considered medieval by Agnes Scott girls. We have no department stores in Jubbulpore though Jubbulpore is the eleventh largest city in India. The stores are shops, most of them having only a few feet of frontage. One enters the shop and sits on a bench or small stool while the clerk sits on the floor at one's feet. Then begins the ordeal, if you must have certain things, but the evening's entertainment, if you are just shopping around. Once I needed some bottle green cloth for a curtain in the church, and I tried at least ten shops before I got the idea of dark green across, for when I said velvet they always brought out gay bright colors. The material was no trouble because many uses are made of velvet by the Indian tailor. Most of the shopkeepers did not speak English and I had no idea what bottle green was in Hindi, and neither did they know anything about the furnishings of a church. Finally, in desperation I decided to see if I could get a color chart from a paint shop to show the shade I wanted. So, leaving the cloth section of the city, I rode over into the hardware section to my Mohammedan friend's shop. I told him that I wanted to borrow his paint chart in order to find a piece of green cloth of a certain shade to use in our church. His face lit up and he said "I have just the shade you want in paint; it is for a church and you can take the can along to get the color. It is 'Holy Green.'" "Holy Green" was a shade unknown to me, but I did appreciate his interest so he sold me a can of HOLLY GREEN which was just the shade I desired. With the help of the label in color on top of the paint can, I finally got my curtaining material.

It is a wonderful afternoon's entertainment to sit while the shopkeeper and his assistants bring out for you anything that you can describe. I

have gone with several young men to help in choosing the wedding saree (dress) for their fiancées, for it is an almost universal custom in India for the groom to buy the wedding dress for his bride. It is grand to look at the beautifully woven sarees, fascinating in texture, colors and designs. I can not entirely enjoy the outing though for I have no idea how much the young man wishes to spend; I do not know whether to admire something expensive or to see the lasting qualities of a cheaper piece of silk, so I make a number of selections, and, then, at a later date, the young man goes back and bargains for the saree which he wishes his fiancée to wear on their wedding day.

Bargaining is a part of every sale in India. At first I could not stand it but now it is part of my nature. I had an embarrassing moment the other day in a large store. The clerk told me the price of something and I said, "I will give . . ." and was about to add a figure about half the price when I realized what I was saying and lamely added, "an answer tomorrow." The merchant in India expects you to give him only about half his "asking price." If he says one dollar for something I want, I will gasp and offer him fifty cents. He will show me some important feature I had not apparently seen and I will add five cents to my fifty. Then I must show him some flaw (which is not usually a difficult task) and he will graciously come down to ninety-five cents. This will keep up and the price will be decided low, if I am clever, and high, if the merchant has guessed that I must have the article under consideration. This is really fun at times but when every pound of rice, every egg, every article of clothing has to be bought this way the process is painful. If you are just shopping you never dare offer even half. Once, just the day before I was returning

from Landour where my boys were in school, to Jubbulpore, where my husband was, a cloth merchant came to the porch of my apartment. He opened his bundle, displaying lovely luncheon cloths. A group of American ladies gathered around and a good deal of money changed hands. There were two cloths that I desired, but knew their value to be more than I could spend. Just as a friendly gesture when he was spreading out his wares, I said I would give him half of what he asked. He shook his head. Later, I went back into my apartment to finish my packing and left the merchant on the porch selling to some of my neighbors. Imagine my surprise when he stuck his head in the room and handed me the two cloths asking for the amount which I had offered. I had the money on hand because I had my railroad fare and travelling money in the house. I was thrilled at my bargain but my husband lectured me when I arrived home from a thousand-mile trip with only enough pennies to buy one more cup of tea. I will bargain again, but never will I spend up to my last dollar before a long railway journey.

No running comments on India would be complete without a word about the women. Here, again, you have a wide variety in the pattern of life-differences that can't be marked by north or south, ancient or modern, for they are found now in every part of our city. I was present at a tea party in Jubbulpore when a Mohammedan woman came in without a veil. It was the first time in her life that she had ever gone out of her own door without a long thick veil covering her completely. She was naturally thrilled though self-conscious. In contrast, there were other Indian women present who had traveled in Europe and America and had enjoyed

social freedom all their lives. One friend of mine was a grandmother at twenty-five, but she insisted that her granddaughter finish High School before marrying. She didn't want to be Westernized, but thought everything Indian best. There was a time when out walking with her husband, she always walked three paces behind him, but now she leads him a merry chase.

One day I was invited to the "Women's Quarters" of a Mohammedan home. There were four young brides, all under twenty, in this home where they were cared for by an old aunt. I was the first European these girls had ever seen at close range. We had some language problems but became very intimate before I had finished my tea. They served me royally, but would not eat with me. The youngest was more outspoken than the rest and she felt that my parents had made a very poor marriage arrangement for me since my husband did not give me even one pair of heavy silver anklets. During the conversation the oldest told me that her father-in-law was very modern. I thought he must be since he invited me to see his women-folk and did not stay with me to see that I didn't say anything that might put foreign ideas in their heads, but I asked her why she thought this. She answered that one day they were all told to put on their burqas (veils) and come down stairs where they were put into a closed automobile with the shades drawn. They were taken for a ride—then the climax—when they were out in the country the car stopped, their father-in-law opened the shade on one window, the girls were told to lift their veils, and they looked out and saw the mountain that made that small town famous! That father-in-law was modern!

Many of you who read this will already know
(Continued on Page 34)

"When the war is over, the old customs will come back little by little . . ."

Thinking of Home—BELGIUM

Paul Triest, '45

I AM WRITING about my home—Brussels, Belgium, which I have not seen since we fled from it shortly before the German invasion in 1940. But I shall not talk about the war, or about the brutal invasion of the Germans and all the horror that was brought with it. I shall just talk of the normal life that I lived as a Lycenne of sixteen . . . so that you will know more about my home, the proud, happy Belgium that will yet be again.

A first class at 7:45 means that everyone living within a normal distance of school has to get up at 6:30. This is just as hard to do in Belgium as it is in any other country, especially in the winter when you have to get up before sunrise. Of course, once you are up you enjoy the sunrise—but while still in bed you would much rather not have to see it. Some people, following the French example, just drink a cup of black coffee for breakfast. But I enjoyed eating just as much then as I do now, and

in my family breakfast was a hearty meal, much as it is in England.

After breakfast, the trip to school was very pleasant. Although I had a car at my disposition, I went to school on a bicycle, according to the custom. It took me half an hour on one of our typical bicycle tracks. Of course, our house was built in the valley and in the mornings when I was in a hurry, I had a hard time climbing up the hill, while in the afternoon when time was not so important, I came home coasting down at full speed!

School in Belgium was in certain ways very different from what it is here. But no matter how great the difference, there is one thing the same the world over. It is what I would call a "teacher's intuition" which means that on the days when you haven't studied your lessons, you are always called upon. And on the days when you have studied as you should, you are ignored. At the Lycee in Brussels, the requirements were naturally very different from the ones here. Both Greek and Latin were required for anyone desiring to follow university studies. Outside of this, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, history, literature and languages were

an important part of the program. As you know, in Belgium both French and Flemish are official languages. In order to go to the University one is suppose to know both of them well. A foreign language, either German or English is also required. I don't have the time nor the space to go into many more details about this but I can assure you that to study at



the Lycee in French was just as hard for me as it is to study here in English. All the time passed at home was, as one can understand with a program like this, devoted to study. This even included Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday.

Meal time and habits were very different from the American ones. I have already talked about breakfast which usually takes place at about 7:30 during the week and 8:30 or 9 on Sunday. Although we had the most important meal at night, I think that usually dinner is eaten in the middle of the day. Home-made vegetable soup and potatoes are such an important part of it that a meal is not called dinner unless both are served. Belgium is a paradise for vegetables, and meat and fruit are abundant. (Oh, dear, I am getting hungry just to think of it. . . . What wouldn't I give for one of those home-made vegetable soups and a 2-inch thick steak with french fried potatoes, cress, some "chicons," and some "tarte al maquee). The evening meal usually takes place at 7:30 or 8. Beer is drunk at those two meals. Most of the families drink wine on Sunday and on special days. Friday dinner is an institution. No matter who you are or to what religion you belong, Friday dinner is always composed of a kind of soup made of buttermilk, fish with mashed potatoes and melted butter, and rice pudding for dessert. (Peasants or people living in places where the fish supply is not very good sometimes replace the fish by eggs). People don't eat between meals as it is the habit here. Well, it seems that I have talked a lot about eating. But is always has occupied quite an important part in my life, and perhaps in yours too.

As we are on pleasant subjects we might go on and talk a little about vacations. We used to travel in foreign countries in summer. One

must realize that distances are much less in Europe than they are here. Vacations were the only time when I could enjoy my family. The rest of the year, school took much of my time, both my parents being very "mondain," were often away from home for meals and Daddy had to travel a lot for his business. Vacations were really the only time of the year when we lived together. And maybe that was why it seemed to pass so fast.

Christmas vacation was one that had the most to do with family life. Classes would stop the 24 of December at noon. At night we would have our Christmas Eve dinner. My little cousins were always there and no other guests were ever invited. Usually the menu was the following: caviar, oysters, and other kinds of sea food, and some dessert. After dinner we would go upstairs while my parents fixed the tree. Although we were quite grown up the last years, we never did help our parents decorate the tree. They would ring a little bell when we could come down. The tree, as it is always done at home, was lighted with real candles. Then we would each choose a candle to see which one would burn the last. The choice made, we would open all our Christmas presents. Then we would sit down. Daddy and Mother in chairs and we, the children, on the floor or on the stairs. (It was the only day of the year when we were allowed to sit on the floor and on the stairs). We would all sing and sing until the last candle was burned. . . .

Christmas Day was quite exciting. Members of the family would come for dinner. Goose, plum pudding, nuts and raisins were on the menu. Two or three different kinds of wine were served. Everybody was very pleasant and had a good time no matter how old or young he was.

After dinner my cousins, my brother and I would play together and our parents would talk and enjoy each other.

New Year was quite an institution, too. But New-Year's Eve was not much fun for us children. We were too young to go anywhere and so stayed home and went to bed. My parents went out. New Year's Day was not pleasant either. It is a custom at home to go and visit all those members of your family who are not very closely related to you but whom you have to see at least once a year. Such as great aunts, cousins, etc. . . . In general they were all very anxious to see us and would kiss us for hours which I have always hated. Then they would give us some chocolate. I didn't like that kind of chocolates. And, being a child I didn't see any point in tasting any of them. Unfortunately, those old ladies never seemed to understand this, and mother would look at me in such a way that I couldn't possibly refuse. Another thing that I disliked about the custom was that we had to sit still and listen to conversations in which we did not have the slightest interest. By the end of the day both parents and children felt rather tired. The parents, because of the night before and also for being afraid that the children might make some social error, and the children had a stomachache from all those chocolates they had eaten. Anyway, we started the year well by rendering to all our family the respect that was due them.

... "Well, I wonder what has happened to all those people. . . . Are they still alive? Are they in Belgium? Where is our young crowd? Some of them should be at the University by now, others at school. Maybe some of my friends even got married. . . . Oh, do I wish that this war would be over soon so that I could write

to them or maybe see them! I would not even mind a few New Year's visits if I could only see them. I wonder what life is like there now? I know that I am lucky to be here.

But I also know that no matter how greatly life has changed there, as soon as the war is over the old customs will come back little by little. Men will always criticize the government. People will always cross the streets against the red light. Maids will always wash the street in front of the houses with soap and water on Saturday morning. Children will still ride bicycles to school and eat bread with a bar of chocolate for tea. We will still have buttermilk soup and fish and rice pudding on Friday. And Christmas will always be Christmas and we shall sit on the floor near the Christmas tree and sing until the last candle is burned.

... **GERMANY** (Continued from Page 26)

conomic and military, by her foes. Even the music department cooperated with the trend of the times by substituting the official Hitler Youth songs for the mellow "*Liederkrantz*" selections that had been used by the department for 30 or more years previously.

Other memories of Germany are more satisfying—the long winter evenings when the family was collected around the big round table in the one heated room (we were not lavish in the care and feeding of the ovens)—the late suppers of tea and smoked salmon on rolls—the winter the river froze over and we walked across the ice under the big bridge on our way to the Christmas mart in the Altstadt where they sold red-eyed gingerbread men and gaudy trimmings—rainy afternoon walks and the gratifying stop at the bakery where we bought *Kremschnittchen*, my favorite confection for afternoon coffee . . .

innumerable snatches of childhood memories.

My first impression of America was not favorable. The filth and shabiness of the New York Harbor is certainly not a very beautiful "welcome" mat on America's doorstep. I was miserable because I knew no English—and the children in school made fun of me. I felt thoroughly "not at home." I learned English, I acquired an American "reversible," I began to like "cokes," and padded my vocabulary with slang. I graduated from the Saturday Evening Post to the New Republic; I thought it my duty as a good American to appreciate Tommy Dorsey and to laugh at Jack Benny (only at first the laughs came entirely at the wrong moment.) I tried, like mad, to become Americanized. And in the process, naturally I came to feel at home and really love America. Before I knew it I was accepting it in the unquestioning, matter of fact way of the Americans around me.

Now this is where the barrier I spoke of earlier arises between me and my American-born friend. He expects me to look at his country from a be-petticoated, yodeling background; to draw comparisons, to know *why* I like his country and *what* I like about it. I have at times thought I could answer these questions, and I have answered them as if I were writing a prize essay. But the truth of my answers has been a partial, none the less valid, truth.

Ask yourself why you like your home and you will probably find it true but incomplete to answer that it is because of the ideals for which your home stands. It may stand for love and kindness and Christian virtue. But it also stands for apple pie and the pictures in the front room, the wheeze of the water tap, and snow shovelling in winter. You may have ants behind the kitchen sink, yet you'll set ant traps to clear

them out. If your home catches on fire you will do your utmost to put out that fire; you will do so unquestioningly, because, after all, it is *your home*.

Well, that is the way I feel about America. It's home and I love it!

... **INDIA** (Continued from Page 30)

that our work in India is in a college where young Indian men are prepared to take their places as leaders in the Indian Church. Our students are decidedly "nationalistic"—meaning by a nationalist one who loves his country and thinks the customs of his country the best. Our students prefer their native dress and speak their own language when they are together, though our classes have to be conducted in English, for that is the only language common to the fifteen vernaculars spoken by the students now in residence. Further, they prefer their own food and their own family habits. They are proud of India and Indians, and feel that India should have her place among the great nations of the world. In our own church government, Indian people have been given places of leadership and have proven that they were ready for these places. In our Methodist Church two Indians have already been elected Bishops. We hope that someday the Indian ministers, trained in our College, will have the entire leadership of our Indian Church and we, who are missionaries, will assist them in fields where they still are not as well qualified to work.

Hindustan is a great country—a place where there are many opportunities to serve, a place where conditions are so varied that there is room for the talents of all. Lovers of India beg that all interested in her try to learn more about her and lend their aid to help her attain her rightful place among the nations of the world.

"In the eyes of Dong-sao, my brave old nurse, I saw the steadfast spirit of the Chinese . . ."

Return to CHINA

Nell Allison Sheldon, '38



ONCE UPON A TIME there was a colony of well-fed, well clothed and happy American Presbyterian missionaries just outside the East Gate of Kiangyin City. The

broad chocolate colored Yangtze encircled the city in a gently curved elbow, rising and falling with the tides over wide fringes of giant reeds where in season wild ducks sported.

The American men felt that the ducks came for the especial delight of themselves and their hunting-dogs and enthusiastically tracked their quarry through deep brown mud, keeping the Fall tables well supplied with duck, quail and pheasant. The Chinese people shrugged their shoulders over gentlemen who purposely went into mud to their waists and cared not a whit if they came home splashed with pheasant blood. But in those days, up to about 1927, the white men were a power and legend backed up by the fabulous renown of America's armed might.

To be sure, the missionaries had come to do good, and had set up a hospital and schools; yet they too profited by the legend. Their homes, seven in number, were large two-story brick houses, kept in good order by Chinese servants vigilantly directed by the American wives. In one of those large airy homes I was born, and,

blessed from the first with a good Chinese amah, entered on a most pleasant and pampered childhood. Dong-sao's duty was to take me out in the sunny walled yard about the house, or to walk with me over the paths through the rice fields outside. We played hide and seek in the mulberry groves which fed the silkworms, and watched the little boats poling up and down the shallow canals. Always I was noticed, exclaimed over, and commented upon, a golden haired little "foreign devil" who had but to shake her doll before the spectators in order to hear delighted exclamations.

In Spring we floated along the canals on houseboats to the foot of the hills and climbed them for armfuls of wild lilac. From the hill-tops we could see the far green patch work of the fertile river basin, nourished by a glimmering network of canals. We opened picnic baskets on the terraces of an old temple over-looking the Yangtze, and sailed in brown-sailed junks on the river.

During the hot damp summer months we clambered aboard a British river steamer and went inland to the great Kuling mountain range, sprawled across the land in velvety folds. The streams were clear for swimming, and there were such wonder spots as the little stone temple with a yard full of tiger lilies, nestled away in a valley. I shall never see a Chinese bluebell without visioning the hillsides of Kuling.

Yes, that was the gunboat era, when the U. S. gunboats waited at the mouths of China's great river arteries, ready to rush in at the sound of an American complaint. In 1927, one colorful U. S. naval officer took matters into his own hands, not waiting for official orders, and was heard to remark as he opened fire at the feet of a group of Chinese troublemakers near Nanking,

"It's either a courtmartial or a medal!" It was, not so surprisingly a medal. After all the white men had been in peril!

That was the day in old China when my father would pay to a coolie, either of a rickshaw or a sedan chair, that which we saw fit, and then, if a complaint arose, dismiss the matter with a wave of the hand. And what could match the dignity of the foreigner in those days when he would be invited to a wedding feast at a prominent, wealthy Chinese home? I remember a three-hour repast worthy of a Roman Emperor, with mothers whispering anxious warnings into their children's ears about not eating too much of courses one to ten—remember how much more was to come! On this occasion, with admirable delicacy in the presence of the Christian foreigner, the happy bridegroom concealed behind the scenes his two previous wives, and all was gayety.

It would not be going too far to say that we Americans in the old China felt the prelude to coming troubles and uncertainties as far back as 1927. A new figure was to climb into national view from this year on—a young soldier named Chiang. My father's school for young men, like so many others, was wracked by the new teachings of communism and anti-imperialism coming in from Red Russia and other sources. No longer were they only good, well-mannered young gentlemen. Dark looks began to be directed at "the imperialists," which term was at that period in danger of being worn quite threadbare by constant usage.

Threatening slogans of all kinds were chalked up on the compound walls, entreating that the foreigner and his imperialism be brought low. We felt that the chalk campaign had reached its climax one day when my father came home weak

with laughter, he had seen a slogan which simply shouted in magnificent abandon, "Down with everything."

Never again, although we went back home after a lengthy refugee visit to Shanghai, did we feel the same security in the midst of our wall-protected gardens. We tried to wipe away the memory of the months when Chinese troops had stabled their horses in our yards (where the animals meditatively chewed on our weeping willows), and themselves in our homes. We fumigated; we repainted; we scrubbed. But they had not been cleanly persons; and I seem to remember that the north guest-room always kept about it a peculiar aroma to remind us that we had once been invaded.

During all of the period of 1927-1937 there were outbreaks of violence which kept a good many foreigners sitting uneasily on the edge of their chairs, although in Shanghai business tried its best to carry on as usual, and the big names of Standard Oil, British American Tobacco, Dodge, Asiatic Petroleum, and others were still much in evidence. Toward the end of the period a certain retired officer of the U. S. Army, came to Hangchow to establish an air field and flying school to train both white and Chinese pilots for emergencies ahead. His name was Claire L. Chennault. Once when a group of us were gathered in the Worth's home in Kiangyin, the houseboy appeared in great excitement and announced that there was a strange American gentlemen (then a rarity) at the door. It caused quite a sensation when he turned out to be a large, husky ex-football star from Pittsburgh, whose plane had made a forced landing in the Yangtze nearby. He was our first tangible contact with the group of aviators at Hangchow. Some of those men became the famous Flying

Tigers.

In 1932, the Japanese made an important trial of the white man's mettle. They made it on the much abused soil of the Chinese section of Shanghai, called Chapei. They clashed fiercely with the Chinese over a pretext, and for some few weeks the skies over Shanghai were reddened with the glare of blazing homes. I was a sophomore at the Shanghai American school at that time, and one of the youthful Americans who hung out the dormitory windows in fearful fascination watching the burning city miles away. We were ordered to keep a bag packed and ready to snatch up in case of a sudden evacuation to the U. S. warships lying in the Whangpoo. All the evacuation drills did was waken us at inconvenient hours for there was no exodus. Apart from some personal after effects, there is little to report of the brief incident, for the foreign authorities clicked their tongues and did nothing. No doubt the Japs noticed this and were pleased.

I had learned to knit as we all did and thought I was working very fast on a sweater for a baby refugee, but alas, the incident was gone and most of the refugees back in their half-ruined section before the sweater was done! A daring faculty member took a group of us to Chapei for an inspection tour as soon as the firing had ceased, and I shall never forget the rutted, muddy streets, dotted with unexploded "potato masher" grenades, and a most forlorn carcass of a fallen horse. The people had not yet come back except for a few poor ragged figures picking over the rubble for treasures.

Of the "incident" a simple but heartfelt comment was made by a school houseboy (rechristened by us "James Fitjames" after we had studied *The Lady of the Lake*) "Japanesa a

velly bad man."

I have recently read Carroll Alcott's book, *My War With Japan*, which plainly tells how during all these years the Japs in the Shanghai Municipal Council were refusing Jap money for the support of public improvements. Now we know too well that they knew they would eventually grab the finished product, paid for by British, French and American money.

1937 was their moment for striking. After Shanghai fell and the Chinese crack 19th Route army retreated, inner China crumpled and was soon taken by the invaders. I was a senior at Agnes Scott when I received a letter telling me that my parents and the others had refugeed into the countryside on houseboats and that our beautiful compound at Kiangyin had been wantonly burned by a party of Japs maddened with "saki," a potent rice-wine. I telephoned at once to Charlie Sheldon at Columbia Seminary, then my fiance, and when he came cried on his shoulder for the lovely place of my childhood that was gone.

Mother and Dad and another missionary lived for months on their flat-topped houseboat or in Chinese huts, out in the country among the people, doing all they could for them. Dad, to his surprise, even turned doctor in emergency and helped inject into withered cholera patients the saline solution that brought them back almost miraculously to life.

In 1939, I married Charlie and the next year we sailed for China on the "President Taft." On board we became friendly with several attractive navy couples bound for Cavite in the Philippines. We never heard of them after that and I always wondered how they fared after Pearl Harbor when the islands fell to the Japs.

It was a different China into which we went—the Japanese had held the Yangtze basin nearly three years. The foreign settlements in Shanghai were still controlled by the British, Americans and others; but France fell that summer and Frenchtown, of the long boulevards and shade trees, where I had gone to High School on Avenue Petain, knew the uneasy atmosphere of a colony whose mother country can no longer support it. The police had their hands full with gangsters and lawbreakers who now knew the law was weakened. Even the name “Petain” on the avenue signposts meant no longer a proud war hero.

We lived around in a good many sections of Shanghai, bumping into Japs everywhere; they overran the Chocolate shop, once favorite Nanking Road rendezvous of us all, and could be seen each afternoon eating huge quantities of pastries there. Most of us took to lunching at the foreign Y. M. C. A. where the Japs did not go. Midway on the broad bridge over Soochow creek stood Jap sentries who demanded passes of those who would pass into or out of the foreign settlement territory. Over the sentries' shoulders one could still read the sign, now forlorn-looking on the Jap held post office building; “China National Aviation Corporation: Use Air Mail.”

We stayed one month at a friend's apartment in St. Luke's Refugee Hospital, out past puppet-governor Wang-Ching-Wei's house, a section called the Bad Lands because it housed so much crime. Sometimes we had glimpses of thin babies being fed back to health on the new soybean milk.

Then there were the trips inland! Home to Kiangyin, bumping over the dusty highway, over bridges recently blown up by Chinese guerillas;

to Hangchow, where guerilla bullets spat at the passing train, and Jap guards sprayed a foul smelling disinfectant on us at the station. The little brown men were deathly afraid of germs, and fought against them most inconsistently. At Kiangyin I looked at the heaps of brick which had been our homes and imagined how I had last seen them. Dongsao, my old nurse, was there, unchanged, and I saw in her brave old eyes the steadfast spirit of the Chinese. We all lived in the one building left, once the Boys' School Dormitory.

When the Fall came there were six of us young Americans who were registered at Language school in Soochow; we listened to friendly, intelligent Chinese men and women, repeating and writing the characters after them, until in a month or two the strange shapes began to take form to us. We shopped for antique Chinese treasures after school, poking into little shops for jades, ivories, and porcelains.

Then suddenly our U. S. Consul at Shanghai said there might be war; we must leave. It was strange, then, to be saying goodbye to China. It had come in so short a time to be like home to Charlie and had again become familiar to me.

I look up now and see about my apartment some of the beautiful things we brought back; and each has a tale of its own. Three years have passed since our return, we were back ahead of the war by a year. Sometimes it seems strange that my husband should have been sent back to China to be chaplain in the U. S. Army Air Forces there; but he serves under General Chennault, who helped years ago to build the beginnings of the Chinese-American Air Force and it makes me proud to know he serves China as well as America.

To my mother and father came the fate which

would have been ours had we not sailed on the S. S. Washington in 1940; internment. During 1939 to 1941, the situation at Kiangyin was such that though small scale work could be done, the pressure of the Jap authorities made the missionaries mistrustful of leaving the city even for short periods. It was apparent that the mere presence of the Americans there beside the Chinese Christians before Pearl Harbor kept the Japs from much violence.

I have always wished I could have seen the following incident told me since by Dad. A lone Jap had been shot to death while he was buying something at a little shop, and left lying on the ground while the guerilla who had killed him made a hasty escape. This happened in a small village near where Dad's country work took him, so a Chinese dashed over to call Dad, fearing reprisals by the Japs. The village street had emptied of people as if by magic. Dad reached the scene and simply stood quietly over the dead soldier, hands in sleeves as he had learned to stand, when a mob of heavily armed Japs came rushing down the village street. Seeing the foreigner, they stopped short, grenades ready to throw, and for a moment stood silent. Then their officer said, "You came after this was done?" Dad nodded. Without firing a shot he then turned his back, and no revenge was taken on that village. Dad still marvels to this day how his presence could so have stopped the violent soldiers, but it proved the still potent legend of the white man's eastern prestige.

For months, the handful of missionaries stood like a shield between the Chinese and the invaders. Then came Pearl Harbor. First they were removed to Shanghai, and restricted to the International Concession. Here they found a myriad tasks among the refugees and many of their young Chinese, come there to study. At

this time those young boys and girls, feeling an even closer kinship to the Americans who now shared their war directly, began to substitute for "Mr. and Mrs. Allison," "Granny and Grandpa Allison." I think my parents were happier over their new name than they could say.

There followed seven months of internment for the Southern Presbyterian group, in a camp in Chapei, on the edge of the city. Dad was on the road-building squad, and mother helped the women at "debugging" the grain to be cooked. The work was hard, but the thousand-odd mixed crowd of white people managed to set up a good school system and even University Extension courses in their imprisonment. The fact that the internees calmly studied every subject from Spanish to navigation while behind barbed wire speaks very well for the morale of the camp. When the exchange ship Gripsholm was due to sail this past summer, a list of internees was chosen for repatriation; my parents' names were on it. Mother said going through the open gates of the barbed wire taught her again what freedom means. The road to the docks was lined with friendly Chinese who waved and wished them well. A new warmth seemed to have sprung up between the Chinese and those who had long lived among them. Now they had known a common hardship. Mother and Dad looked tired and older when they came back; but their verdict was simply, "We really wouldn't have missed it all for anything."

As for the white-man's once vaunted supremacy, if that never returns again, he will surely learn that friendship is better than lordliness, and his place in the new China will be secured by the strength of a new understanding.

But I am glad I also knew the rich, varied pattern of life in that other China.

... **AUSTRALIANS** (*Continued from Page 20*)

of the school line the bluffs at vantage points on the day of the contest. The boys that win are very proud of their school and their "old school tie."

Australians are equally at home at land and water sports. We thought it rather queer when the real estate agent, who was hunting us a place to live, soon after our arrival, asked us if we wanted a tennis court. But, we soon found out that all Australians who can afford it have courts. Most of these courts are grassed, but there are many who prefer the dirt courts. Tennis parties are the most popular of all parties for old and young. They are usually held on Sunday afternoons. Family and friends take turns at the game and promptly at four o'clock everybody takes time out for tea. If the weather is fair and not windy, tea may be served outside on the lawn. And such a tea! Dainty and delicious sandwiches, hot savouries, (canapes), sponge cakes light as a feather with tons of cream for a filling, and tempting meringues baked in the form of a pie with cream, fruit (banana or pineapple) and the Australian's favorite fruit, passion fruit seed as a filling. Australian sandwiches are very small, and are more of an appetizer than a meal like ours. They use a variety of fillings that we never use, but we found them delicious and very different from ours. They make a filling of sheeps' brains and cooked in milk and with English walnuts chopped and added. This mixture well seasoned with salt and pepper, and spread between very thin slices of buttered whole-wheat bread makes sandwiches fit for the gods. We also learned to like "sweet corn" sandwiches, "asparagus rolls," and many other delectable foods that are typically Australian tea foods. These sandwiches and cakes were always eaten along with large cups of

very strong and very hot tea served with the milk poured in first and the sugar last. It is needless to say that the nicest part of a tennis party to me was tea time. To the Australian, however, it is just an intermission and he goes back to the game well fortified with his tea.

A game that all old men enjoy is bowling on the green. I never saw anyone but very old and portly gentlemen play this game. The greens are beautifully kept, and must be faithfully watered all during the dry season. They are kept cut just the desired length and are beautifully surrounded by hedges of hibiscus. Every Sunday morning the old men may be seen coatless and with rolled-up shirt sleeves, rolling the large white balls over the green.

The most Australian of all out-door sports is the "chop picnic." How we laughed when we were first invited to go on a chop-picnic! A chop picnic is always held in the "bush." The bush is the great stretch of slightly wooded regions that surround the cities along the fringes of the continent. As these regions are so dry, the vegetation and trees do not reach great heights as our oaks, pines and hardwoods do. The "gums" or eucalyptus trees, the wattles (a species of Acacias), the banksias, the jaraks are usually not tall, and the foliage is skimpy. The branches are knotted and gnarled. It takes time for an American to learn to love these trees as the Australian does. There is an absence of undergrowth with the exception of salt bush and various types of thorny bushes. There is such a sameness to the bush that it is not uncommon for people to get lost in it. In September, after the rains of the winter the bush loses its gray-green drabness, and blooms out with millions of lovely flowers—flowers that are typical of Australia. The wattles are dripping with yellow fingers or balls of fluffy blooms like

our mimosa. The red and green kangaroo paws burst out in places where there have been brush fires. The violet hovea and yellow gorse form a lovely color scheme. Millions of pink everlasting give the desert lands a faint blush for a short time.

In September then is the time when all Australians take to the bush, rain or shine. A short ride of a few miles brings the picnickers to their favorite spote. They will have brought along several pounds of lamb chops, several loaves of bread, and pounds of sweet butter, lettuce, tomatoes, a Dundee cake (light fruit cake), a package of tea, milk and sugar, salt and pepper, and perhaps a bottle of "tomato sauce" (catsup). Upon arrival in the bush someone is delegated to beat off the blow-flies with which the bush is populated, especially in September. The flies "blow" the meat in a split second and are counted by Australians to be one of their worst pests. Another person, usually a man, builds the fire, and then the piece de resistance, the chops, are grilled. If it rains, someone must hold an umbrella over the fire and the cook till the chops are done. When they are very black and smoky, they are ready. Still another picnicker makes the tea by boiling water from a nearby stream in a black bucket called the "billy." Others butter the bread and then eat it slice by slice, and cut the light fruit cake. I must say I never got the thrill from a chop-picnic, for I didn't like beating off blow-flies while eating rare smoky lamb chops. After the lunch, the fires were carefully extinguished and if it were not raining, the Australians would lie on rugs placed on the ground, and look up at the gums and say, "How lovely is our bush!"

Van Loon says in his geography that Australia is the step-child of Nature. You cannot make an Australian believe that. His sloping danger-

ous beaches with their shark-infested waters, are the best beaches in the world to him. He doesn't want the wide Florida beaches with their gently warm Gulf stream. Give him the icy Tasman, Bight, or Indian Ocean any time! Give him his beautiful Sydney Harbor or the blue Swan in Perth. Give him his tennis courts in his own garden. Let him bowl away his old age on a lovely green. Let him get away to his beloved bush where he may commune with Mother Nature after his lunch of chops and billy-tea. No indeed, Mr. Van Loon, he says Nature has made him what he is.

... **TOKYO** (*Continued from Page 8*)

one can truly appreciate at one time they think. The "tokonoma" are changed with the seasons of the year, or oftener at times.

The Japanese way of life is simple at all times, but it was trebly so when we were there on account of the war. America does not begin to know sacrifice as they had felt it in Japan even when we were there. One reason the clothes astounded us so much I am sure is that it was practically impossible to get cloth or clothing of any kind. Wool or woollen clothes, cotton, linen, even silk was unobtainable. The cloth in most shops was "sufu," and "imitation" cloth that fell to pieces after a little wear, and didn't have any shape to begin with. Leather goods of any kind were unheard of. American style shoes were made of paper or other fiber.

The food situation was just as bad. Milk (except for babies under one year), bread, butter, sugar, coffee, Irish potatoes, chocolate, flour, any sort of canned goods, and most of our other staple products were scarce or impossible to get. We brought large quantities of supplies with us, but customs' "red tape" was so involved that they were released only a week or two before

we left. We managed because there was a wizard of a cook in our house who could conjure a delicious soup almost from the air. Then, too, there were plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. We saw carrots over three feet long, and radishes, too. I believe they must tend each single plant solicitously; they do have to make the most of each square inch of soil in a land only fifteen per cent arable! In one town we saw where a man had spread dirt over a concrete walk and planted vegetables; and we think "victory gardeners" have utilized American soil!

The Japanese eat most of their vegetables in pickled style, with rice, and some fish perhaps. A lot of their protein content is supplied by soy beans, in curd form or otherwise. Men trot through the streets with tubs of curd slung over a pole across their shoulders and peddle it out to houses in slabs—like our "butter and egg men" (in the "good old days.") We could never have lived on Japanese food alone, and really ate comparatively little of it. My! I still remember some cold pickled Irish potatoes served as a delicacy at a Japanese dinner that did not get along so well with my interior! The raw fish served with every formal meal was better. But neither my husband or I ever tried the roasted grasshoppers for sale on our street occasionally during festival days. After all, there is a limit! Our favorite dish I suppose is "suki-yaki," which, like chop suey, was not a native dish to begin with. It is small bits of meat and various vegetables cooked at the table in shoyu sauce, and eaten with rice and raw eggs (maybe). Delicious!

There were other inconveniences besides scarcity of food and clothing due to the war. Busses no longer had gasoline, but had to use charcoal burners to furnish power (and "smelly," inefficient things they were, too!) Private cars were

non-existent. Taxis might or might not reach their destination—on the cupful of gasoline they probably had left. There were never any available anyway. All articles which might in any way be considered luxuries were banned except to tourists. The government had requisitioned all gold. Out of courtesy I wore neither my engagement nor wedding ring while there, nor any other jewelry.

No, the war was certainly not popular with the people. Few of the "people on the street" really knew what it was all about, anyway. But most of them bore their privations uncomplainingly as they had been told by "those who knew" that this war was necessary for the honor of Japan and the glory of the Emperor. And how could they know otherwise? A soldier on leave was not permitted to talk under penalty of severe punishment, and it was unlawful for more than two people even to talk of food shortages together! Besides the Japanese people are used to calamity, and suffering, and poverty, as well as being told what to think and strict regimentation.

It is true that in the short time we were there we did not get to talk to a great many of them, and knew fewer of them well personally. I would like to introduce a few of them to you, however.

First there was the sister of Tamiko Okamura who attended Agnes Scott when I did, Sadako. She was small and pretty and spoke unusually good English, better than Tamiko when she came to America. Her father was a doctor in a country hospital, and she was in Tokyo in school preparing to do religious work. She was constantly doing thoughtful things—she brought us a hen from her father's farm—and with the food situation as it was that was a real help

(Continued on Page 46)

"Yolie", our exchange student from Puerto Rico, lets us see her native land and its beautiful capital, San Juan, through the eyes of a newcomer in—

Letters from PUERTO RICO

Yolanda Bernabe, '44

December 12.

DEAR MOTHER:

This is Sunday night and my first chance to write since Friday. I think I shall start by telling you all about the trip.

We took the airplane in Miami and six hours later we were landing in the Municipal Airport at San Juan, Puerto Rico, having travelled about 2,000 miles. We did stop in some places like Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti, where I tried to show my knowledge of French with not as good a result as I expected from my two years of High School French. At the airport Maria's family was waiting for us and took us to their home after the usual introductions.

Their house, like most of the houses here, is painted in white. It's a two-story concrete house, with a bright red roof. The style is Spanish and therefore it has a large open porch and bars on all windows. There is also a garden with flowers. I was surprised as to their variety and colors. Can you imagine having orchids growing in your back yard? As I found out later, no matter how small a house may be it usually has flowers, and girls love to wear them on their hair at all times.

Well, that's all for now. I think the best thing to do now is to go to bed and be ready tomorrow to see everything.

Love,

Jean.



December 15.

DEAR MOTHER:

I'm really surprised at myself. I can actually say something else besides "si señor" in Spanish. As you know Spanish is the native language here, but most educated people speak English or French or both. Although Maria speaks Spanish, English, French, Italian and Portuguese fluently besides knowing some Greek and Latin, I realize the hard time she must have had when she had to talk and study in English, a foreign language, all the time at school.

We went riding this morning, about 6 a. m., and I had the surprise of my life. We were riding along when just before us I saw quite a number of men with knives! And what knives! The blades were at least 25 inches long and about two or 3 inches wide. I was naturally scared but Maria didn't seem disturbed in the least. Then she explained that the men were merely going to work. They were carrying their "machetes" to cut the sugar cane in the plantations. Sometimes they had to walk miles to get there so they had to start early.

Later during the day we went to see the city, which consists of two parts completely different, the old and the new. The new is like any other modern city, but the old one is very interesting. The old part is full of traditions and legends. The streets are paved with square stones and are so narrow that an auto can't go through them.

The houses are old, close together, made of stone and they always have a balcony. We also saw places of historical interest, old churches, and castles, some dating 3 or 4 hundred years. There was one place that called my attention, perhaps because of its legend. It was "La Garita del Diablo," (the devil's sentry-box).

According to the legend, this sentry-box, which is placed in one of the walls of El Morro Castle at the entrance of the harbor, was enchanted. Every night the devil came in the form of a very beautiful woman and would take the sentry away. Anyway, every night a sentry disappeared without leaving any trace behind and was never again seen. Almost every part of the old city has a legend as interesting as this.

I'm very glad Maria asked me to spend Christmas with her. I'm seeing so many different things!

Love,
Jean.

December 17.

DEAR MOTHER:

Yesterday we went to the movies. They played American pictures, but with Spanish titles so people who don't know English can understand the picture.

And I must tell you what happened last night. It must have been about 2 or 3 a. m. when I was roused from sleep by music. I thought we might have left the radio on, so I lifted up my mosquito net and decided to get out of bed and turn it off. But to my surprise the radio was turned off. From where, then, did the music come? Maria told me not to turn the light on, that it was not the radio, but that we were being serenaded. I was thrilled! I had read about

serenades in books but had never even dreamt that it would happen to me! The music was very pretty and the songs were Spanish songs, some of which I recognized. I found this one, a very charming custom. When a boy wants to express his admiration for a girl, he serenades her; that is, he plays music under her window and sings to her. If by chance he can't do either personally, he then hires part of an orchestra or sometimes the whole orchestra to come and play for the girl! After that we crawled back into bed and went to sleep under our mosquito nets, which we must use night after night.

Love,
Jean.

December 20.

DEAR MOTHER:

I had a wonderful week-end. I'll start with Saturday night when we went to a dance at the Escambron Beach Club. The dance started about 10 p. m. and lasted till about 2 or 3 a. m. The orchestra plays "congas," "boleros," "rumbas," "tangos," "danzas," "zambas," "polkas," "paso-dobles," etc., some American dances and NO boogie woogie. The dance always starts with a waltz and everybody knows how to dance them well. The terraces are so built that they are placed over the sea. So I was really dancing over the Atlantic Ocean!

And I must tell you about the chaperons. A young girl never goes out at night without one, usually her mother or some other elder member of the family. At the dances and parties they have a table reserved for them and the young people have others. So it really isn't as bad as it sounds.

Men are always ready to pay a compliment to a lady and what I might consider a "line"

here the most natural thing in the world. Even when you walk down the streets men will pay compliments to you ("piropos") though they may be perfect strangers to you.

Sunday morning we went to church. I was thrilled to death because Maria's mother let me wear her "mantilla" to church. Here hardly anybody wears a hat to church; instead they wear a "mantilla" which is a sort of a veil made of lace, either black or white. The one I wore was a heirloom made of hand-made black Spanish lace. Very pretty indeed.

That's all for tonight.

Love, Jean.

December 26.

DEAR MOTHER:

Christmas night was a most exciting one. We had an "asalto" which literally means an assault, but don't get excited, there was no violence. This merely means that a group of friends get together and go caroling to the house of another friend. The latter joins the group and so on till they end up in a house where they dance and eat. And you should see the things we ate!

The Christmas dinner consists of roast pig, which is prepared by barbecuing the whole hog; baked green bananas and sweet potatoes; "pasteles," "cazuela"; all of which are native dishes quite difficult to describe but very good to eat. For Christmas they also eat "arroz con dulce" and "tembleque" which are desserts prepared with cocoanut as the main ingredient. We also had hazel-nuts, pecans and hot roasted chestnuts.

I have probably gained weight!

Love, Jean.

January 6.

DEAR MOTHER:

Strange as it may seem to you, we still have our Christmas tree up. It's very pretty and it's decorated with real candles instead of light bulbs. The reason why we haven't taken it down at such a late date is this. The Puerto Rican children do not have a Santa Claus. Instead, on the night of January 5th the Three Kings from the Orient come on their camels to bring them toys. We hang up stockings for Santa Claus, but the children here leave a box full of fresh grass and flowers for the kings' camels to eat. And on the morning of the 6th they find out that most of, or all the grass is gone, but that there are a lot of presents under the Christmas tree.

This isn't much of a letter but that's all the news for now.

Love, Jean.

January 9.

DEAR MOTHER:

Today we went to the mountains. Generally the climate is rather stable. It never goes over 85 in the summer but you may have a very bitter winter and even a temperature as low as 65! In the mountains naturally, it is always cooler. It is a ride of about two hours. The highway is cut through the mountains and it's very winding. On both sides of the road there are trees planted and these grow to meet in the middle and above the road, thus forming a sort of a tunnel. This is one of the most common trees in the island and is called "Flamboyant" after its bright orange-red blossoms.

We finally reached our point of destination. The place is really a biologist's paradise. You could see all kinds of ferns, trees, plants and brightly colored birds. I was afraid of meeting

a snake, but was told that there are no poisonous reptiles in the island.

There's one spot which is particularly pretty. Out of a rock flows a small body of water and glides down among the green plants, increasing in size as it advances and finally falling to form a huge natural swimming pool. The water falls into the pool with such a rythmical and lovely sound that it seems to be speaking a language of its own.

We climbed to the mountain's top in about 2 hours. From there you could see almost all the island and both the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. It was a very impressive sight and just then we were able to see the sun set over the Caribbean. Just seeing that is worth a trip, for everybody knows how famous are the sunsets of the Caribbean, and it certainly is one of the most beautiful sights I've ever seen!

I came down rather sad for I knew too well this was my last day here. I certainly do hate to have to leave so soon, for Puerto Rico is an island whose beauties never end and I'm coming home to say so.

Love,
Jean.

... **TOKYO** (*Continued from Page 42*)

She took me to visit the exhibition of flower arrangements prepared in honor of the two thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Japanese empire. These are just examples. She really showed me what a Japanese friend could be.

There was Mrs. Matsumoto. She was an elder in the Tokyo Presbyterian Church where I taught an English Bible class. Her husband, a doctor,

had finally left her, with five children to rear, because she would not give up her Christianity. She did a wonderful "job" with her family; one of her sons is with the Y.M.C.A. in America now. She finally won her husband back, and he became a Christian two years before his death. I taught her English; and she taught me some Japanese, entertained us in her home, and interpreted many Japanese customs and thought patterns to us, and was constantly thoughtful and kind.

There was the pastor of the church, who had studied in England and America, a really consecrated Christian gentleman. He left Tokyo to become head of a large girls' school in Yokohama. He proved himself a true friend to the missionaries after war was declared, and helped those interned at real risk to himself.

There were the teachers in our language school. One was no bigger than Thumbelina, as pretty as a picture, and "smart as a whip." She kept us "on our toes," and stood for no nonsense from any of us. But Kako Sensai (Professor Kako) was fun, too, with a real sense of humor. And they were all patient and helpful.

There were the nurses in St. Luke's Hospital where I had to stay during five weeks of scarlet fever. They took much better care of me than I ever received in American hospitals. One especially, Matsumura, used to entertain me with Japanese nursery songs, and all kinds of broken-English jokes. She would act out the words she didn't know, and was a real clown, no end of fun, and a help during the tedious hours. For of course I could neither read, write, have company—only lie flat on my back and think!

There was the little girl in the room next to mine, Aiko, who had diphtheria. She heard I couldn't read, and so she read her English text-

book to me through the wall, sent me pictures, and other things to amuse me. I still remember the story—about the time of the Stuarts in England. She went to a Catholic school, and spoke English excellently.

There was the purser on our freighter coming home, Kega San. He had been to one of our Christian universities, and had a brilliant mind. Some of his stories had been published, he had won a national oratorical contest, and was an honor student. We had such fun teaching him English slang; and we had to watch our step or he would “catch us napping” with some of our own choice morsels. An interesting insight into Japanese psychology is the fact that the

officers and men on board this freighter had several poetry contests to pass the time—using a difficult form of poetry comparable to our sonnet. Imagine the officers and men on any of our freighters writing sonnets!

There is so much I haven't yet told about Japan—about their unbelievable flower gardens, their schools, their show places, their language, their countryside with terraces mounting up the steep hillsides like golden steps for some giant to climb when the rice fields are ripe. And there is so much we were beginning to find out that we didn't know about Japan as had been predicted. With real regret we left a country and friends as interestingly *different* from ours here, as they were also interestingly *similar*.

A Message from Dr. McCain on Our 55TH FOUNDER'S DAY

DEAR AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE:

As most of you know, we celebrate Founder's Day in honor of Colonel George Washington Scott, who contributed about \$200,000 for the firm establishing of our institution. We are always interested in keeping in touch with his family. One of his daughters, Mrs. Nellie Candler, still lives in Decatur, not far from the College. Many of Colonel Scott's grandchildren live in this general vicinity, and two of them—Julius Scott and Scott Candler—are Trustees of the College. Three of his great grandchildren are now in Agnes Scott, and others have graduated recently. In a sense, the whole College is a memorial to Colonel Scott; but the citizens of Decatur some years ago set up the George W. Scott Foundation, which endows the Department of Philosophy at Agnes Scott.

When we think of the founding of Agnes Scott, we inevitably are reminded of Dr. F. H. Gaines, who was the first Chairman of the Board of Trustees and the first President. He was the active head of the institution for the first thirty-four years. Mrs. F. H. Gaines still lives on the campus and is interested in the college programs. Both of Dr. Gaines' granddaughters are graduates of the College. Our very beautiful chapel in Presser Hall is named in his honor.

Another name constantly associated with those of Colonel Scott and Dr. Gaines in the early days is that of Miss Nannette Hopkins, first teacher ever employed by the school, and for forty-nine years its principal or dean. I would remind you that we have in the library a very good marble bust of Miss Hopkins, and that funds are now being collected for a very beau-

tiful memorial dormitory which will bear her name. Her influence is still deeply felt by all of us who knew her.

As we think of others who had a large part in the development of Agnes Scott from its early days, we certainly could not omit Murphey Candler, Bucher Scott, Samuel M. Inman, Joseph K. Orr, and many others.

Last year four of our strong officers or faculty retired, and we miss them during the current session. They are Mr. R. B. Cunningham, Business Manager for thirty-two years; Mrs. Alma Sydenstricker, Professor of Bible for twenty-six years; Miss Catherine Torrance, in the Department of Latin and Greek for thirty years; and Miss Louise G. Lewis, teacher of Art for forty-three years. They have all helped to develop here standards and qualities which we value.

Many of you will remember two of our oldest and most faithful servants: Mary Cox and Ella Cary. Both of these are now too feeble for active duty and are retired on our pension plan. They both live near the College, and we see them frequently.

For the current session, we have brought in more new officers and teachers than in any other year in the entire life of the College. We have been greatly blessed in finding those who are promising and enthusiastic, and who are already making worth-while contributions to the life of the institution.

I wish I could make a similar report about our servants. In addition to those who have voluntarily retired as mentioned above, quite a number of others who have been here a long time and who have been quite efficient found more remunerative positions and have left us. It has been exceeding difficult to secure others for their

places. The very necessities of our situation, however, have brought about certain beneficial results. We have decided to operate only one dining room, in Rebekah Scott, and we have been able to accommodate all of our students and such faculty members as wish to live on the campus. We have found the use of student waitresses for the evening meal very satisfactory and delightful. Breakfast and lunch are now served on a cafeteria basis.

We are nearing the completion of our seventh major campaign for Agnes Scott, the sixth since I have been connected with the institution. In every one of these we were able to secure the full amount which we sought in our published objectives, and we believe that we will be able to collect 100 per cent of our requirements in this campaign, as in all the others. Our friends have been very fine in their cooperation.

During the current school year, we have the largest enrollment in our history, and we found it necessary to turn away more girls than ever before. We are interested in securing the best possible material, and we will always welcome suggestions from our alumnae regarding girls who ought to be accepted.

On the very first day that our institution opened (known then as Decatur Female Seminary), it was dedicated to the glory of God. It is our earnest hope that this dedication may be renewed from day to day throughout its whole history. We are sure that any progress made to date has been under His guidance, and we hope the growth through the years ahead will be according to His will.

Cordially,

J. R. McCAIN, *President.*

Eliza King's real article—all about her exciting work as the head of a Red Cross Clubmobile unit—has not arrived as we go to press. We're holding space for it in April 30th Quarterly, though, and as a substitute, reprint here one of her fascinating letters sent . . .

V-Mail from LONDON

American Red Cross
A.P.O. 887
New York City

DEAR ALUMNAE SECRETARY:

I do hope that by this time you've gotten the article I sent to the ARC public relations director and asked to have censored and forwarded to you. I'm afraid you'll be a little disappointed in my "slants" but as I said in the article, it's the only thing I know really well over here. I think our view of England must be a bit lopsided, but if you can still use some ideas—here are a few.

The food—the FOOD! Much of that can be put down to the war but I'm convinced that what I've always heard about the lack of imagination in English menus is true. They eat potatoes the way we southerners eat hominy for breakfast. Always there are boiled potatoes—there may be browned potatoes or fried potatoes but there are still boiled potatoes. I shall never forget the shock I had the first time I saw "bubble and squeak" on a menu. I asked what it was and the waitress said, "Cabbage and yesterday's potatoes fried together!" A "dessert" here is a sweet, which in these days of course usually isn't very sweet. Raw vegetables or fruit are unheard of, but I must admit that the fresh green peas in the summer almost make up for the brussel sprouts in the winter.

I never realized before that what we call a teaspoon is an American institution. The simplest meal here calls for the most amazing array of cutlery but the dessert spoon is like our "ice cream spoon" and for tea they use small demi-tasse spoons.

And speaking of tea. I think that's one English institution the Americans have accepted wholeheartedly. The fact that you can get tea served anytime, anywhere in contrast to very limited hours for meals (e.g., at this hotel, 1-2 for lunch, 7-8 for dinner) may have something to do with it, but it is a very pleasant habit. In the lobby of a London hotel we recently noticed two big hulky American sergeants sitting serenely in the corner having tea together. We all said, "Imagine those two going into a hotel for tea together at home!"

I can't say much about shopping in England because I've done very little of it. Most things call for coupons and the things that aren't rationed are sky high. One thing we all agree on is that a pound which is worth \$4, goes as fast as a dollar bill. You casually tip a taxi driver a half crown for a two shilling (40 cents) fare and suddenly realize that you've given him fifty cents.

Pubs sound intriguing but we all miss the juke box. In order to have any music, by the guests or otherwise, the proprietor has to have a music license. Consequently there are few places where you can sing or dance or even hear any music. And to Americans who are used to places that stay open until all hours of the night, it's quite a shock to have everything shut up by 10 or 11.

I suppose that's part of the English conservatism. They are grand people when you get to know them, but it does take a little time.

They're solid and steady, though, and once they make up their minds to do something, they don't stop at any half-way measures. They don't get all excited over things the way we do. We sometimes appear terribly impulsive and immature by comparison. Each of us can learn—and is learning—something from the other. I remember hearing a story which pretty well typifies the difference between our temperaments. An English soldier and an American soldier were working together on a job of unloading some goods. The American soldier impatiently said, "Step on it, pal," to which the English soldier imperturbably replied, "Come off it, chum," and they found a pace that satisfied both.

One of the things which took me a little time to get used to is this business of having to walk half way around the hotel to take a bath. Rooms with private baths are non-existent outside the large cities. I used to scurry along the hall looking straight down at the floor, but now I

think nothing of going around in a bathrobe with my hair rolled up and cordially greeting other people in similar stages of disattire!

England has its charms and I'm thoroughly enjoying my stay here, but like most people, I prefer our own peculiarities. I think the things I'm looking forward to most are—being able to make all the noise I want to, as late as I want to—and being able to count money by fives instead of twelves and twenties. Every time I make out an expense voucher, I am reminded of those tortutous days of logarithms and multiple equations.

I was on the quadrangle of Balliol College recently, and it made me homesick for Agnes Scott. Please put in the Quarterly that my address is as above, that I love everybody and wish I had more time for letters, that I'd be pleased to have my name added to anybody's list of mail-for-morale. I hope it won't be long before I can be running out to Decatur to see you! Good luck!

ELIZA.

We have been fighting Japan only 2 years. But the Koreans have been in or out of war with Japan since 1592. So writes Miss Winn, Agnes Scott's own missionary to Korea since 1912. In the following gripping narrative she shows how this little land of "morning calm" and gentle people has always been Japan's stepping-stone to China—a first step in her age-old dream of world conquest . . . and how Korea, turning from country to country for protection, now looks to America for her beloved "Tong Eep Man Say"—Freedom Ten Thousand Years!

Spring Comes Late to KOREA

Emily Winn, Institute

IT IS SUCH A LITTLE COUNTRY compared to China or our country, about equal in square miles to the state of Kansas, the northeastern tip to the southern coast of the country stretching as far and in about the same latitudes as from Portland, Maine to Charlotte, North Carolina, and hardly seventy-five miles wide in the widest part; but there are about twenty-two million people living in that little land—a quiet, gentle folk, mostly farmers, all holding culture of highest value, all filled with passionate love for their country and its long centuries of freedom and independence, and a deep longing to again be free.

The names, by which we know this little land, are beautifully descriptive of it. Korea, the name originally of one of the old dynasties, is made up of the Chinese characters "Ko," meaning high, and "rea," clear, and to those of us who know that land the

name brings vivid pictures of beautiful high mountains that we see everywhere we go, and clear sparkling streams flowing through the valleys, and great rice plains, "clear as crystal" reflecting the deep blue of the eastern sky throughout the day, and the gold and rose of dawn and sunset. The other name, Cho Sun (Cho Sen), most commonly used by the people, made up of the Chinese characters "Cho," morning, and "Sun," calm, brings vividly before us the quiet and calm of this little land facing toward the morning. But we remember, too, how accurately this name describes the days out there—almost always a calm, peaceful morning with the wind rising soon after noon, often welcome, refreshing breezes on summer days and cold, biting winds in the winter. The name for this land, dear to its people, which shows their pride in their country, is Tai Han, the "Big Kingdom." But that name has been banned by the Japanese, with imprisonment the penalty for using it, and I remember how it used to touch my heart with compassionate pity when some old grandmother 'way out in some little country Bible class would pour out her heart in prayer to the Heavenly Father for "Oodie Tai Han"—"Our Big Kingdom," and the fear that in this group of village folk some "Spy" would report the dear old lady.

Each group of foreigners, American or British, thinks the section of the country in which they live the most beautiful, proving that Korea is a land of surpassing beauty. To those of us who live in the Chulla provinces in the south-



western part of the peninsula, each season brings with it its own peculiar beauty. Our climate in Chun Ju is very much like that of Richmond, Virginia, though a bit colder in winter and much hotter in summer.

Our winter weather starts toward the last of November. Almost every year the women coming into our month's Bible Institute at that time have to come over the mountain passes and across the streams in the first snow of the year. From then on till spring there is snow on our highest mountains. Many years we have one snow storm after another, so that there is a soft white blanket of snow over Chun Ju and the surrounding hills and mountains most of the winter. The hills on which our mission compound is situated are covered with low spreading pines, and often through the winter months we live in the midst of hundreds of Christmas trees. The stream below our compound and between us and the main part of the city, is frozen over often during the winter and crowds skate there. The boys have great fun spinning their tops on the ice and beating them up and down the icy surface with long bamboo sticks. Children in heavy padded clothes—little girls in long full skirts and little boys with long voluminous trousers tied at the ankles—having a merry time, tumbling around in the snow and sitting back on their heels and sliding down the steep paths and roads through our compound, making it impossible for us to walk over the compound or down to the city or villages except in the gutters at the edge of the roads. Hardly a year but we have a "White Christmas." Early on Christmas morning when the silent stars are still shining far above the snow-clad hills and valleys, and Chun Ju, like Bethlehem of old, is wrapped in a deep sleep, the young people of the Christian Churches, slip out through the

dark streets and past our houses, too, on the hills, singing the Christmas carols in lovely harmony—Christmas carols all the world loves translated into Korean. One group after another comes and sings and passes on, and our hearts are filled with real Christmas joy as the refrain comes back to us over and over, "Joy to the World the Lord has come." Our "big cold" comes in January. And in the last of January or early February, the biggest holiday season of the year—the New Year of the old Chinese lunar calendar—and the children in little groups on the streets or walking down the country roads, dressed in their New Year's clothes of red and green and yellow and lavender and rose bring a brilliant splash of color to our grey or white world.

Spring comes late, but it comes with white and pink cherry blossoms in most of the towns, the purple azaleas blooming on hills and mountains, the wild violets on the little grass-covered ridges between the paddy fields, and the wild rose so much like our Cherokee rose, along many a roadside. The fields in the valleys and plains are full of white clad farmer folks, men and women. The barley and wheat grow beautiful in the sunshine and rain of spring and here and there scattered among these fields is the tender green of the rice seed beds and the brilliant cerise of vetch. In other fields, that have lain fallow during the winter months, the farmer and his patient ox turns up the rich, brown soil. And on our mission compound the jonquils and lilacs and tulips bloom, and just as spring turns into summer, our roses.

Our own "bird man of Korea," D. J. Cummings, the husband of Shannon Preston, '30 tells us he has found some eighteen varieties of birds on our mission compound, from the tiny English sparrow to the big beautiful blue

and black magpie. But the bird event of the year is the coming of the oriole in May. Our hearts thrill to the indescribable beauty of their song and watch with delight as they fly from the tall Lombardy poplars to maples and oaks—a golden streak of yellow amidst the green leaves and across the blue sky.

“Merdie kok gay peet go,
Mool ke ne onera”

“Comb your hair neatly and come across the water,” the Koreans say the male oriole sings to its mate.

Out on the broad plains and in many valleys, green fields of waving barley and wheat have turned to gold when summer comes, and are harvested by the last of June. The myriad-shaped paddy fields are turned into thousands of little lakes all through the land—some far up on the hillsides—and rows and rows of tender blades of rice are planted in them by hand. Sometimes by the middle of June the rains begin to fall, and all through the summer one rainy season follows another. There are days and days when the rain pours in torrents and the clear streams become brown and muddy. The clouds clear and the hot blazing Eastern sun makes the steam rise from the rain-drenched earth and the flooded rice fields, and a burning, steamy heat fills the land. But the rice grows and develops and dark green patches of hemp and flax, and hundreds of wild flowers bloom on the hillsides, and over the land especially around the temple sites, the “hundred-day flower” blooms from July on into September—the flower we call crepe myrtle.

But of all the year, the autumn days are the most beautiful in Korea, days when the skies are a deep, deep blue, crisp days full of sparkling sunshine; when the rice fields all

around us are full of golden grain; when the pumpkin vines growing over the straw thatched roofs of the villages are full of yellow pumpkins, and bright red peppers are spread out on the roofs to dry; when everywhere are the wild chrysanthemums, lavender ones and white ones that look like our daisies that bloom at commencement time, and bright cosmos; when the Korean persimmons—some the shape and size of our oranges, others like big Ponderosa tomatoes—and the pears and the apples are ripe; when, here and there, on the hillsides covered with grass and pines, maples and oaks are dressed in rich autumn colors, and amidst the grey tiled buildings of the Confucian temples, the fairy winged leaves of the ging-ko trees are a deep, rich gold.

The people of this land are truly the gentlemen and the gentlewomen of the Far East. There are rude and disagreeable people among them, but the Koreans are a people of innate courtesy and generosity. Long centuries of heathenism and superstition have brought all kinds of vice and sin, and the most pitiful cry is the one I have heard from so many women, old and young. “It is so dark, so dark in my mind” (or heart), but the longer we live among them the more we realize that all we have had that is in any way superior to them is the direct result of the possession of the Light we and our forefathers for generations have had, “The Light that shined out of darkness, who shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” We have seen so many Koreans, whose lives have been warped and twisted and darkened by sin and superstition, transformed into lives of marvelous beauty by their childlike faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Today the Koreans, always longing for free-

dom, are "lifting up their heads," confident that out of this terrible world conflict, they will gain their independence with the ultimate defeat of Japan by the Allies.

If you look at the map of the Far East, at the peninsula of Korea, jutting off the southern border of Manchuria, the northeastern tip touching Siberia; at the islands of Japan encircling this little country to the south and east, separated from it by the Sea of Japan and the turbulent waters of the Straits between this and the Yellow Sea; then you will see why this little country has always been the "stepping-stone" to the conquest of China in Japan's centuries-old plan for world domination.

A few old tablets have been found that date back as far as the time of Abraham, but the history of the Korean people, as we know them today, begins about the time of David. In the year 1122 B. C., some scholars claim, a Chinese sage named Kija with five thousand followers, many of them artisans and skilled farmers, came over from China, pacified the primitive natives, many intermarried with them; and the Koreans of today are their descendants. Korea has had long centuries of independence interspersed with periods in which she paid tribute to China, and her folk-tales and traditions are full of the glories of the different centuries-old dynasties. The highest civilization of the country flourished in the time of the Silla kingdom—from 37 to 935 A. D. At Kyungju, the ancient capital, in the huge domelike grave mounds, old pagodas, tiled roofed palace buildings, the old stone Observatory, the first to be erected in the world for the study of the stars, and the wondrous, deep, reverberating tones of the Silla bell, one can still catch some of the glory of those days. The many tiered, jeweled crown of one of the

reigning queens kept in the old museum, and the pagoda in which she kept her jewels make her very real to us.

The Japanese had their first dream of world conquest in the latter part of the sixteenth century. By their time-table, such as Hitler had, they were to conquer Korea in the spring of 1592, and by the New Year be in possession of the Dragon throne of China in Peking. This time-table was upset by the defeat of Hideyoshi's army in Korea by Sino-Korean allies, and this defeat was largely due to the iron-clad tortoise-shaped boat the Korean Admiral Yi invented—the first armored battleship of the world—with which he skilfully cut off the Japanese supply line. "Korea, however, was so helplessly devastated by this war that she never completely recovered," Dr. Syngman Rhee tells us in his book, "Japan Inside Out," "and from that time till 1876, shut herself in so air-tight that neither Japanese nor Chinese could enter the Hermit Kingdom without special permission." Mr. Thomas, the first Protestant missionary, attempting to take the gospel to Korea, was killed as he tried to land at Pyeng Yang; but later in God's providence, Dr. Horace N. Allen, a medical missionary to China, was able to save the life of one of the royal family during an uprising, and thus gained the friendship of Korea for America. Trusting America and our treaty with her in 1882, in which we promised to use our good officers in her behalf if she were ever unjustly or oppressively treated by any other power, Korea opened her doors to the world and Dr. Allen later became the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Korea.

We know how Perry had already opened Japan to the western world and how Japan, always militaristic in her ideals, had found of greatest

interest the military power and weapons of the west, and immediately began to prepare herself with modern military power for her age-old dream of conquest. In 1894, Japan fought and defeated China on the pretense of freeing Korea from the yoke of China, Chinese troops being in Korea at the request of the government to help put down a great religious-political uprising. In the peace treaty, the independence of Korea was recognized and the island of Formosa was ceded to Japan. In 1904, at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, "Japan was allowed to send her troops through Korea, having pledged to withdraw them when peace was restored, and to respect the independence of Korea, but when war was over, Japan in open violation of her treaty filled the country with her victorious army returning from the China borders, and betrayed her ally, robbing it of its independence and the people of their land." In 1910, she formally annexed Korea. Our country and all other countries who had a like treaty with Korea ignored these treaties and "this act of international banditry and outlawry was perpetrated with the full sanction and approval of the civilized nations of the world, which had solemnly pledged themselves to help Korea in her time of need," Dr. Rhee claims. "And this was the spark," he says, "which started the conflagration that now envelopes the world. Japan had gotten a firm footing on the 'stepping-stone' to China and the conquest of Manchuria, eastern seaboard of China, the Philippines and the Dutch Indies has been accomplished, and a long way gained in her declared policy to bring "the eight corners of the universe under one roof."

As we think of the appalling victories Japan won first by treachery and then because of years of preparation against our unpreparedness, we

can realize the helplessness of this peaceful, almost wholly unarmed people of Korea against the crushing, modern military power of Japan and their utter helplessness to regain their longed-for freedom from Japan. The courage of this brave people! The first World War, with Wilson's policy of "self-determination of the small nations" brought them great hope, but the war was over, Korea forgotten, and Japan made stronger. Early in 1919, representatives of the thirteen provinces of Korea gathered secretly in Seoul, Dr. Syngman Rhee was elected president of the Republic of Korea, a Cabinet appointed, and Shanghai was chosen as the seat of the exiled Provisional Government of Korea. On March the first, the independence of Korea was declared by thirty-three prominent leaders in the city of Seoul. Throughout the land, in villages and towns, little children, high school students, men and women gathered in the streets and public places shouting "Tong Eep Man Say"—Freedom Ten Thousand Years. Thousands were shot down that day and hundreds imprisoned. The Japanese policemen came up to arrest the leaders among our mission school girls and take them off to prison, torture and what shameful treatment one knew not. The mother of the most beautiful girl in that group was the first baptized Christian in all that part of Korea. She was standing by as her daughter was tied and led away, and with head held high she called out to her, "Remember, Little Treasure, it is a glorious thing to die for one's country."

Yes, this part of "Our Father's world" is very beautiful, and we hope that over all the country is still that peace and quiet so peculiar to that little land. But the hearts of the Father's children are troubled, and in many Christian homes are heart-ache and distress. There are

still millions who have never heard of the Savior's love, and many hundreds who have heard and turned away from His call, so there are over twenty millions still living "without God and without hope" in the midst of their poverty and sin. But to many thousands, God has granted faith in His Son, and for many years in many homes throughout the land three generations of Christians have worshipped the only true and living God, studied His Word together and sung praises to His name. And now, for almost a decade the Heavenly Father has been granting to them also "to suffer on His behalf," and their faith is being tried and refined in the fires of bitter persecution.

The Cairo Conference pledged that Korea in due course shall become free and independent. The thrill this message has given all of us who love Korea! And how we hope that America will be true to this promise and not fail Korea, who still trusts her.

NOTE: *The historical facts given, familiar to those of us who have lived in Korea a long time, are to be found in Dr. Syngman Rhee's book JAPAN INSIDE OUT, and in the Korean Research Bulletins for January and September, 1943 and have been verified by Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds, missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Church to Korea, 1892-1937.—Emily Winn.*

Every Alumna mother will want to read this practical forthright discussion of a national problem—juvenile delinquency. Professor Dexter lays the blame for today's alarming increase not on the schools, not on the churches—but on our homes!

WILL YOUR CHILD BE DELINQUENT?

Emily S. Dexter *Associate Professor of Psychology and Education
at Agnes Scott*

EVERY STATE IN THE UNION spends more money on the education of delinquent, defective, and dependent children than on the education of normal children in the ordinary public school. Every second hospital bed in this country is occupied by a mental patient. (This statement applies to the years immediately preceding the war. Current figures can scarcely be materially different, but are not available.)

To approach those two distressing facts from another angle: One out of every 22 children is mentally afflicted, if neuroses are included. If the present trend continues, eventually 1,000,000 of our present school population will be institutionalized for nervous and mental disorders. One out of every 24 children will be criminal—at least will be in the hands of the law; and 82 per cent of them will be definitely headed in that unfortunate direction by the age of 15. Furthermore, right here in Georgia, it costs about \$625 annually to put a child in jail and care for him there, whereas we spend only about \$35 a year on the average child in our schools.

The above paragraphs seem an ominous beginning to a brief paper on child training. But we may as well face the facts; ignorance is rarely an asset in solving baffling problems. It is also a fact that war conditions make it even harder to train children.

Of course, each one of us consoles himself thus: My child, my nephew or niece, won't be one of those poor, pitiful victims of society. And, again to face a fact, this time a happier one, our children needn't be of that group; at least not often. But the main thing between them and most of these forms of maladjustment is the training they get in their homes in the pre-school period, training that needs to begin at their birth, and that covers every aspect of their growth and behavior, physical, mental, emotional, social, and spiritual. The second line of defense is the school. The church should be, and sometimes is, a training force, but does regrettably little.

Nowadays, at least in the homes of those reading this article, the narrowly physical well-being of children is very well attended to. The modern mother overlooks no details. Cod-liver oil requirements, teeth, vitamins—everything is as it should be. The school goes right along with the health program as one of its primary concerns.

Likewise, mental requirements are quite well met. Stories, songs, nature study, and the like, along with stimulating toys and games are to be found in every one of your homes, and in the school. But there is one element too often found that calls for a word of caution: We who

are college bred men and women, or who greatly longed to be and could not, for one reason or another fulfill that desire, tend too much to rely on the "traditional" subjects. Let us accept the fact there too: The mental heirlooms did not keep us out of war, do not and cannot help solve more than a very few of the complex problems of today. Our children need to look to the present and the future more than at the past. The old leisure, never at best for but a few citizens, no longer exists; and a very small minority of experts are all we need now to glean light from the very obscure and remote past to shed on our world today. To understand the diversified governments, economic problems, educational demands, scientific achievements, industrial, institutional, and vocational requirements of the masses of our citizens, transportation—well, let us just say to understand to only a minimum degree of efficiency the varied aspects of the living structure of the world today is of immeasurably greater importance for 75 per cent of us than to have vast amounts of detailed information that can by no possibility help us lead really better lives. We do need to provide education to meet *every* need, however esoteric. But let's admit this: Mighty few of us have very many esoteric needs. Most of us and our high school boys and girls need more, and profit much more by, English and American literature, science, including simple mechanics and electricity, world geography, modern languages, music and art appreciation, the rudiments of economics, psychology, and government, and everyday arithmetic, than the grammatical forms of dead languages, and abstract and theoretical mathematical technicalities. A college course can take care of these latter subjects for the few that need them—or can profit by them. The above may seem merely a digression into curricular content; but

there is a very real moral: Our schools and our homes must work together in training our adolescents to recognize and handle intelligently the emergencies confronting them; to vote, to live in our American democracy. The conditions that have made our American standards possible standards available to all, not merely the more favored, must not be allowed to die out, must not be forgotten.

In the other aspects of child training, social, emotional, and spiritual, we are very inadequate. Our families now are small, the average number of children to a family being less than two. This means that too often this one and only child, or possibly these two, gets entirely too much waiting on, too much attention from adults, too little opportunity to *learn to do* the things ultimately required of him; to be helpful in the home; to become self-reliant; to adapt to people his own age; to be satisfied not to be always—even at home—the very center of the stage; to share his belongings graciously and even eagerly; to stand up for his own rights. To quote Aristotle: "The things we have to learn before we can do them we learn by doing them; e.g. men become builders by building, lyre-players by playing the lyre; so too we become just by doing just acts, temperate by doing temperate acts, brave by doing brave acts." A little sulking or whining, too often is all that is necessary to get any concession the child wants: an icecream cone, a delayed bedtime hour, or, later on, more than his share of the family income.

The one and only way to form good habits (or bad) is by *practice*. Teachers can't dissolve all the bad habits parents send attached to their children. Besides it's not fair to send a teacher such horrid material. A child should be, at any given stage, *right for that stage*; right in every way including social and emotional. I

isn't, then the quicker he can be remodeled the better. Catch a bad habit before it consolidates into habit; head it off. Training, to be effective, must always be consistent, firm, and suitable to the age and nature of the child.

In regard to spiritual values one must need be less specific, but this at least can be said: a child should have the kind of religion best adapted to produce effective and worthy character. Dogmatism and doctrines and creeds do little toward that end, and may do exactly the opposite; they may lead to a critical and disagreeable intolerance. The idea of God should be one that promotes kindness, serenity, firm principles, good habits, emotional stability, as well as openminded reverence. The church cannot be relied on to achieve these ends, so the

home must do it. The policy of the school is almost necessarily a neutral one in this field.

To hark back to the opening paragraphs for a moment; if we do for our own children all that has been indicated as essential to avoid all unnecessary pitfalls, we want no less for the companions of our children. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Or, "One rotten apple can spoil a whole bushel." If for no other than financial reasons, that is, as tax-payers, let us each do all we can in our own communities to provide good schools and libraries, good churches, good parks and other recreational facilities, good movies and soft drink counters, and other agencies for wholesome fun and social development. A community can be no better than the spirit of the homes that make it up.

ABOUT BOOKS *Elizabeth Stevenson, '41*

WALT WHITMAN, AN AMERICAN

by *Henry Seidel Canby*
Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston

TAKE IT THAT THE hard thing that a biographer does is show a man's development, not just static pictures of a man first in one phase and then in another, but the change itself, the actual growth or decay of a soul. Canby has done it here in his biography of "an American," Walt Whitman.

Whitman has been many things to many Americans. One of the "toughs" to Lowell in Boston, the polemical prophet of the new equality of sex and class to many disciples, the amorphous ancestor of a whole breed of twentieth century poets. He has been romanticized most out of existence as a real person.

A perplexing problem in biography has been well handled. A difficult person has been fitted between book covers without losing the flavor of personality. Walt Whitman, as a boy on Long Island, as a printer in the expansive Manhattan of the thirties and forties, Whitman as the respected provincial editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Whitman as a new and suspect kind of poet, as the nurse and friend of the wounded, as a Government worker in Grant's Washington, as the maker of one poem of life-long length, all these Walts Canby has assembled and shaped into the life of one man. A particular fascination in this biography is the just proportion and moderation with which Canby, the modest and careful scholar, shapes the life of the explosive, expansive, careless Walt Whitman and

loses nothing in lifelikeness.

For example, at one period of his life, Whitman, then known as Walter Whitman, had attained respectability, the satisfying fame that comes to a big man in a small town. As editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle* Whitman wrote an undistinguished but effective prose and proselytized successfully in the liberal cause: slum clearance, city improvements, and support of the Whig candidates. He was a cheerful and confident preacher of a working democracy.

Not one of Walt's associates on the *Eagle* would have called him a poet. Yet during all these years a ferment of poetry was going on below the prosperous and confident surface. Only a few private notebooks of the time record the boiling desperation of inner growth. Confused in language and in thought, they record the moving process by which Walt Whitman taught himself to unlearn one way of thinking and to learn another more difficult. Canby records the very birth pangs of a poet.

Similarly, Whitman, in the Civil War hospital camps, living with the wretched wounded of both sides, feeding them, reading to them, laughing with them, suffered and changed and grew as a man and poet. The letters of this period thrill with the pain of life in war time. The common love and shared hardships of those days were food for his love of humanity and gave him a background of experience that he had desired and assumed but never had before.

The quality of lifelikeness which Canby has captured in the book is the one most to be desired in a biography. So I have emphasized it. But a short review of the book cannot do justice to the full and varied study it is of Whitman's life, his time, and his art. It will drive you to Walt Whitman, himself. The book simply com-

pels a fresh reading of such poems as *Song of Myself*, *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*, *Passage to India*. It may seem to you that you have never read them before.

OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET

by C. S. Lewis

The MacMillan Company, New York

MOST OF THE NOVELISTS who continue to write during the war seem to have been stirred up to a furious busyness with the fatuous, pompous and overstuffed conventions of the long historical novel rather than the putting to paper of any of the real impressions of the difficult times. An exception to this depressing state of affairs is C. S. Lewis' *Out of the Silent Planet*. The book is successful on two levels: it has the authentic delicious terror of the good thriller and the witty excitement of the philosophical romance. The book has also the blessed virtue of being short.

The story is written in the tradition of the space-time novel of H. G. Wells. An English professor, engaged upon a peaceful walking tour across a deserted countryside, comes upon a mysteriously aloof house, and makes the acquaintance of two gentlemen there, up to no good. He is drugged and awakes to find himself in the company of the two gentlemen in a globular vessel, "standing out from Earth about eighty-five thousand miles," on the way to another planet. The story of the Three Men in Ransom, the reflective individualist, Weston, the experimental, rudderless scientist, and Devin, the simply greedy, is a witty entertainment with human fears, ambitions, and dreams.

It is apparent from the start that although this space-time fantasy is written in the manner

(Continued on Page 6)

ATLANTA'S WOMAN OF THE YEAR IN EDUCATION: OUR OWN 'MISS MAC'

(This is the second in a series of articles concerning the private lives of outstanding campus personalities)

HIGH UP ON third floor Science Hall where a wind stirs restlessly even on calm days, and the flooring creaks with every step . . . is the narrow crowded office of Mary Stuart MacDougall, Agnes Scott's professor of biology for 23 years, Atlanta's first woman of the year in education.

If you are smart, you have arrived early at the office, only to find that Miss Mac is out. If you are lucky, you have wrangled permission to wait *inside!* Then, left alone, with only the wind and occasional creaking of the floorboards to break the silence, you may examine to your heart's content this inner sanctum of an important woman scientist—this dingy little room with its jumble of books and slides and papers where our Miss Mac lives and experiments.

It is such a small office to hold so much, you think. Three man-sized desks, two desk chairs, a daybed, shelves of books mounting to the ceiling, filing cabinets, innumerable papers—all jammed into a place about the size of a workman's lunchbox. An oblong lunchbox with a huge green-blinded, storm-plated window at one end. Gradually you discover the reason for three different desks. One holds a typewriter and the precious lab manual material which Miss Mac is compiling as an accompaniment to her recently published textbook, *Biology: The Science of Life*. (Job No. 1). Facing this desk with only enough space between for a worn swivel chair, is another desk—this one housing the grades and papers of her students. (Job No. 2). And next to this desk, is still another bearing a

beautiful microscope encased in glass, box after box of slides, enlarged photographs of the malaria parasite—and other material needed in her malarial research which she is conducting as Special Consultant to the United States Public Health Service under the auspices of the U. S. government. (Job No. 3).

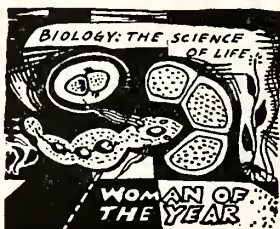
You sit for a while in the old swivel chair, feeling its smoothly worn arms and listening to the wind hurling itself against the heavy storm-plated window. You walk up and down the room once (12 paces). You stop before a row of photographs, distinguished looking gentlemen with test tubes and microscopes and the unintelligible signatures of geniuses.

"Hmm . . . colleagues!" you assume and manage to decipher some of the names for your notes. Later you find that you have a fairly complete list of the world's greatest contemporary biologists. Finally, you come to rest on the daybed beside the door with a copy of the textbook that won Miss Mac the title of Atlanta's Woman of the Year in Education, that has been adopted by 53 colleges and universities, that is now entering its third printing since publication less than a year ago.

While you are leafing through the 901 pages and some 500 illustrations (done by Agnes Scotters, Betty Fountain Edwards, Beatrice Shamos, Mrs. Runyon, Frances Baker, Mrs. Florence Kendrick and Jane Wyatt) you hear a voice on the creaking stairs below.

"One-two-three more to go . . . this is the fourth time I've climbed these stairs today!" And you look up to see Miss Mac herself, stalking through the door.

Few people have the figure or the



poise for stalking. Miss Mac has both. She is a tall well-built woman with fine wisping hair, a resolute mouth and the aristocratic features of her ancestors. As she stalks to the swivel chair by the great arched window, you feel a wave of that old Freshman awe returning, from the days when an assistant called the roll of your biology class, another assistant graded your papers, and "the lady of the red robe" entered only to lecture—then disappeared again. When she has caught her breath, Miss Mac speaks. And the statuesque illusion is immediately shattered. For her voice is warm and womanly.

"So you've come to interview me!" she says giving you a searching look. "Well . . . here is all the information you will need. Some biographical data I had compiled for the Atlanta papers . . . birthplace, education, degrees . . . etc. You may keep these—" and she hands you a sheaf of onion-skin papers.

You glance at the first page with sinking heart.

"This is fine . . . but. . . ."

"Go ahead—read it," Miss Mac urges with a wave of her hand. So you begin to read the first sheet which goes like this:

MacDougall, Mary Stuart, biologist; b. Laurinburg, N. C., Nov. 7, 1885; daughter of James and Sarah (nee Williams) MacDougall; A.B. Randolph-Macon Coll., 1912; M.S.U. of Chicago, 1917; Ph.D. Columbia U. 1925; ScD. Universite de Montpellier, 1935. Research and Instructor in Protozoology, Marine Biological Laboratory (Woods Hole, Mass.) 14 summers; Prof. of Zoology and head dept. of biology Agnes Scott College since 1920; Research Associate, Johns Hopkins Sch. Hygiene and Pub. Health 1927; Research Kaiser Wilhelm Inst., 1931; Coll. de France and U. of Montpellier,

1932 and summers 1932-35. Pres. Southeastern biologist, 1943-43. Mem. Am. Soc. Zoologists, A.A.A.S., Ga. Acad. Sciences (pres. 1927), Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi. Guggenheim fellow for study abroad, 1931-32. Author 16 articles on the genetics of Protozoa and Malaria published in Jours., and a textbook Biology; The Science of Life, 1943. Address Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.

At last you gather up your courage. "This is fine, but our readers want to know about you as a woman—not as a scientist. In other words, Miss Mac, have you ever been in love?"

"What? Why of course!" is the quick reply. There's not a woman alive who hasn't had some man ask her to marry him, at one time or another. But I've always had too much to do—to bother with romance. My mother and father died when I was 12. There were 7 of us in all and we older ones had to scuffle for the rest. That's how I became interested in science, really. Because in order to go to Randolph-Macon, I had to work my way through doing office work in the mornings. And the only classes left in the afternoons were science ones.

You scribble away happily on the daybook now. There is no need even to ask questions. Then suddenly, the conversation stops.

"So you want to know about me as a woman?" Miss Mac announces rising slowly. "Well, come along, and I will show you my flowers, my period furniture and my needlepoint."

"N-needlepoint?" you ask in amazement.

"Of course!" is the somewhat sharp reply. "Needlepoint requires the same thing necessary to scientific research. Patience . . . patience and accuracy. Why shouldn't a scientist have a needlepoint. Or paint? Or play a musical instrument?"

instrument for that matter? These intellectuals who go around saying a scientist is incapable of enjoying music! Humpf! Why only a physicist could begin to understand the mechanism of sound in Beethoven's Ninth."

"Yes indeed," you agree and follow her lead down the creaking stairs.

"Now, this is my nursery," Miss Mac announces with a chuckle as you near her apartment in Ansley. She points to a strip of ground near the back entrance.

"I've rooted everything from holly to hawthorn here and none of it has ever died. This is my greenhouse," she adds mounting the wide back steps to the cottage.

"African violets!" you exclaim the moment you enter the little glassed-in slanting-roofed back porch. "Rows of them!"

"Yes, because they are so easy to root. Just a leaf or piece of stem will produce another plant."

"And pink and white begonias, primroses . . . cyclamen . . . oh, this is lovely!"

"I've always had a garden," Miss Mac concludes as you leave the miniature greenhouse. At home each of us had his own plot of ground. Always grew vegetables. And I'll never forget the day my mother mistook my row of popcorn for sweet corn. There was quite a commotion in the kitchen later."

You walk down a darkened hall and stop before a door.

"Now . . . these are my living quarters. You may look around all you like while I put on a pot of water for the tea."

"Please don't go to any trouble," you protest, "we really shouldn't stay for tea."

"No trouble at all," Miss Mac calls from the tiny kitchen at the end of the hall, "I've

already prepared the trays." And you realize, with a little thrill that she has planned on your coming today.

The room in which you are left is the bedroom, spacious, many-windowed with a lovely Colonial four poster bed (one of the prize period pieces) an open fireplace, books, magazines, a handsome secretary and more books. You are curious to see what a scientist reads in her spare time. So you examine the books on the huge curved-front radio which is pulled up flush with the bed for easy reaching. There are four of them, all book-marked, and they include a mystery, a new biography, the latest fiction and Konrad Heiden's *Der Fuehrer*.

"I read according to mood," Miss Mac explains coming into the room. "Each of the books you see there has a purpose. One stimulates me, one amuses, one relaxes and one puts me to sleep. I read to get my mind off my work. And by the way, did you notice the MacDougall coat of arms here by the fireplace? The motto is interesting, I think. *Vincere Vel Mori*, to conquer or die."

You stand looking up at the resplendent old crest with its silver lions, blue shields and red Crusader's cross.

"To conquer or die . . . that's something to live by!" you say gravely.

"Isn't it? And the MacDougalls were just like that. The fightingest people I know of—that is, next to the Stuarts. *They* were rather determined people too!"

In the parlor which is just down the hall you find the needlepoint. Squares of it . . . on 6 Hepplewhite chairs, on a cherry rocker, on a footstool. In this room you also find the impressive silver tray awarded Miss Mac at the recent "Woman of the Year" banquet, more

books, and on a coffee table before the fireplace—hot tea and cakes.

All the time you are eating, Miss Mac brings you things to look at. A white lace tablecloth, yards around, which she crocheted one winter. Dinner napkins dripping with cut-work—and luncheon cloths edged by hand. Finally nothing surprises you anymore—not even the little group of books hidden away on one of the book shelves.

"This is something I don't tell everyone but . . . I still like fairy tales. Here is my collection. Have you ever seen a German edition of *Die Wurzelkindern*. . . ?

At half-past five you are standing by the back door of the little greenhouse again, making your farewells. In the growing darkness under

... **ABOUT BOOKS** (*Continued from Page 60*)

of Wells, the emotional tone is different. The fact that there is a warmth of emotion distinguishes it from the stunt that it might have been. Ransom said that the most astonishing thing that struck him that first incredible morning on Malacandria was not the oddity of a new world, but the beauty of it. Ransom cared for beauty, and the irony of his adventure began to unfold to him when he discovered more spontaneous admiration for poetry, music, and bravery in this other world than he remembered upon his own planet.

He learned that Earth, or Thulcandria, as he was now taught to call it, was the only silent planet, that all the other planets were in joyous communion and that only Earth was dumb. There was a story in Malacandrian mythology to account for this: the presiding spirit of Earth was thought to have become evil, to have become

the slanting roof, the African violets are an even deeper blue. You are asking your last question, seriously.

"Tell us, Miss Mac, doesn't teaching ever interfere with your scientific research? Don't you sometimes wish you could just forget classes and test papers and conferences?"

"No," is the calm answer, "because I've discovered the two professions balance each other. During the week I'm a teacher—on week-ends I shut myself up in the office and become a hermit scientist. The two jobs make a healthy combination. They keep me from getting stale. Then too, in all my experimenting, I've never come across a fact that couldn't be passed on to my students. I like teaching . . . at Agnes Scott."

a Bent One and to have been confined to Earth alone. However, there had been rumors in the heavens of mighty struggles in Thulcandria against the Bent One, so far unavailing.

The attempt to indicate the tone of the book should not minimize the solidity of the setting. Malacandria's colors, sounds, smells seem real. They seem remembrances rather than inventions.

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF

by *Ralph Ingersoll*

Harcourt Brace & Co., New York

IT WAS THOUGHT by many that his neighbor did the country a doubtful service by drafting Ralph Ingersoll into the Army. The editor of *PM* was a key man in the exposition of progressive ideas in the war against Fascism both foreign and domestic. However, a 1-A at forty-two he went into the Army (and many thought obligation) as a private. Many months later, having worked his way up through the ranks, Captain

Ingersoll wrote a book which does outstanding service for the Army of the United States, and incidentally for the author's reputation.

Its style carries to the pitch of brilliance the reporter's modest gift for the reality of persons, place, and climax. During the American advance into Tunisia, Ingersoll was attached as an observer officer to a company of combat engineers who were in turn attached to a battalion of Rangers. This small but formidable group of men, during one night, by a forced march over difficult country, by-passed the Italians at El Guettar and came down out of the mountains behind them to defeat in a violent engagement an enemy three times their own size.

Ingersoll's sharp, lucid account of this clash should become a classic description of a battle. His understanding encompasses materiel, terrain, and men. The narrative is simply and swiftly paced and as climactic as good fiction. Yet it seems honest, unforced, and true. It is

intensely moving.

If Ingersoll has any axe to grind, it is to point out the relation of good training to a successful battle action. He, who was so exquisitely miserable during his basic training, would now call for more of the same of all American soldiers. For an Army to establish contact with the enemy in the field and engage in battle, there must be a tremendous amount of preparation, organization, and transportation. But when the pinch comes, the Army which has toughened on hard and rigorous training is the Army which comes through as did his small group of engineers and Rangers at El Guettar.

If some future editor will cut out the last few exhortatory pages of the book—right and proper now considering the need of the time for better and more training, Ingersoll's story may outlast the war and find a modest place in American literature as a distinguished narrative on the subject of men in battle.

WAR BONDS for AGNES SCOTT

We are all buying bonds for our country. Let's buy one for Agnes Scott too! It's a grand way to pay up your pledge, to make an additional gift to Agnes Scott, to put your money to work for your country *and* your college!

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

Purchase either Series F or Series G Bonds (Series E Bonds cannot be owned by a college) and register your bond in the name of *Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.* Then write to the College and tell us how your bond is to be used.

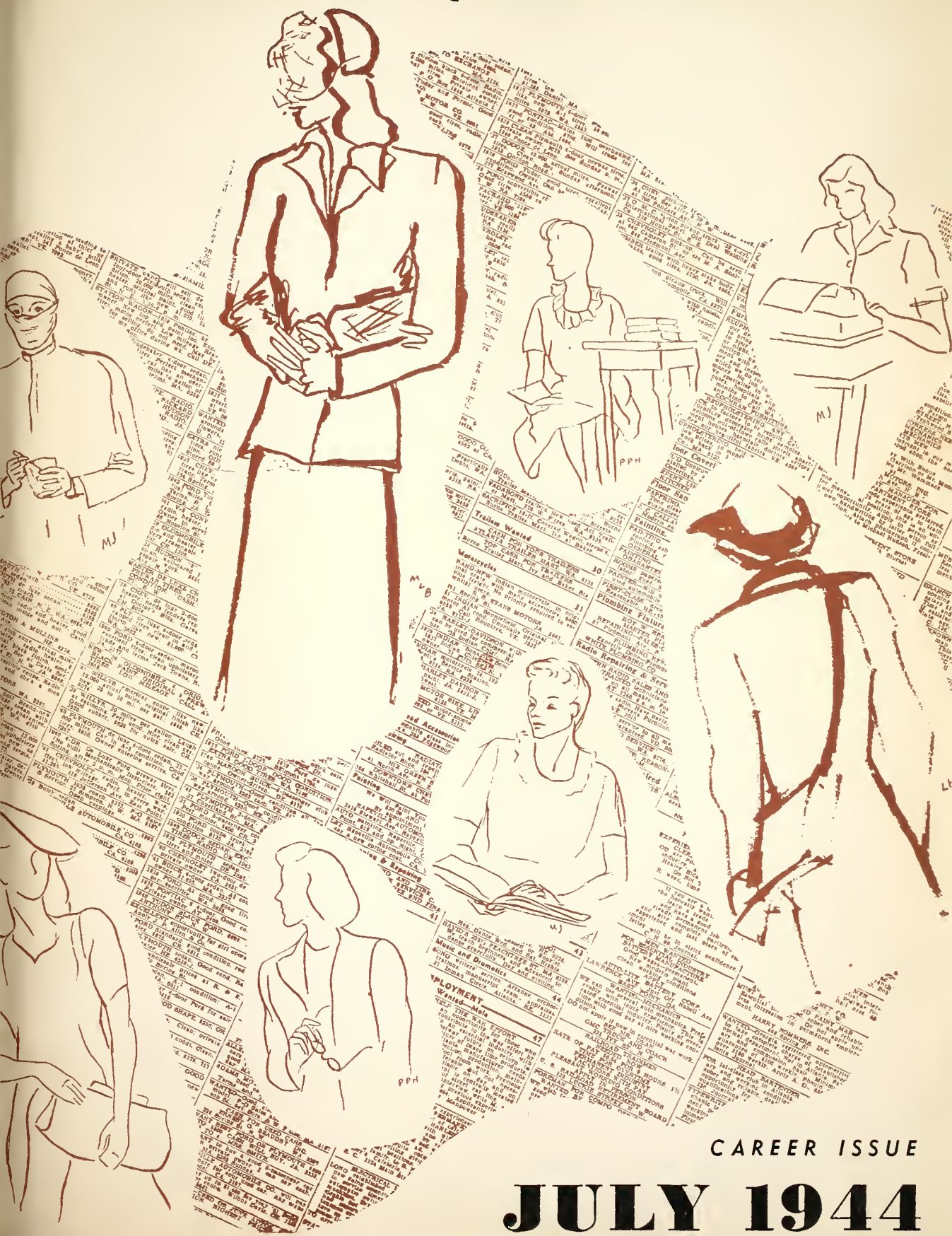
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- ★ Your bond can help complete the Semi-Centennial and University Center Campaign.
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- ★ Your bond can be used to create a new memorial scholarship fund if the gift is \$1,000 or more and if this is desired.

For further information, write to your Alumnae Office.

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



CAREER ISSUE

JULY 1944

YOUR QUARTERLY

This issue of the Quarterly is the last in a series planned by Jane Guthrie Rhodes, the editor of the November and February numbers. The many alumnae who expressed enthusiastic praise of these artistic publications will congratulate her too on the birth of her third son, William Lee Rhodes III.

Contributors to this Career Issue have written interesting accounts of their lives since graduation. The professions presented in these articles are only a few samples of the varied careers followed by Agne Scott alumnae scattered all over the globe. We dedicate this Career Issue to our alumnae who are doing their jobs well — no matter where they are serving.

Although this issue of the Quarterly has been delayed because of changes in personnel and difficulties in publishing, it brings news of importance to each alumna. Read especially the annual reports and the outline for the reorganization of the Alumnae Association. Details of the plan, which was approved by the Board of Trustees and accepted by the members of the association at the general meeting in May, will be explained fully in the November Quarterly.

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Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

VOL. XXII

CAREER ISSUE, JULY 1944

No. 3

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Mother

From the woodcut by Robert von Neumann

Postwar Plans for AGNES SCOTT

THE IMPACT OF THE WAR on Agnes Scott's development has not been so disrupting as in many other institutions or as we had feared. We have been very conscious of it, and we have given up many cherished annual events, have supported sacrificially the calls for money and service, and have modified important phases of the curriculum and of student activities. However, our student body has been maintained quite well as in peace times, and our faculty has not been decimated by heavy military calls. Both groups have cooperated in performing needful campus duties while maintaining high standards of intellectual accomplishments.

The postwar plans of the College are essentially those which we had before Pearl Harbor and which have simply been postponed. We hope that they can be carried out rapidly after peace comes.

Among the physical improvements which are needed, we would place first a new science hall. Plans for this have been drawn, and it is estimated that it will cost perhaps \$350,000 on prewar estimates. We hope that it will not run much more than that in 1946, shall we say? It will be located south of Buttrick and Presser Halls, and

the three buildings will make an attractive quadrangle.

A new dormitory, to be named Hopkins Hall, after our beloved Dean of former days, will be our second improvement. It is to be located just where the old science hall is now standing. It is being paid for very largely by Alumnae gifts, and it will cost probably about \$200,000. It is expected to house the girls who have been living in White House and in the cottages, and it will simply take care of them more comfortably rather than increase the total student capacity to any great extent.

A third improvement, toward which we have as yet raised no money, should be a new dining hall and kitchen. We are now using a single dining hall, and it gives a unity to the student groups and an economy in operation which are worth while. We would like for the new unit to be located on the plot of ground between Gaines and Ansley cottages, and the combined dining room-kitchen building will likely cost \$250,000.

A fourth project, for which also we have as yet raised no funds, will be the erection of a new hospital. Our present infirmary is now a



wooden structure and is standing in its fifth location on the campus. It has been moved about so much, and was so inadequate in the beginning, that its replacement is most important. A new building will probably cost \$100,000.

It will not be a great while until I will be reaching the age for retirement. Before leaving the College, I would like to see these major improvements made, but I hope also to secure the funds for some minor construction which I think will be valuable. These items will include new homes for the incoming president and for the dean of the faculty and for the dean of students. They will also include modern faculty apartments of varying size, and a practice building for the Department of the Home which we expect to establish eventually.

Not included in new construction, but of great importance to the comfort of the students, will be the remodeling and improving the interiors of Rebekah Scott and Inman dormitories, very much like the changes in Main.

Turning from material things, we are planning to extend very greatly our personnel work with students. We feel that we know quite well how to give fully as much assistance as is needed for the lower 20 per cent of our enrollment. Some of the faculty wonder whether we do not give these too much guidance and stimulation. We also feel that we are succeeding in the development of the upper 10 per cent of the girls who come under the possibility of the honors program and who are capable enough and sufficiently intelligent to care for themselves to a large extent.

On the other hand, we have not made much provision for the 70 per cent who come between the extremes of our enrollment. Many of these are not stimulated to do better work, but with a little help might develop into outstanding students. Others might be leaders in student affairs if they were encouraged to exert themselves.

Most colleges come short in handling this large and important group. We hope that Agnes Scott can do something which will be constructive and significant not only for our own girls but for the cause of the college education in general.

There will not need to be made a large number of curriculum changes, so far as we can now see. We feel that our science offerings will be much enlarged as we secure better quarters. We believe, also, that we should add to the college program geography, geology, with fuller work in astronomy, physiology and hygiene.

Considerable expansion should be made in sociology, economics, philosophy, and government. Some of these departments, as well as those in science, may be strengthened through cooperation with Emory University and with other units in the University Center group.

Agnes Scott has assumed leadership in the fine arts, at the urgent requests of its neighbor institutions, and there is a large development which is needed in this field. We are making progress here, but it cannot be spectacular. Music, art, and speech will probably have increasing emphasis in elementary and secondary education after the war, and Agnes Scott should receive better material with which to work.

At the very beginning of its existence, our college was dedicated to God and to His service. We wish this dedication to mean a great deal to officers, faculty, students and all others concerned. It is our earnest prayer that our progress in material things, our recognition in the educational world, and our patronage from all parts of the earth may never dim the sincere and simple faith of our founders or keep us from giving to God the praise for whatever may be accomplished. May it ever be the aim of the College to send out educated Christian women to be a power in blessing the world and glorifying God.

ONE FOOT ON EARTH

Sara Catherine Wood Marshall '36

"My life in Washington has been happy and satisfying"



MY HUSBAND and I were being entertained at the now world-famous Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Soon we were to have dinner with all the officers of the church and their wives. The elevator door snapped shut, and we began to descend. Peter reached for my hand, and gripped it.

"Catherine, I'm scared. Perhaps I should never have accepted this church. Perhaps I should never have left Atlanta. What if they don't like me after all? What if——."

"Main lobby, suh, watch yo' step, miss," said the elderly colored man, not realizing that he had rudely interrupted a fine display of the jitters. Each of us took a deep breath and stepped out into the bright, palm-studded lobby. We were on our way!

That was almost seven years ago, and it seems as though we have lived a lifetime since then. We are not quite so frightened now, although we are still awed by the responsibilities thrust upon us. The church which we serve is the historic old New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. Its organization is almost contemporaneous with that of the Capital City itself, since it dates back to 1803. The present building was erected before the War Between the States and was the church in which Abraham Lincoln worshipped during

his Washington years. The Lincoln Pew, with its straight, uncomfortable back and its maroon velvet cushions, is just back of the Pastor's Pew. When I think of this historic relic, I always remember Miss Mary, our dear old friend from Marietta, Georgia, "an unreconstructed rebel," who always squared her shoulders and stuck out her tongue every time she walked past the Lincoln Pew. The church has in its possession the trustees' pew-rent book, with one of the pages marked simply, "A Lincoln"——. The record shows that Mr. Lincoln had not yet made the last quarterly pew-rent payment when he was assassinated.

The history of the church is filled with famous names. John Quincy Adams was a trustee. President Andrew Jackson attended the church until driven away by the interference of the minister, Dr. Campbell, in the Peggy O'Neill incident. Peggy, you may remember, was the "Gorgeous Hussy," made famous by Joan Crawford.

What does such a church expect of its minister's wife? To say that she is expected to be gracious, charming, poised, equal to any occasion would be a gross understatement. She must be able to meet the most undistinguished or the most famous persons with equal equanimity. She must know how to entertain two or two hundred. When called upon unexpectedly at a banquet or other church gathering, she must be able to speak well — entertainingly or inspiring, as the occasion demands. She must be the

diplomat supreme. She should have a sense of humor. Added to all this, a congregation would like for its minister's wife to dress becomingly and to be as attractive as possible. I have gradually found that it pays to buy fewer clothes and to have them exactly right. One winter I bought only one hat. I splurged on it, getting it from one of Connecticut Avenue's most expensive shops. It was a lovely American Beauty shade — gay, though not flamboyant — one of those most-becoming, once-in-a-life-time hats. The whole congregation enjoyed that hat. I suppose hundreds of people commented on it during the winter.

Of course, these things are the more superficial ones. One all-important qualification remains. A minister's wife must have more than a hearsay conventional Christianity. She must have had a personal religious experience, so that she will really have something to give other people. She must be genuinely interested in others' problems and able to sense their needs. My greatest incentive to spiritual growth during these years has been the fact that others, including my husband, have expected so much of me. I knew I could never live up to their expectations on my own strength and ability, and so I have more and more learned to depend on the Source of all strength and wisdom to give me what I lacked.

The person who lives in Washington soon finds that underneath its beautiful exterior there is an appalling amount of filth, greed, corruption, and wickedness in high places. Seeing the machinery of government at such close range, one sometimes despairs of the future of democracy. It seems as though our Washington bureaucracy may become a Frankenstein monster able to devour us all. Capitol Hill sometimes seems to be ruled by

pressure groups and selfish minorities. Yet, with all this, down underneath there is also a deep hunger for spiritual reality. Sunday after Sunday, crowds stand in line waiting for admittance to our church, exactly as they stand in line for the movies. Sunday after Sunday, the ushers pack people in until there is scarcely room to wriggle. They sit on the steps, stand in the back, and listen over loud speakers in the Sunday School rooms. People generally are sober and thoughtful these days. They know that our nation is facing grave decisions. Many of them will have a personal part in helping to make those decisions. One feels instinctively that they come seeking an answer to the question, "Does Christianity have the answer to these problems? If so, how can we find it?"

Naturally, other things have happened to us during these years, not the least of which was the arrival of Wee Peter, now four years old and his father in miniature. He is a blond, with blue eyes, intelligent, stubborn, and imaginative. He is always coming out with something like, "Mummy, you know the lightning looks like string beans dancing." There was the Sunday he had had to wait an unusually long time after church for his daddy. He was tired, and several over-demonstrative ladies kept annoying him with nonsensical questions. Finally, he could stand it no longer, and blurted out, "Don't talk to me. I'm tired of spoke to people." The remark has by now become a classic around the church.

Wee Peter has become a great friend of the Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson, who is our next-door neighbor on Cathedral Avenue. One very warm Sunday afternoon several years ago, the three Marshalls were enjoying a bit of relaxation after the strenuous morning services. My hus-

band had put on his bedroom slippers and changed his wilted shirt for a silk polo shirt, open at the neck. Wee Peter's toys, together with the Sunday paper, were strewn from one end of the living room to the other. I had just finished saying, "Wouldn't it be awful if we were to have callers?" when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw two people coming up the front walk. There was no time to do any tidying-up, and when I went to the door, imagine my embarrassment when I found it was the Secretary and Mrs. Stimson! They sat down unconcernedly in the midst of the litter and visited with us, playing with Wee Peter, and talking about their many trips to Scotland in the past. That sort of thing could happen only in Washington!

Since college days, I have acquired some new interests, many of them stimulated by the traveling we have done. There was a wonderful trip to Scotland and England in 1937, a trip through Canada, by way of Vancouver and Victoria to the West Coast. There have been many trips through the Deep South and through New England, where we have spent the last six summers on Cape Cod. I have become a movie camera fan, studied interior decorating, and enjoyed trying to make cooking an art rather than a drudgery. On Cape Cod, in the little shops along the elm-shaded streets of lovely Sandwich Village, I first saw Sandwich glass and instantly fell in love with it. Since then, I have acquired quite a collection of Early American pressed glass. To one's finger tips this glass has the same velvety smoothness that characterizes the patina of fine old furniture. Its beautiful colors — cobalt blue, cranberry, amberina, opalescent, claret, amethyst — fill the window shelves in my sun-parlor and brighten the whole house.

Then there is the writing on which Peter and I have sometimes collaborated. This has proved to be fun, because we can keep even our closest

friends guessing about where his writing leaves off and mine begins. Our latest venture is a Bible Study on Ephesians, being published this spring by the Westminster Press, in Philadelphia.

You can see that I have had a busy enough life and have loved every minute of it. You asked whether anything at Agnes Scott equipped me especially for this life? I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to Agnes Scott, to Dr. McCain, and my professors, which I shall never be able to repay. The training which I received there is now the very foundation-stone of everything I do. A little knowledge of history, an appreciation of literature, the training I received in writing, and in public speaking, most of all the dissatisfaction with anything less than the highest academic standards, with anything less than one's best — these are the things I received at Agnes Scott. I feel that I gained as much from the informal contacts with my professors, through such things as the Poetry Club, the Debating Club, and other extra-curricular activities, as I got through my studies. Debating, because we took it seriously, using it to learn to do research work, to reason, to express ourselves clearly and decisively, to cultivate an attractive platform manner, was probably — surprisingly enough — the most invaluable training of all.

Wee Peter is at my elbow, talking incessantly, and begging me to read him a story from his well worn and most beloved Winnie-the-Pooh book, so-o-o I shall have to end this rambling epistle. There is so much more I might tell you, but perhaps I can best summarize it by saying that my life in Washington has been happy and satisfying, shot through with a sense of adventure, because I know I am in the place God intended me to be. As I try to fill that place to the best of my ability, I can only hope that I am having a small share in helping to build that brave new post-war world, toward which we all yearn, and for which we shall all be striving in the years that lie ahead.

BOTH A BORROWER AND A LENDER BE

The Agnes Scott Institute 1899 Aurora carries this prophecy:
School of Pedagogy, Pedagogue, Miss Emma Laura Wesley

THIS FORECAST CAME TRUE. How could the editor have known unless she saw the *pupils* in my eyes? For eleven thousand ineffable days I anticipated with eagerness the melody of the school bell; now I count time by heart throbs where rich treasures are hidden, old gremlin Habit being an uninvited guest, who vanishes before my philosophic wand,

“Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.”

At the Pinegrove Schoolhouse when my sideline was the Blueback Speller and Appleton's First Reader, my chief business was in a playhouse where during delightful recesses I trained a retinue of future citizens by the natural method.

On a May day in 1890 the town schoolhouse had been made ready for a visit from the superintendent. I can still smell the flower-scented breezes coming through open windows and feel the same thrill of impatience in the long spelling line to show off my skill. When the superintendent made the recurring appeal, so pressing now, for future teachers, it was I who solemnly promised to prepare; and that pledge, made at the age of twelve, has been kept in my limited capacity unto this day — kept through romantic high school days when boys and books fused so rightly; kept through five years of Agnes Scott ideals. Especially have I tried to honor that early vow in efforts to make good on the testi-

monials of Agnes Scott teachers who sent me to an employer with the following words: “She is amiable, attentive, conscientious, earnest, easy in manner, efficient, energetic, enthusiastic, exemplary in character, dignified, faithful, fine influence, patient, persevering, pleasing, mastered branches pursued, and is studious.” Those words are in my bank of ideals and I draw hard on them.

In 1893, at age fifteen, I had a license to teach which I never used except one month in the summer of 1897, because I entered Agnes Scott in 1894. I mention this experience only to show a Georgia teacher's first salary, twenty dollars.

The estimated cost of my education is about \$3,000, and my earnings about \$100,000. Before teaching I attended school for fifteen years and later added twelve summers of accredited work at leading universities. If I had acquired a Doctor's degree instead of studying favorite subjects, pecuniary emolument would have been greater. It might have been that my lack of ambition in that direction was due to a love of breadth rather than depth; or that the conventional or formal was not in tune with my blithe spirit; or that I just kept putting off that great decision.

It is said that travel in youth is a part of education; in later life, a part of experience. The three hundred thousand or more miles accomplished in my education and experience began

by taking the cow to the pasture, watered by a musical brook, in which mosses, ferns, violets, honeysuckles, and singing birds were reflected. Nine early years lived close to nature prepared me for the later glory of books other than our Bible, Almanac, Home and Farm, and The Atlanta Journal; and for the miracles of Pike's Peak, Yosemite Valley, and Lake Louise. The antique in my nature must explain why historic spots have been so magnetic for me.

Out of Agnes Scott I stepped in 1899, wearing a white organdie dress with a train, a white leghorn hat, a class pin, bearing a Normal Diploma in my hand — stepped out of the chapel that reverberated President Gaines' favorite "Jerusalem, the Golden," Dr. E. H. Barnett's account of the Pyramids, Dr. Theron Rice's European trip, Bishop Candler's wise humor, and the soft echo of evening musicales — satisfied that I had taken care of left-loved-ones in the class will.

With "commencement" trousseau and young delight I next found myself at Emory College, a house-party guest of the K.A. Fraternity, in the Means' home, with a date for every waking hour.

Out of that bit of heaven I enrolled in a teachers' normal conference and willingly fell in step with a profession full of opportunities for happiness and service.

Three years in Douglasville College, teaching English and science in a community of appreciative people, was a period full of pleasures and serious work. Years of subsequent educational employment have not dimmed the memory of the lessons gained there nor of the friendships acquired. There I gladly lived and learned and taught, and early found home visiting greatly contributive to effective teaching.

The Atlanta public school system accepted me in 1902 by application and examination. There was a long skip from college subjects to third grade, but subject matter and methods of the two were related. A graded school with monthly limits was, however, a new thing to me, and to this day I can never limit the fast or slow learner. Those sixty eight-year-olds are still my boast. Interest and effort mixed with freedom and opportunity know no bounds.

Early in my fourth grade year, a mother of a handsome but problem child volunteered, "My son thinks you are beautiful, and you are the only teacher who could ever manage him." Great is the power of charm if the small amount of that ingredient I possessed turned the tide of this ill-adjusted child into the direction of the Christian ministry, where he still serves.

Adolescent psychology was relearned during several years of teaching seventh and eighth grades. We lived and grew into knowledge and wisdom happily and successfully together without too many "do-nots," I'm sure, for their appreciation often comes to me in words similar to those Sir Isaac Watts used long ago:

"But thanks to my friends for their care in
my breeding,

Who taught me betimes to love working
and reading."

As assistant principal I often taught sight singing to my class and to others in the school. I was inheritor of my Father's "*fa sol la*" avocation as shown by my fondness for singing. If some of my Latin and math hours had been given to that fascinating art I might have substituted enchanting melody for the volume I produced and induced. The three R's are inadequate for complete living. A teacher should sing, dance, draw, and play if she would develop

children born to do the same. Two outstanding events in my school life were my playhouse and singing, "I cannot Sing the Old Songs I Sang Long Years Ago," as the grandmother in the Red Riding Hood Operetta.

Supervising a playground two summers brought tan to my body, satisfying exercise to my muscles, children to my district, and fifty dollars monthly to my purse.

It is not presumptuous to mention that I "assisted at the birth" of two useful and powerful organizations in the early part of 1900. I refer to the Atlanta Teachers' Association of 1905 which has lifted the level of our teachers financially, professionally, and socially; and to the Parent-Teacher Association of 1911, which has developed a helpful ascendancy into every phase of civic life. I was program chairman of our P.T.A. for thirty-two years and I am a life member. During the years of my principalship the P.T.A. made and spent above \$18,000 on school equipment and welfare work.

Other organized groups in which I labored, besides the Methodist Church and the Quota Club, are: the N.E.A., G.E.A., D.E.S.P., A.C.E., Garden Association, C.L.S.C., Girl Scout Council, Red Cross, and the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association. Necessarily, pension days will deflate the enthusiasm in some of these organizations.

During the summer of 1916, while directing the school of accelerated children, I was confirmed in a strong conviction that children should not be hurried in physical, mental, nor emotional development.

"Unhurrying chase,

And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy."

These seem more in tune with nature's way.

I have studied many geniuses and subnormal children, and find that teachers generally struggle in foreign fields when they would guide their growth. The large middle groups are more in accord with our preparation to teach.

It was my good fortune during thirty-two years as principal of a school to have well trained teachers, co-operative patrons, attractive buildings and grounds, and I follow the post-education and business successes of my students with zeal, and the four hundred boys in the U. S. service with prayers. Among my eight thousand pupils or students I never found a really bad one.

The Atlanta Normal Training School, during my term of eight years as principal, prepared three hundred teachers and trained many in-service teachers in extension work. My teaching subjects were child psychology and sociology. While training teachers, each one was my other self and I spared no pains to make her paths straight, and if any preceptor ever had a worthy reward, I have had in the A.N.T.S. Alumnae.

Agnes Scott College employed me for six years from 1930 to 1936 inclusive as director of observation and practice teaching. Each of the one hundred sixty-two seniors trained is successfully and happily serving humanity in some worthy capacity.

During 1935 I taught adolescent psychology and Special Methods in Primary and Elementary Subjects in the University System of Georgia Evening School. One class member was one of my 1899 graduating class and another shortly afterward celebrated her golden wedding.

Teaching can be fun and effective if the teacher has learning, health, enthusiasm, a sense of justice and humor, knows the value of system, uses guidance rather than force, and has the

childlike appetite for the new. "Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not," observed Thomas Huxley.

Going on the air for the first time was a great thrill; receiving fan mail was another, on the occasion of singing my famous "B-A Ba" song.

Speeches and published writings have been

on educational subjects such as teacher training, kindergartens, nursery, nature study, safety, ethics, P.T.A., and better homes; and they were published in daily papers and school journals.

In September, 1943, I was retired from the Atlanta School System, after forty-one years of service. I shall always retain a live interest in the little child, the Master Teacher, and incomparable friends, and hope for many useful tomorrows.

I WOULDN'T TRADE WITH ANYBODY

Betty Willis Whitehead '37

*"... the profession has belonged
to men and rightfully so"*

LOOKING INTO YEARS past it is hard to lay a finger on the reasons for a course of action. My early ambition was to grow up to be "Daddy's little took" until at the age of ten or twelve I decided to be a doctor. Through high school and college the idea crystallized amid the advices of a good many older friends and relatives who argued the pros and cons in sometimes heated discussions. I treasure now a letter from an anxiously concerned friend, himself a doctor, who pointed out that "from time immemorial the profession has belonged to men and rightfully so by reason of their possession of certain characteristics lacking in women. These include

tact, poise, physical stamina, and the ability to



inspire confidence in the patients with whom they work." These admonitions were counteracted by a somewhat hardheaded determination to follow my own course of action with the consent of my father and the approval of my mother and others. The choice itself was made, I think, on rather scant knowledge and a somewhat romantic concep-

tion of medicine. Further acquaintance has disclosed a career of such interest that I have never yet had reason to regret my choice.

Medicine as a career means hard work, long hours, and a moderate share of difficulties and disappointments, compensated by growing knowledge of a challenging subject, a satisfying sense of achievement on some occasions, and a great deal of fun along the way.

Work begins with college pre-med courses which usually include a liberal share of laboratory hours. These reveal, no doubt, many fascinating secrets concerning the atomic structure of various molecules and the inner workings of the earthworm and dogfish, but they tend to grow a little tedious on warm spring afternoons when the arts majors are out under the pine trees on the quadrangle writing compositions, or perhaps just day-dreaming.

Work continues in medical school where the student has the stimulus of knowing that each course will fit into his final pattern of knowledge and determine his success or failure not only in school but later in the care of his patients. Pre-clinical courses are factual and interesting. Dissections lose their morbid horror as the architecture of the human body is discovered—a complicated structure able to balance itself on two relatively small extremities, to move and to govern its own movement, to supply itself with energy for growth and work, and to think and feel and act as no other organism is capable of doing. Beyond the realm of known facts lies the vast forest of undiscovered knowledge whose edges have been pushed back gradually through the years but whose mysterious shadows still beckon the inquisitive mind to further research. Far from being overwhelmed either by the mystery of the unknown or the wonder of the known, the medical student learns to direct the light of his accumulating knowledge on the one and becomes so familiar with the other that in moments of relaxation in the laboratory he may organize an irreverent game of baseball with a spleen and femur, or may enclose a tissue-wrapped ear in a letter to his girl.

It is a proud but fearful day when, with his new bag full of shiny instruments, the young

doctor enters a ward in search of his first patient and a new phase in his career. He struggles to assume the air of an experienced practitioner. This is rather difficult in view of the fact that he is not yet familiar enough with taking a history to do without a large mimeographed form of questions which he dares not lay aside for fear of calling forth the wrath and scorn of various members of the staff by not having all the answers which he must enter on the chart. Later some of his confidence returns when his eye falls again upon his new bag and its shiny contents. This fades rather quickly as unforeseen difficulties develop. It's hard at first to look into an eye with a small light and magnifying apparatus without getting your own eyes crossed even if the patient is able to hold his still, which is unusual. It's hard to learn just how to combine a tongue, a small smooth blade of wood, and a light so that the result is a view of the tonsils rather than gagging. No one who has never tried it can imagine the indescribable sounds or lack of sounds in an untrained stethoscope. These difficulties occupy the attention almost but not quite enough to prevent some degree of embarrassment at such close inspection of a fellow being. One is lucky if the patient isn't a nice old woman who mentally pats him on the head and quite vocally addresses him as "child." He is even luckier if it isn't a crotchety old man who spitefully withholds certain vital facts to disclose next day to the attending staff man on ward rounds while the student listens hopelessly to information he had tried in vain to obtain. He is luckiest of all if it isn't a poor neurotic soul who turns to him as someone who has to listen to her every mournful complaint and multiplies her symptoms for the joy of

(Continued on Page 68)

*"There is a novel clamoring to be
written and I cannot ignore it"*

STILL WRITING

Mariam McCamy Sims '20

WHENEVER I AM ASKED—and I am asked frequently—how I “happened to take up writing,” the answer always embarrasses me and confuses the questioner. Because I am forced to reply flatly and unimpressively, “I don’t know.” Actually, I believe few people “take up writing”; I think they simply sit down one day and write—in complete and touching innocence. No malice aforethought about it.

It would be pleasant, in my case, to feel that the urge was present even in childhood, but my memories of those days are concerned chiefly with horses, dolls and baseball. And with books, of course, although there was never the slightest desire to make up my own stories. Even at Agnes Scott I looked with awe at the students who “wrote,” and devoted my extra-curricular hours to tennis, basketball and Blackfriars. The only course I ever failed was a semester of what was then English XI, but I seem to remember a few rare words of praise for the short story which was my final assignment in Freshman English.

And then, after three years of teaching, three years of writing direct-mail advertising, and two years of marriage, I sat down one day—in 1929, I think it was—and began a short story. It was



a very bad story, so I tore it up and wrote another—equally bad. With a very few exceptions I kept on tearing them up for four years, although many of them earned an impressive number of rejection slips before the final destruction. (Two of the exceptions were later published: one in *The Saturday Evening Post* and an anthology for that year, the other in *Colliers's* and an English magazine.) At the end of four years I decided that I would be wise to abandon the whole idea and take up something more remunerative, but as a final gesture of defiance I submitted the first of the two stories in a North Carolina State Writers' Contest.

Struthers Burt was one of the judges, and to him goes a great deal of the credit—or the blame—for the fact that I am still writing. I

can never repay him for his help and his friendship, but I have tried during the past years to do the same thing for honest and promising writers. At the moment, I'm giving advice and encouragement to a woman in Ontario whom I have never seen, but who I believe has real ability.

But magazine writing, however lucrative, is a limited medium of expression. Once you have become accustomed to the excitement of seeing your work in print, you begin to chafe at the restrictions of the short story form and the necessity for writing according to an accepted pattern. That pattern has broadened a great deal in the last few years, and during those years I have written novels instead of short stories. I had never expected to return to the magazine field, but the peripatetic life of a Navy wife has made sustained writing almost impossible and I find myself once more in the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, and *The Woman's Home Companion*. There is, however, a novel clamoring to be written and I cannot ignore it much longer.

Writing for the popular magazines can be both a help and a handicap to the serious novelist. It furnishes excellent training in the mastery of form and the elimination of the unimportant; in reading, I often find myself wishing that the author had served that rigorous apprenticeship, and thus learned the value of shape as well as substance. There is a universal tendency among intellectuals to lift a shoulder at the "slicks," but their structural and technical excellence needs no apology.

The handicap, on the other hand, lies in a tendency towards facility and a habit of writing with gloves on, so to speak. I have only grad-

ually overcome that tendency: my first novel was competent enough, but completely innocuous and unimportant. (It was called *Morning Star*, by the way, and the heroine went to a school that bore a striking resemblance to Agnes Scott.) The second one, *The World With A Fence*, (how did I ever decide on such a title?) changed horses in the middle of the stream and became two separate books; the first one good, the second trite and artistically false.

Call It Freedom marked a long step on the road to honest writing, and my first escape from the discouraging classification of "light novelist." It was a novel of divorce, and when I re-read it several years later I still felt that it had substance and reality. The ending was over-simplified, however—possibly the lingering influence of magazine fiction. The book was published in Norway and in Sweden, a fact which I found interesting as well as gratifying.

The fourth, *Memo To Timothy Sheldon*, was a novella in which I experimented with a technical form that had appealed to me, and the style now seems to me smug and self-consciously "pretty." Only the second of the three parts had any claim to merit and I have dismissed the book from my mind. Surprisingly, this too was published in the Scandinavian countries.

The City On The Hill, my most ambitious book up to that time, was a cross section of a typical Southern city and a portrayal of two conflicting philosophies within that city. It is solid, as honest as I know how to be, and it contains some of the best writing I have done; I only wish I could discover why it disappointed me at a later reading. It received good reviews throughout the country, but I wonder now if the reviewers were too generous, and I wish I could re-write it. I suspect that I may have committed

a sin which Clifton Fadiman calls "selling one's birthright for a pot of message."

In 1940, before our world exploded in our faces, I began research for my first venture into historical fiction. Even then the present was refusing to stand still long enough for me to draw it, hence the retreat into the past. Beyond *Surrender*, a story of Reconstruction in South Carolina, was more interesting to me than anything I have ever worked on; it is certainly the best book of the six, and I was delighted to see it received favorably on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line.

But I am fully aware of the distance I have yet to travel. Improvement has been slow, of the trial-and-error variety, and my chief comfort is one critic's opinion that each book has stood on the shoulders of the previous one. Not a great achievement, to be sure, when the first of the six was so very poor. For a fortunate few—a very few—the ability to write is innate; for most of us, writing is an art that must be learned at great cost and over most of a lifetime. It seems to me, too, that immediate success is a perilous blessing for a beginner; the limbo of literature is full of young authors whose first novels succeeded by a freak of chance, and who had not the foundation on which to build a successful career. One of my yardsticks for a promising writer is his recognition of the hours and words that lie between him and genuine achievement, and I grit my teeth when I hear the airy, threadbare phrase: "I've got a *marvellous* book in mind, if I just had time to write it . . ."

For the past year, I have been on the reviewing staff of *The Atlanta Journal* and have given even more thought than usual to the trends and the new names in contemporary literature.

Often I find myself swimming against the critical current, which disturbs or puzzles me without altering my convictions, but which seems not to disturb the literary editor at all. I derived great comfort from Ellen Glasgow's *A Certain Measure*, a book which I believe to be as important contribution to American letters. She, too, seems bewildered by the present cult of amateurism; by the way authors boast of having been stevedores or pugilists or hoboes—of having been anything, in short, except students of the art they are attempting to practise. She, too, is bewildered by the prevalence of what I choose to call cobblestone prose, and its acceptance by critics and readers alike, as if the literate world had suddenly become tone deaf. Or it may be that these authors are the Prokovieffs of prose, while I am still listening for the Beethovens and Mozarts.

As for my personal life: In the past eighteen months it has undergone a sea change; some of it rich, all of it strange. After years of serenity and comparative security I took a last look at the forty acres on which we had once staked out a house, stored my furniture, and drove solo from Charlotte to Kansas City. My husband is now a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, assigned to Naval Tir Transport, and after his indoctrination he was ordered to Fairfax Field. We were together for ten weeks, then he was given temporary duty at the Naval Air Station at Oakland. Two months later the transfer became permanent, and once more I packed my car and completed the trek across the continent. We have been in Oakland for eight months, but I suspect that the next move may not include me.

And after years of domestic freedom—of maids who even knew how to darn socks and

shield me from the telephone—I have re-learned to cook and wash and scrub the kitchen floor. I have learned to live in furnished apartments without wincing, and to assuage the longing for my garden by putting pots of ivy out to sun and taking them in. My golf clubs went to Kansas City—and back to Charlotte, my badminton racket is molding on a shelf, my exercise consists of leaving my car in the garage and walking to a distant grocery store for my soul's sake and the sake of my waistline.

But those things are a small price to pay for the privilege of being here, of discovering what other parts of the country are like, of feeling closer to the vast machinery of war. I am delighted to cook for five or six days a week when on the seventh we may have dinner with a man who, three days before, has taken the first mail into Tarawa. Or when I can spend an evening with the pilot who has flown Undersecretary Forrestal on his tour of the South Pacific. Dishpan hands and a postponed novel mean very little if the reward is a contact—even so remote and tenuous as mine—with the realities we are facing today.

Because I have discovered, in eighteen months and thirty-two hundred miles, that the realities are very unreal to most of us. Part of it lies in a lack of imagination, part in an unwillingness to visualize death and agony and devastation. We need to visualize them, or the men who come back will find themselves trying to shout

at us across a chasm. I have learned that, and I try to pass on the warning . . .

One other question is often asked me: Have you been able to reconcile marriage and a career? The problem has never existed for me, perhaps because writing fits more easily into the traditional pattern of a woman's life, and because my husband has been so intensely interested in my efforts. I know that even writing is popularly supposed to wreck homes, but only, I think, for the sort of woman who publishes one book and then rushes to take an apartment in New York, where she can Breathe and Be Free. I have known a good many successful women writers, and the more successful they are, the less need they feel for dramatizing themselves or their work. Temperament and Bohemianism are marks of the perennial amateur, and I am always ready to lay a small bet on the seekers of the Freer Life.

Writing exacts a price, of course, and long ago I gave up a great many small pleasures: afternoon bridge and regular golf, sifting the news over a morning Coca-Cola at the marketing center, the pleasant, day-to-day association with my friends. But they remain my friends, so the price seems very small. To those who want to write I always say, "Come in; the water's fine. But never try it just because you think it would be such a nice, easy way to earn a living. Actually, it can break your heart."



*"... one has to have some vision of
the possibilities in rehabilitation ..."*

Marie Baker '30

REINFORCED FOUNDATIONS

I SHALL BE GLAD to tell you something of my work as employment-placement director at the Federal Woman's Reformatory, Alderson, West Virginia, but it will necessarily be in the past tense because early in December I transferred to the much publicized Georgia State (Tattnall) Prison, Reidsville, Georgia, when the Federal Government "loaned" employees to help in the reorganization and setting up of standards here.

Setting up the standards of Alderson is a good-sized story in itself; but let me tell you about Alderson and then you'll understand something of what I'm trying to approach at Tattnall. Since you ask about my first impressions there I'll begin with the first day—when I transferred there from the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta where I had been working with the Supervisor of Education.

I'd heard that Alderson was much like a college campus in physical appearance, but I was hardly prepared, even though I'd seen pictures, for the campus-like scene: the buildings themselves, red brick colonial "dormitories" housing 30-45 inmates; the well-kept lawns and shrubbery, the walks, and most especially the friendly atmosphere of inmates and "faculty." Nor was I quite prepared for Warden Helen Hironimus although I'd heard of her engaging personality. She exceeded my expectations: a tall, slender, dynamic sort of person who has been mistaken

for Wallis Simpson. An attractive college woman of quick sympathies with whom you may imagine it was a fine experience to be associated. And the inmates themselves, ranging from 14 to 70 years, so trim in their seersucker dresses in tiny blue, pink, brown, green and white, red and blue stripes—plain pastels on Sundays—individualized by neat organdy and lace collars.

Most of all I was thrilled to discover that there is an American penal institution for women that has been developed to such an extent that it is scientific in meeting the needs of individuals. It is, by the way, the only institution in America at this time for women federal offenders; so the inmate population represents the entire country. It meets the physical and mental needs in providing, through a competently staffed hospital, complete physical and psychiatric examinations and necessary treatment. Included on the staff are a surgeon, a venereal specialist, a psychiatrist, a dentist. If a girl has one leg, an artificial limb is supplied her; if she needs glasses she gets them; if she is cross-eyed an operation is performed; if she needs dentures she gets them.

It meets the educational needs in providing elementary classes so that a girl with limited education can get help in the 3 R's. Others who are ambitious can get a high-school certificate (issued by the State of West Virginia) or can

take college or special courses by correspondence.

Vocationally the girls have several trades to study, and while learning they are paid in money credited to their account and also in being given industrial good time from their sentence, both of which are powerful incentives. They can work as power sewing machine operators in the garment shop; they can learn weaving, cooking, dress-making, millinery, baking, or the laundry business; and to meet the need of the emergency there is a class in aircraft sheet-metal work. Training for being home-makers is a part of every girl's experience, each one being required to keep her own room and to maintain an A-1 standard of neatness. Moreover she learns that a home can be made attractive with a minimum amount of money.

This phase of the training is where my work came in. My job was to get jobs for the girls to report to immediately upon release. And what a challenge it was, and what fun. I worked through individualized letters to employers, through personal visits to employers, and through the help of the U. S. Probation Officers.

The spiritual and social needs of the inmates are not overlooked. The inmates are in close daily contact with the Warders of their cottage. These women are selected as carefully as possible for their balanced understanding, good character and personality, and are qualified to give individual attention to individual problems. The cottage system provides an approach to the spiritual and social tone of a home: parties are given occasionally and vesper services are held Sunday evenings. A Protestant minister conducts weekly services and a priest is in charge of special Catholic services. Then there

are parole and social workers who work with the inmates on their own personal problems.

I have mentioned these last but not because I think they are least important. The most important factor in helping an individual to adjust his or her behavior pattern to accepted social standards as I see it is to find the way to appeal to something *inside* him; and to do this, other things being equal, it takes individual treatment. This is of course an expensive method requiring a large personnel group. The Federal government, in providing an organization operating on the Alderson plan, does include this individual element and makes it possible for a great deal of personal work to be done.

I shall not forget "E," a sweet young girl of Hottentot age, one of a family of 14, all but two of whom had had trouble with the law. We had secured a home and a job for her in a new community and she confided on leaving that she would always think of me as a mother. She didn't know it, but she gave me a shock. I was indeed old enough to be her mother. The last time I heard of her she was doing all right, was a member of her company's basketball team, and had received a raise.

It would be hard to say that one phase of the work at Alderson stood out above all others in interest—I liked interviewing the girls, helping them work out a plan for the future; and it was especially interesting after working with one over a period of time; first discovering what she thought she would like to do, suggesting related training if this was indicated, then when her release date was near securing a job and working out details for her reporting to it. There was not a large percentage of those whom we heard from later (and there were many disap-

pointments), but enough "made good" to make us feel that the effort was worthwhile.

There was "L," an appealing young woman whom we trained as a power sewing machine operator, for whom we secured a job in a garment shop and a home with a minister's secretary. There were "V" and "J," sisters 21 and 23 years old. "V" had a bad heart, and "J" was expecting an illegitimate baby. Both refused to return home. We found an employer who gave "V" a sedentary job in his factory and a social-minded woman who assisted in obtaining hospitalization for "J" and a room where they could both do light housekeeping. Recently I had word from the woman saying both girls had visited her lately and were doing nicely.

Visiting employers was interesting and gave variety to my job, and in this respect I was perhaps more fortunate than many since the isolation of the institution (in a town of 1,000 population, some distance from larger places) was not a real problem with me. In fact I worked so much I didn't have time to think of it. Among the interesting trips was one to New York where I visited aircraft factories with Miss Hironimus. Then there were other trips to laundries, bakeries, aircraft plants, local U. S. Employment offices, War Manpower Commission state offices, federal probation offices, garment shops, cotton mills, and factories of many kinds. You may imagine how stimulating it was to be able to make comparisons of the same business in different states and even within the same community. For instance I found minimum laundry wages within the same Southern cities to be 15c to 35c an hour, the same job in a Northern city paying a 50c minimum. Some

people have said, "What a glamorous job you have"—they should have seen me working in Louisville one August day in a wool suit and the temperature 102° (my bag had been routed via Cincinnati and was not with me on arrival) or sitting up all night on the train and working the next day as I did a number of times because reservations were not available.

You ask how my training at Agnes Scott equipped me particularly from the standpoint of my major in psychology. I can say that my degree was undoubtedly a deciding factor in my background leading to this work. Frankly I felt I had not had the specialized training one needs to make one's work effective and I should have had graduate courses, but even so I feel that Agnes Scott gave me the quiet assurance one needs as a general foundation to undertake what might be a difficult job. One definite little recollection of a diagram Mr. Stukes gave us in Psychology 201-2 I found myself using in talking with girls. A believer in visual education, I consciously "doodled" with paper and pencil during an interview, and adapted in everyday lingo the diagram of the "synapse," suggesting to a girl the possibility of breaking an established habit pattern—this principle may not be acceptable now, that of the synapse—but the idea was helpful I felt in getting a girl to thinking about her habits and arousing her to thinking of modifying questionable ones.

I liked and respected almost without exception the work and personnel at Alderson. It is a well regulated institution now, but under Miss Hironimus' direction it continues to improve. Before I left a Home Economics teacher had been employed and one of the classes indicated for her was in teaching the girls how to spend money.

And what do I think of reformatories? My dear, my experience is too limited for a valuable opinion, and if you will remember this I will simply say that an institution of the Federal Reformatory's standards can and does do a fine job in rehabilitation. I believe it heads the list in the thinking of most seasoned penal administrators in its field. It is a prison, yes, but humanitarian; and if there's anything to build on, that is, if the person is capable of learning and is not too insensible because of hardened practices, can be helped a great deal. Of course there is a percentage, and we find we have to be objective in our thinking to a certain extent, which is "lost." I'm afraid I'm a hard person to convince in this respect where a human being's future is at stake, however, because I want to *try* to do something with him. There was a 19-year-old girl, for instance, whom all officers reported as being untrainable. She and her family had been known to 35 social agencies. She had had an unfortunate personal experience at 11 years of age and had sold flowers on the streets. But four months ahead of her release she wrote me a request for help in getting a job. She was thinking ahead. Perhaps our effort was wasted on her, but I want my errors to be in the positive rather than the negative side in this kind of work.

I do not know of a recipe for success in prison work. I will say that to have even a degree of success in helping another person, it seems to me one needs to have the faculty of getting co-operation from others, to have at least an average amount of intelligence, to be interested in helping to the point of personal sacrifice, to have some vision of the possibilities in rehabilitation, and to be discontented unless something is *being done* about an individual's problems. Moreover I think the person who is markedly successful in penal reform must have "a surplus of practical values."

At the Georgia State Prison where I am now doing welfare work, it is possible to meet individual needs as Alderson does, if the penal system can be stabilized by eliminating politics from its supervision. Students in the University System of Georgia have suffered because of political intervention; so will prisoners continue to bear the brunt of the changes made in the penal program with each change of administration. It is to be hoped that legislation can be enacted to bring this stabilization about. Now the need is for additional personnel, men and women genuinely and unselfishly interested in helping to further the splendid program that has been outlined and initiated here.

NOT BASIC ENGLISH

"It is not an easy thing to give up your independence and to become a lowly cog in the great machine of war."

Penn Hammond '40

AS WE PULLED OUT of the Atlanta Terminal Station, bound for Northampton, Mass., and our first taste of Navy life as officer candidates of the Navy's WAVES, Atlanta was drenched in rain and looked its worst. Yet every one of us, while excited and eager to know what lay ahead, was apprehensive, too.

For it wasn't just Atlanta we were leaving behind. This was an entirely new world we were entering. We were leaving here in Atlanta the frills and feminine fancies of civilian life. We were embarking on a career in the Navy, and we had yet to learn just what it would be like to be WAVES. We had joined the Navy mostly because we wanted to help get this war over with as soon as possible, and also for a number of personal reasons, but none of them seemed sufficient at the moment.

It is not an easy thing to give up your independence and to become a lowly cog in the great machine of war. The Navy will tell you what to wear and how to wear it, how long your hair can be, where you must live, and just how to keep your quarters, and hundreds of other things you have worked out for yourself in the past. Yet, I told myself, all those things were small compared to what so many people were giving in the war — at least my life wasn't being offered. So as I climbed into my berth that night, I insisted to myself that this was going to work out fine — but deep down inside me I wasn't sure that joining up was such a good idea.

We reached Northampton the next afternoon.

And then the fun began. We were sent here to register, there to turn in our baggage checks, yonder to get our billets. Everything was so well organized from the beginning that we weren't too surprised to find ourselves marching off to our quarters and making haphazard responses to marching orders given by a cute little black-haired ensign who was our particular company commander.

Luck was with me in my room assignment. I drew a double room with a huge closet, and a grand roommate who was from Atlanta, too. We hung up the one extra suit we had brought, and put things in what we called order before we saw the pamphlet which was to become our guide. That pamphlet told us how to do everything. We must fold our blankets just so, and have the head of one bunk from the opposite end of the head of the other. We must stow all unauthorized gear in our suitcases. We must arrange dresser drawers as specified. It was all worked out for us. So we began all over again to get our room shipshape.

One rule was a mystery to us for days. It stated no thumbtacks were to be placed in the bulkheads. Not having any idea what a bulkhead was we were afraid to put a thumbtack anywhere, until we learned that in the Navy a wall becomes a bulkhead. In fact, the Navy language is thoroughly drilled into you during those training school days. The stairs are ladders, the floors are decks, the water cooler is the scuttlebutt, and just



to confuse things further, scuttlebutt is also the Navy term for rumor. Time is on a 24-hour basis instead of 12-hour. We so learned to hit the deck at 0600 each day and we secured at 2200. My quarters were on the third deck, and I used the forward ladders to get to them.

The first uniforms we were issued consisted of a name tag, low-heeled black oxfords, lisle hose, and seaman's hats. With those items we wore civilian clothes we had brought along. The midshipmen who had already been around for an entire month were snappy in their Navy blue uniforms, and looked good to us. We wore our nicest clothes and looked like goons. That was when we began to get uniform fever. They gave us shots for typhoid and vaccinated us against smallpox, but the only known cure for uniform fever is an outfit of Navy blue.

The first day in uniform is one of the most exciting of all your Navy days. You feel as conspicuous as a sore thumb, and proud enough to burst. At formation our company commander told us how swanky we looked and we beamed. The middies sang a little song to tell us how nice we looked. "Golly," I thought, "now I am really part of the Navy."

From the first we had classes in Naval history, organization, etiquette, law, ships and aircraft, and the like, and each day we had drill and physical education. For a day or two it seemed impossible to get everything done in the allotted time, but later we found we could manage.

There is so much to remember about training days — the Smith College girls who wear blue jeans or men's clothes or disreputable, baggy sweaters to class; Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to see how the WAVES trained; the first time I saw Captain Mildred McAfee, head of the WAVES;

the midshipman show; how hard it was to keep our rubbers on when we drilled on muddy fields; and the day we were told to have our uniforms striped.

We stood in company formation that day just as we had done every day before noon mess. The company commander read a list of names, people she wanted to see at once, and mine was on the list. With fear and trembling we fell out of ranks and followed her into the dormitory. Then she told us the wonderful news. We had been chosen to go to the Navy Supply Corps school at Harvard, and we were to be commissioned in two days. We rushed to the village to have our uniforms striped, and to get our new officer's hats with the "brass in front and the tail in back." And then we were actually sworn into the Navy as officers, most of us as ensigns.

At Supply School, in Cambridge, our training continued. But now we were actually commissioned officers, and our course was a specialized training. We were divided into two groups, half to study supply, and the other half, to which I was assigned, to study disbursing.

The first day at Cambridge we were convinced that disbursing was to be a weighty subject. We were issued the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Manual and Memo, a copy of Navy Regulations, known to bluejackets as "Rocks and Shoals," Navy Travel Instructions, and other miscellaneous books, whose combined weight actually totaled 30 pounds. To carry these books we were also issued a traditional Harvard book bag, made of green canvas with a bright yellow strap, which, slung over one shoulder, enabled us to march to class with only a slight list to port.

Day followed day with study and fun, and suddenly we realized it was the last of May and

we were to graduate in June. Then we began to get billet fever. The Navy makes its decision as to the job you can fill, and then asks where you'd like to be assigned. If there is a job open of the type for which you are suited at the place you want to go, you have a good chance of getting it. But you never know until you actually receive your orders. So the suspense is more than terrible.

Our class had heard of an opening at the North Dakota School of Mines, and I just knew I had been assigned there. We all went around in a daze, dying to learn our billets, and yet scared to hear the news, too.

The night finally came when our billets were read to us, and by the time they were at my name my heart was in my throat and I could scarcely breathe. And then I heard, "Ensign Hammond, to be Disbursing Officer at Georgia Tech!" What a relief! And what a surprise! I knew all about Georgia Tech and Atlanta and it would be fun to go back home. My leave and proceed time that I'd thought would be spent in giving Atlanta a last look for the duration, I spent in New York, giving it a last look instead.

Then the day came when I was to report "aboard" at Tech. As I approached the Navy Armory there, my orders clutched in one hand, my knees began to feel weak and I had trouble breathing again. For this was the real beginning of my Naval career, and though we'd been taught the proper way to report, I felt unsure of myself.

When finally I got inside the Armory all I could see was gold braid. My little blue stripe that had seemed so big and grand faded and shrank away to nothing at all, and I felt like running out the door. Then I noticed that the

officers were smiling in a friendly, welcoming way and I felt a little better.

When I was taken in to meet the Captain he told me what a tough job I'd have and asked if I thought I could handle it. I pulled out my certificate showing I was qualified to "Disburse Ashore" and said, "Well, Captain, this says I can!"

Navy trainees at the colleges to which I am assigned are V-12's. This V-12 program is a college training program which enables men to complete college while being trained to be naval officers. The boys are very carefully chosen and must uphold a high academic and aptitude standard to be kept in the program. Consequently, these trainees are especially fine to work with. The colleges whose pay I handle, in addition to Georgia Tech, are Emory, including the Medical and Theological Schools, the Atlanta-Southern Dental College, and the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee.

For these schools we handle the pay accounts, see that the trainees carry government life insurance, arrange for them to buy War Bonds, and handle the sale of clothing to the boys. We make railroad reservations whenever a trainee leaves, and furnish him transportation. To the trainees, our most important job is paying off.

We hold a pay day once a month at each school. I go to the bank, using the back entrance along with the Brinks, Inc. trucks, with a large leather money bag and two armed guards. I carry a pistol, too, which scared me to death until I got a Chief Gunners Mate to give me shooting lessons. Then the trainees line up in pay number order and we pay off. If a boy is late to the line, he must wait until everyone else has been paid before he is paid. One night during a break

when the paying party was resting, three of the men who were late to the line asked to see me. It seemed that they had heavy dates with some Agnes Scott girls and would be late if they waited till the end of the line. So I relented that time, and let them be paid right away.

Part of the fun of being in the Navy is knowing other WAVES. For instance, about thirty WAVE officers are stationed in and around Atlanta, and many of them have come to be my closest friends. Our jobs are all different, so we get together and swap stories about them, like any civilians, but we're all acutely aware of the fact that we're part of the U. S. Navy.

The jobs we are doing, just here in Atlanta, are almost as many as there are WAVES. There are two other Supply Corps officers, doing work much like mine. The officers at Procurement are particularly interested in telling more girls about the WAVES and bringing more WAVES, officers and enlisted personnel, in the Navy. (They're on

the Seventh Floor of the Healey Building, by the way, in case you'd like to get down to brass tacks on this!)

At the Naval Air Station, where the largest number of officers are stationed, their particular duties vary from administrative posts to technical assignments. Two of them are serving as officers in charge of training schools — mighty important billets for which they knew a lot about aviation before they even came into the Navy.

When it comes right down to it, I suppose the thing all of us like best is knowing we are without question releasing men for the real fight. So many of us have actually come in to take over a desk left vacant by a man who's gone off on the Navy's ships or planes — where they want most to be in this war, and where the Navy needs them most. And then, too, as you've probably guessed by now, we're all terribly proud to be part of the U. S. Navy.

*"We make and serve donuts and coffee
at army camps — in England"*

SIX MONTHS DOWN *a n d t h e* DURATION TO GO

Eliza King '38

FOR SIX MONTHS now, I have been working on a Red Cross Clubmobile, and yet I still feel stumped when I try to describe exactly what we do. The simplest explanation is that we make and serve donuts and coffee at army camps, but that is only an excuse for our real job. Visiting with the soldiers, bringing them a touch of home, helping their morale — call it what you like. I suppose it boils down to being an American girl who shares enough of their army life to realize what it takes to be a soldier and at the same time understands, without being told, the people and things they miss at home.

Each clubmobile assignment has peculiarities of its own, but the essentials are the same for all.

The van itself is outfitted with a victrola, a donut machine, mixing bowl, coffee urns, cups and other utensils for making and serving the donuts and coffee. The back half of the large ones, which used to be regular "highway" busses, are furnished as lounges, but in the small, ton and a half and two and a half ton trucks, all the lounging and visiting has to be done in the

"kitchen." Each van has a crew of two to four girls, who drive the small trucks. The schedules vary according to the type of troops served, but our clubmobile is fairly typical.

We go out each morning from the town which serves as our base and spend the day at one of the camps which we visit on a weekly schedule. The clubmobile is parked by the mess hall, where we have an electrical outlet for the donut machine and where we can get water for cooking and washing up. We cook and serve there until early afternoon when we go out with our load of good cheer to the various spots where the men work. Most of the day the clubmobile is seething with soldiers of all kinds and descriptions. They help stack the donuts, play the victrola and serve the coffee, they read newspapers from home and visit with one another and with us. When we get out to serve, too, we have able assistants who do everything from pouring coffee to washing cups. I've heard many a soldier, from engineers to navigators, say after a day on the clubmobile with us, "That's the hardest day's work I've done since I got in the army." They must love it, though, because they keep coming back. It's something that is theirs, and it's the one place where military rank means nothing. Privates stand by and watch captains wash cups and sergeants get served before majors if they come first in line.

We see the soldiers often enough to become well acquainted with them and yet not so often that we get tired of each other. There are always dozens of new faces and every week we add more to our clubmobile crew. We see all their pictures. We know their wives and their sweethearts and their children. We sympathize with their trials and tribulations in the army and we

reminisce with them about the joys of civilian life. The army is a homesick bunch and it seems to help to be able to talk it out with another American who is not another soldier. I wish I had counted the times I've heard "Oh, if you knew what it means to talk to an American girl."

I've never worked quite so hard in my life, but I've never felt more repaid. To hand a cup of steaming hot coffee to an engineer or a mechanic who has been working for hours in the cold and rain and have him say "We've been looking for this wagon all day"; to have our donuts waiting for flyers when they come back from a mission over Europe and have them say: "Donuts and girls — this is worth flak and fighters"; to have a mess sergeant say "I'm always glad when it's Red Cross day — makes such a different atmosphere in the kitchen." Those are the things that make us know we're needed.

It is a good feeling, too, to be accepted as part of the outfits we visit. We have watched fields of mud turn into airfields and have shared the pride of the engineers who built them. We have "sweated out" flyers through twenty-five missions. We have sent old crews home and welcomed new ones. We have waved goodbye to planes as they started out on a mission and hours later stood with the others watching and listening for the first sign of the returning formation, praying that the number would be the same as those that went. We have seen boys become men as they experience war. And we have become acquainted with America, too, by working and playing with soldiers from every part of the nation and the world. They come from every type of civilian background, into every kind of

army job, each proud to be a Yank and possessed with an irrepressible sense of humor and a fineness and steadfastness that make him an individual human being as well as a soldier.

My only regret about clubmobile life is that there is little time left in which to get to know England and the English people, for at camp or in town, wherever we go, there are American soldiers who spend their free time with an American girl. My first impression of this country, however, has become a lasting one. Life is so amazingly normal and the people are so amazingly normal that we tend to forget what they have experienced during the last four years. At the hotel where we live, for example, we get our beds turned down, our shoes polished just by leaving them outside the door, tea served at any hour of day or night. They do so well with what they have and complain so little that it almost makes us embarrassed over the riches of our country. We all complain about the ETO (European Theater of Operations) and brag about the United States, but you'll find in every American here a sincere admiration for the ability of the English to "take it."

Our life is not all romance and glamour. We get tired and homesick and discouraged about the length of the Duration. (We're here until the last soldier goes home.) I for one, though, would do the same thing again without hesitation. For I know that we are helping to make soldiering more bearable and to counteract its necessarily dehumanizing effects. And in the days to come when we shall turn our efforts from war to peace, I shall know things that no one can learn secondhand but which will be important to understand in order to help build a world which will not have to repeat the same tragic mistakes.

*" . . . as a result we would have a
stronger nation and a better democracy . . . "*

ARMY LIFE AS WOMEN LIVE IT

Clara Morrison '35

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD begin with my reason for enlisting. Like the cause of wars in History 101, the causes of my joining were of two kinds: underlying and immediate. During my second year of teaching at Agnes Scott, I had a cozy apartment and was keeping the records and record-player of two friends in service. Whenever I settled down comfortably in front of the log fire and listened to the music of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart and Shostakovich my pleasure was subconsciously disturbed by this thought: "What right have I to enjoy these things in comfort and security? If men who love these things as I do had not given them up to fight for them, they would not exist. Why does being a woman exempt me from fighting for these things?" Early in April I signed the application, but I held back from enlisting for about a week.

Then came the immediate cause which sent me back to take the oath of enlistment. I heard Leland Stowe tell about the heroic service of women in Russia,—how they, along with children, planted and harvested all the food for the whole Russian population, army and civilian. I was ashamed that I had hesitated a week.

This was a momentous decision and one which many women are afraid to make. But it had

no fearful results. On the contrary, it led me to many rich and happy experiences which I love to relate. Most women know very little of our routine. Routine is a dull word. Most people think that because we live by a routine our lives are dull. How wrong they are! Mingled with the ordinary routine of my life in the Army have been some highly amusing and highly gratifying experiences. I arrived at the Reception Center of Fort Oglethorpe on a dreary, rainy, Tuesday afternoon—June 8, 1943. I was surprised with what I found. Instead of finding the rough treatment proverbially depicted in the Army, I was received by a pleasant WAC officer who sent cards to our parents to tell them we had arrived safely. There were women from all walks of life,—agreeable, interesting human beings. I could see that the associations would be pleasant. Though I was in the Reception Center only a few days, I could see, too, that life was going to be amusing. One of the first delights was the sign which faced us as we marched to mess, "Speed limit five miles per hour." After a couple of days, came the great day of receiving uniforms. We marched over to the Quartermaster Depot in our civilian clothes. But we marched back in uniform. This military splendor, however, was dimmed a little by one unfortunate circumstance. Garters or garter belts were no longer issued. The unfortunate recruits who had arrived at Fort Oglethorpe wearing bobby socks had to put on long stockings when they were issued at the Depot. Off we marched, strictly at attention. Suddenly the platoon sergeant interrupted her "One-two-three-four" cadence with, "Platoon, — halt!" And then, "Get them up, there!" Whereupon several members of the Women's Army Corps halted and rescued their drooping hose. My

last day in the Reception Center was a real climax. It was Friday. I was on a "detail" to "police the area" for Saturday inspections. This "detail" had to police with extraordinary fervor, for the next day was to be momentous. Sixteen Generals and Colonel Hobby, the director of the WAC, were to visit Fort Oglethorpe.

First I picked up leaves. Then I picked up scattered stones from the grass and put them back in the road. Then I started on the grass. How my friends and former pupils would have enjoyed the spectacle! I mowed grass. I chopped grass. I scythed grass. I pulled grass by hand—long graceful grass, short stubby grass—grass that ignored the blunt instruments I had. I raked grass by hand. I started the cycle all over again trying every instrument and finally resorting again to the hand-picking method. The broiling sun was beaming down on me so fiercely that I was lured under a building to a cool, grassy spot. Here I repeated the same activities, only in a prone position.

So ended the first stage of my Army career. Basic Training, a hectic but interesting period, began the next day. One of my first discoveries here was that "falling out on the double" did not mean forming in two lines (a delusion I had been under for four days). It meant forming twice as fast as possible. This activity occurred countless times each day. We "fell out" of bed when the cannon sounded at 5:55 A.M. We "fell out" for reveille and roll call at 6:25. After breakfast was over and the barracks were cleaned, we "fell out" at 7:45 for classes. At the close of day we "fell out" for retreat.

After a week of this routine, the monotony was broken by KP. I won't describe KP because you wouldn't believe it anyhow. But I will say that after you have washed, scalded,

and put away millions of pans, you heave a sigh of relief and satisfaction and look around for new worlds to conquer—only to find that the cooks have used all the pans again—the same pans again staring you in the face. And I had the most unfortunate experience on my first KP. I was "detailed" to the dining room at noon. Just as we were winding up and ready for a "break," which is rest period, came the inspection. Alas! The inspector found grease on the trays. All the trays had to be washed again. After this experience, even when detailed to the dining room, I managed to keep an eagle eye on the dish water, gently suggesting that it be changed or heated up as the occasion demanded. I did this so efficiently that one KP asked if I had ever been a school teacher.

Fire drills as well as KP are used to relieve the monotony. I shall never forget my first one. Three shrill blasts on a whistle roused me from that first stage of dreamy sleep which precedes sound sleep. I grabbed my blanket as I had been instructed and dashed "on the double" down the stairs and lined up in formation for roll call. One poor girl, still half asleep "fell in" clutching a pillow instead of a blanket.

Most amusing of all, however, was the First Sergeant, almost the last to answer to her name. For the company commander had first shouted, "Sergeant B! Sergeant C! Sergeant D!" No answer. Then sternly, "First Sergeant!" "Here Ma'am," she cried as she bounded from between the ranks! And there she was,—our most military figure,—clad not in uniform and dignity, but in beach sandals and a ruffled dressing gown.

Part of our daily routine was close order drill, which I had anticipated disliking. To my surprise I loved it. But I thought I could never bring myself to give commands. It seemed so

loud, so unladylike. Of course I was never precisely the model of womanly propriety; yet this shouting orders seemed too much to expect. When the time came for volunteers, however, I swallowed hard and stepped out. I was determined to learn anything and everything any officer would ever have to do. It wasn't bad after I recovered from the initial shock. In fact I really enjoyed it.

Shouting commands was not the only new thing I learned. The Army gives a woman a chance to try out new muscles and to develop hidden talents. During basic training, as a result of the labor shortage in laundries, I did my own laundry—everything but shoes, hats, and ties,—yes, everything. I am proud that now I can wash, starch, and iron a shirt. That is an accomplishment I hope not to be called upon to demonstrate in civilian life, but if worse comes to worst—I can do it.

In the laundry as we washed and ironed, we got acquainted with each other. Sometimes a portable radio provided amusement. Sometimes the women themselves joined in the singing of WAC songs, or popular songs, or even hymns. Sometimes it was conversation and not music that provided entertainment. Here personalities unfolded. The most cherished treasure of my basic training period is the memory of interesting personalities.

One of the brightest memory is J——, little and wiry, with hair like a mop, broad face, blue eyes, and a throaty chuckle that would dispel anyone's blues. When I think of her, I think of energy and combustion. She always worked the fastest, took the hardest jobs, and finished with the fewest complaints. She made one think of combustion because she fairly burst with wrath when the less energetic sisters complained

of their tasks. “——! —— —!” she would say in language unsuitable for the Agnes Scott Quarterly. “I could do it all myself with one hand!” What contempt she poured on those who deserved it. But for one who needed help, she was a friend in need.

Our company boasted one woman—the clumsiest in the Women's Army Corps, I do believe. Every day for two weeks her name headed the delinquency report, or “Gig sheet” as it is called in Army slang. She simply could not do things the Army way. The first time her name failed to appear on the Gig sheet we were all amazed. J—— had done her work that day. When a few of us tried to compliment J—— on her charity, she waved us away, “Hell, I got tired of seeing her name at the top of the Gig sheet!” For the remaining two weeks of Basic Training J—— kept that girl's name off the gig sheet.

I have a warm spot in my heart for R—— too. She was another who chose the heaviest tasks for herself. I shall never forget what she did for me. She and I were on the same squad. On the day I was to have my first interview for Officer Candidate School our squad duty was to clean the laundry. R—— wanted me to get to the Board clean and fresh, a difficult task in July at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. At six o'clock when I got up I found that R—— had already cleaned half the laundry so that I could be excused. She wouldn't allow me to thank her. “Oh,” she said,—“I just couldn't sleep this morning.”

Basic Training was not a break with my past. It was a continuing of my education. It hardly seems possible that I could have learned so much in five weeks. I had developed an amazing amount of physical endurance. I was far more self-reliant than I had ever been. And I had a completely new attitude toward time. As a Civil-

ian, if I had fifteen minutes to dress and go somewhere, I would have said, "Oh, I can't go. That's not enough time." Now I say, "Fifteen minutes? Why, I don't even have to hurry."

But more important than physical growth and coordination has been my spiritual understanding—with a greater love of people and a greater understanding of them. These women came from everywhere, from every country, from every part of this country, from every state of society, from every known occupation. Working with them, I liked them. And I was overwhelmed with their willingness to accept each other as equals. I am grateful for this experience; it will make me a better teacher.

The rest of my career in the WAC has been a deepening of these same experiences. After finishing basic training I spent several weeks at "Staging"—the place where WACs wait for assignments. Here I enjoyed the variety in the Army personnel. Here I met women from those who say "youze" for you, to those who speak, read, and write four languages. Here I knew teachers, clerical workers, X-ray technicians, radio operators, radio mechanics, teletypists, switchboard operators, truck drivers, bus drivers, jeep drivers, cooks, and many without special talents. This experience increased my appreciation for many people whom I could never have known in civilian life. It also increased my appreciation for the patriotism of the Polish-American women. One of the most interesting experiences I had was an evening spent with a large group of Polish-Americans who were going out together. They had come from different sections of America, but they had been brought up in the same traditions. "Did you used to sing this?" one would ask, and as she would start the tune the others would join her. It was quite

thrilling to hear their Polish songs and realize that they were now part of our American tradition.

The next stage of my career was O.C.S. Here the group was not so varied in background and talents as the Staging group, but it was interesting. In our midst were two German refugees, four women who had served in the last war, and four women who were the first of the North African WACs to come back to this country for officers' training. If you had asked me to write a book I could recount some amusing experiences of O.C.S., but I realize I must restrain myself.

I have just completed the next interesting stage of my career—recruiting for thirty days in Chicago. I shall always be grateful for this opportunity. I can't express in words the wholehearted, democratic spirit I have seen in Chicago. Here democracy is not merely a fine theory. It is an actual practice. Here people are accepted in their communities for what they are and not for what their ancestors were. I admire the type of Americanism I have seen in Chicago.

Because this has been such an illuminating experience for me, I wish that a greater number of American women would join our ranks. I believe that the human understanding we have acquired in the Army will lead us to make wise and tolerant decisions. Knowledge of human beings will make it possible to put aside prejudices and follow reason and justice. We shall meet our problems not only with a greater understanding of people, but with a deeper love of American principles than we have had before.

These things I have wanted very much to say to women. If I could persuade every eligible woman to join us, I would, for I believe that as a result we would have a stronger nation and a better democracy after the war is won.

*"Now, Mother, does that faraway look
mean you will write about this, too?"*

THE IRRESISTIBLE PRESENT

Sarah Shields Pfeiffer '27

"MOTHER, YOU'VE got that faraway look again!" my teen-age son was saying with a shake of his blond head.

"Please be quiet, Jack. I'm thinking about a story."

"But, Mother, we've got so much to tell you!" chimed in ten-year-old Peggy, putting down her knife and fork. "And you ought to listen to us!"

The short story, half finished in the study, did a mental fade-out before the irresistible present of dinner with my fam-

ily. Certainly I should pay attention to the children! They needed a sympathetic, ready person to listen. And in a few years Jack would be in college or in uniform. And Peggy was almost as tall as I. . . . Their small talk flowed around me — current enthusiasms, Scout work, incidents at school and recess, movies they wanted to see.

How did other women manage to write, I often wondered. How did they find quiet and uninterrupted hours? And how could I eke out time from looking after my husband and children, doing housework, war work, club work, laundry, gardening and lecturing?

And then something came back to me, a nugget of wisdom from Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, whom I had interviewed for *The Christian Science Monitor*. She had said: "One is not unique in being obliged to toil and struggle and suffer. This is the simplest of all facts and the most difficult for the individual ego to accept."

I remembered interviewing Margaret Lee Runbeck and meeting her adored niece, Miss Boo, who has furnished material and inspiration for books and stories. I remembered seeing *Life With Father*, dramatization of events in Clarence Day's boyhood. And Rosemary Taylor's *Chicken Every Sunday*, which depicts part of her childhood.

Surely everything that had happened to these authors is grist to their typewriters. The stories may have been written in mellow recollection but their great appeal was in dramatizing familiar incidents and characters. They used a seeing eye on everyday events in their past.

But something my own children said has made me believe that people rarely value or see the significance of their current experiences. Both ardent movie fans, Jack and Peggy agree that the only movie they ever disliked was H. M. Pulham, Esq., that splendid character study of J. P. Marquand.

"Why didn't you like it?" I asked them.

"Nothing much happened in it, Mother," said Peggy with a shrug. "The man waked up and went to work and thought about things — just like parents do every day."

Nothing much was happening to me, according to young eyes, but I found life brimful of activity. And now a backward glance, at your editor's request. Writing and reading were obsessions with me at college. Meeting people, particularly those who had traveled or who had unusual professions and experiences, was another interest. Even though I belonged to K. U. B., I wished, then and later, that Agnes Scott gave a course in journalism. Many of you will remember my husband, Chick Pfeiffer, whom I met at Lillian LeConte's home during my sophomore year. We were married the October after graduation in 1927 and moved to Asheville, N. C. There I kept up my hobby of writing at The Asheville Citizen-times. A year in the city room in a small city . . . doing rewrites, society, a column, feature stories and interviews with visiting celebrities . . . learning that readers value the correct spelling of their names above all else and finding out that the most famous people are the easiest to interview. I thought it was just a wonderful job — but editors and top-notch reporters point out that such varied training is good preparation for any career in writing.

Then my husband's transfer to Boston severed

that hobby. This is an old, fascinating city. Its residents come from everywhere. It is estimated that three-quarters of the people in New England had foreign-born parents, so here is a rich tapestry of backgrounds and accents and cultures. One of the interesting things about bridge parties and literary luncheons is discovering the birthplaces of people beside you. Generally, strangers find that Bostonians are hard to know at first but make warm, staunch friends after the ice is broken. Southern girls find life harder at first. The long, harsh winters seem unending when you are accustomed to early, fragrant springs. Servants were scarce and expensive, even before the war. My Boston friends knew how to do all their housework competently, so we Southerners felt the challenge to do likewise. Learning the intricacies of laundry and housework was hard but it has been pleasant to feel more capable and independent.

Knowing nothing about magazine markets, I struggled with short stories and free lance articles. There was the heartbreak of rejection and the elation of a first sale. Two courses in writing helped me with technique. Then my lectures about "Such Interesting People" and "Life on the Run" began in a casual way. A church circle asked me to talk about the celebrities I had interviewed. I had always avoided talking on a platform. How I wish I had taken Miss Gooch's courses! Chick knew my fear of speaking and of doing anything for the first time but he encouraged me. So I managed to talk for forty-five minutes. I am sure that I stammered. My words came out too fast. And my voice did not carry. Then Chick suggested that we both study public speaking in Boston.

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DOUBLE TALK *about an Advertising Career*

Rosalind Janes Williams '25

*"The Good Lord's way of putting
a career woman in her place . . ."*

ANYTHING I SAY about my advertising job is bound to sound like Double Talk. For I work at advertising with one hand; a husband, two children and a household with the other. And fortunately, or unfortunately for both, my left hand does know what my right hand doeth. No matter how sternly I tell myself when I leave the office at 6 P.M. that my thoughts, time and energy belong to my family, I find myself groping for "Headlines" and struggling with copy-slants on the family's time. Headlines don't operate on a time clock and have a way of bobbing into your mind at the oddest moments . . . when you're listening to the radio, bathing the baby, reading "Winnie the Pooh" to the children, even in the bathtub. But if advertising intrudes on the family, just as frequently the family spills over into office hours. Like the time when my cook didn't come. I had risen with the dawn to cook breakfast, get Linda off to school, Billy to nursery school and had made what I thought were fool-proof arrangements to have him delivered home at 1 o'clock, when I would get back to receive him. As I walked into my office, very hastily thrown together, yet feeling noble and efficient withal, I was greeted with a message that Billy had "come down" with mumps and they were keeping him isolated at nursery school until I



could get home. So I started back on the bus to receive my little bundle of mumps and wonder why I hadn't elected to be something simple and uncomplicated — like a buck private whose life is strictly G. I.

This should give you an idea of what I mean by Double Talk and how inevitably when I talk about advertising I get back to my family and vice versa. When the Alumnae Quarterly editor asked me to write something about advertising, I was reminded of the story of the man who, when asked what he thought about Life, replied: "I don't think about it, I'm too busy living it." For the past fifteen years I've been doing advertising so frantically I haven't had time to think about how I like it or why I keep doing it. It is pure luck that I do like it, for surely no one ever fell into a profession more reluctantly. A friend of mine on one of the Atlanta papers thought I would like advertising and sent me to be interviewed for a job in a large department store. I had never heard of copy-writing, thought vaguely that local ads were done in New York or Chicago, and was frankly scared to death of the whole business. The advertising manager who gave me the job in spite of myself, told me months later

that she never interviewed a job-hunter who tried so hard not to get the job. I am sure she took me only because the ink was so fresh on my Agnes Scott diploma. She kept reassuring me: "Some of my best copy-writers have been Agnes Scott girls. That college has never let me down, so I'll take a chance on you."

It was a long time before I could go to sleep at night without a clutching fear that I wouldn't be able to think of anything to write the next day. Months before I could sit down to my typewriter without a self-conscious feeling of "Look at me! I'm writing an ad." I believe the inexperienced copy-writer who is of any real value for the first six months is rare. Inevitably, the novice is writing for her own satisfaction, to get pet phrases out of her system, with little or no awareness of her reading public. But slowly, through writing and re-writing, pruning and polishing, filling countless waste baskets with countless crumpled sheets, she gets the feel of the audience she hopes will read her words. The housewives to whom she talks of dishes and mops and brooms become Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown — people who eat and sleep and raise children just like her neighbors. For several years, a small carved wooden figure stood on each of our copy-writer's desks. We named her "Mrs. Murphey" and kept her there to remind us that ad readers are people, too. With an awareness of your readers, comes also to every conscientious copy-writer a deep sense of responsibility to them. You become obsessed with the necessity of telling the absolute truth about your product, yet making it sound attractive. You are sobered by the thought that the ladies in Flowery Branch and Ellijay may be depending on you to chart their Spring fashion course. The pink you casually name "Lotus" right out of your head,

had better be "Lotus" for you are likely to receive floods of mail-orders for that very pink. The power of printed words is sometimes frightening and always humbling to those of us whose stock in trade they are. The admonition of my first boss to write every piece of copy as if it might be my last, still echoes in my mind, still keeps me searching Roget for the exact word, still, on occasion, fills my waste-basket with copy not good enough.

The question most often asked by people on the outside is: "How do you think up all those things you write about?" "The world is so full of a number of things," the wonder is that we are able to think of so few. Everything is grist to the copy-writer's mill. New songs, new movies, the latest jive-jargon, everything from Sinatra's "swoons" to symphonies. Once in the grip of advertising, you are its slave. I never see a sunset, never walk along a country road, never read a book that consciously, or subconsciously, I don't store up some impression for future use. Ad ideas are as likely to spring from Mother Goose as Shakespeare, "Mairzey Doats" as Milton. And the seasons! What would ad-writers do without Summer-Autumn-Winter-Spring, Mother's Day, Christmas and Easter. Seasonal campaigns must be planned so far in advance that copy-writers develop the faculty of projecting themselves into the mood and tense of a distant moment with the ease of a musician changing keys. In July, when most people are thinking about how to keep cool, advertisers are dreaming of sleigh bells and Santa Claus whiskers. When the first daffodil is still only a dark brown bulb in the earth, Spring is blossoming all around the ad office. It is this constant living ahead of the moment, with deadlines dangling like a sword of

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"... a woman with several children belongs

at home most of the time"

"LIFE IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS"

Betty Lou Houck Smith '35

"LIFE IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS, I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings." What an apt statement to describe the Smith Menage! In fact, it's so full, I sometimes feel like my favorite author, O'Henry's famous "Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen," who ate two complete Thanksgiving dinners in one afternoon to avoid embarrassing a brace of charitable hostesses.

It was inevitable, that between the covers of this "Career Issue," there should be an article on the fundamental and foundational career of Home-making. Why I should have been chosen to write same, I'm still wondering — but if running a big rambling house, a bunch of kids, a ditto of rabbits, fifty chickens, and one husband constitutes a career, then I qualify — so here goes.

But maybe I'd better begin at the beginning. Months before I entered Agnes Scott, I received a letter from Dr. McCain asking me my reason for wanting to go to college. I promptly replied

that I hoped to acquire enough sense to help me rear eight children, and I meant it! With what degree of doubt the authorities viewed my sincerity, I'll probably never know — but the proof, in this instance, lies in the passing years.

But I digress. Somewhere along the line, my ambition strayed to other fields — namely histrionics, and I continued my endeavors in that field at Yale Drama School after graduation from Agnes Scott. Thence to New York to try my luck.

It was while I was in New York pounding the pavements, interviewing managers, auditioning for this and that, and any other new show which was opening, that I received that letter — an ultimatum — from Bealy. I was to decide immediately — marriage or a career. And suddenly my *first* ambition crystallized. And so they were married — in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City in 1935.

Back in Atlanta, it didn't take long to realize that anyone who has enough intelligence to be graduated from Agnes Scott College can't use up all her mental and nervous energy cleaning a small apartment and cooking two meals a day. I

know all of you have had that futile feeling which dusting gives you — it's all got to be done again tomorrow — and where does it get you? There's *certainly* nothing constructive or creative about it.

At this moment, I was offered the direction of Agnes Scott Radio Program and I accepted gratefully and eagerly. I loved every minute of that year's work—and it laid a foundation of experience in radio which helped immeasurably in all the radio work I've done since.

At this time the Little Theatre, allied with the Federal Theatre, was going strong in Atlanta, and I joined the group. It was swell to “feel the boards under my feet again” and I had two swell years of emoting. Suddenly I realized I was definitely “having my cake and eating it too.”

When I left college, I had said there was one thing I'd never do — and that was *teach* — but about this time, the Y.W.C.A. asked me to take a class of Bell “Y” girls in Dramatics. I hesitated — I really didn't know whether I could teach *anyone anything* — so I said yes — I decided I'd find out. Strangely enough, I loved it. And if I had it to do over again, I'd certainly include courses in Education in my curriculum. My friends cryptically remarked that it was just a matter of my discovering how well I liked telling other people how to do things — a trait they'd recognized and suffered from for years.

Then Sally Allison Smith arrived, December 27, 1938,— and sixteen months later — Jo Allison Smith put in an appearance. Prior to their advent, needless to say, an effective stop was put to stage appearances, but television *not* having been perfected, I saw no reason to curtail my radio activities, so I joined the cast of the

WSB Dixie Playhouse, and, at the same time for six weeks did a daily broadcast for Thompson-Boland-Lee shoe store.

After their arrival, I applied myself to learning about babies (a completely foreign substance to me), to the uplifting job of washing twenty diapers a day, and to the eternal quest for a good, dependable servant. Oh — the nebulousness, the wishful thinking of that quest. There was Mary — I told her we liked our rice steamed, and I found her cooking it in the tea kettle, that being the only utensil from which she'd seen steam exuding. There was Winnie, who doted on cleaning — but would leave a crawling baby unguarded on a double bed within reach of lethal safety pins. Then there was Julia who was educated — but definitely — and who would, unasked, interpret for us all foreign phrases which might come over the radio.

All this time I was trying patiently to regain a definitely lost figger, by exercise. I weighed a heavy 150 pounds after Jo Allison came — a cool thirty pounds over weight. I'd bathe a child and then roll a while — then I'd bathe another and hit the floor again. It worked! With daily adherence to the exercise routine, in six months I was down to 117 pounds and felt like a million.

Then — Josie came to us — a veritable jewel of ebony. And at last I could concentrate on less mundane things than food and washing, and cleaning.

By this time we were outgrowing our living quarters, especially after the children began receiving Christmas gifts in the form of tricycles and wagons and such. You didn't dare open a closet in our house. If you did, you opened it quickly and jumped out of the way. Then you retrieved the article you were searching for out

of the debris which tumbled to the floor — shoved hard on the door, and closed it if you could.

So we started looking for a home — and then came Pearl Harbor. Bealy was a reserve officer and, of course, was called very soon — but was medically discharged — so we bought a rambling old house out on Peachtree Road with five acres of land — and had another baby, Sharon Allison Smith. We also acquired at this time a flock of chickens. A friend (?) gave Sally and Jo Allison each a white bunny — we also bought a dog — and Bealy and I for the first time delved into the mysteries of farming.

In the meantime we had joined the Peachtree Presbyterian Church, and Sally and Jo Allison joined the Cradle Roll. Bealy had always done work with young people and they asked him to take over that department in the church. Because I could sing *louder* than most, they soon had me leading the singing in our very active and very swell young married people's class. The choir was the next step, and I think Bealy will concur, that no other "outside" activity has given us more real satisfaction and fun than affiliation with our church. I think the Lord was laughing up his sleeve, however, when He designated Sunday as a day of rest. He certainly didn't have me in mind. That's my busiest morning — what with routing Bealy out, bathing the baby, combing and brushing two other little gals and dressing them in their Sunday clothes — gulping a cup of coffee, and throwing some clothes and make-up on myself, all before 9:25 — it's quite a feat.

Give me a quiet Monday every time, when there's only the washing, one child to be "got off" to kindergarten, two others to bathe, the chickens to be fed, the rabbits tended, and the marketing to be done.

In connection with our church work there came an opportunity for my more domineering qualities to be allowed full sway. They asked me to direct last year's Christmas pageant — and for a month I was in hog-heaven telling fifty people what to do and how to do it. The cast was composed of the young people of the church, and I never had better cooperation from any group of people, young, old, or indifferent. They gave me a lovely Christmas present and asked me for a repeat performance this year, so I must not have been too hard on them.

You can get too much of even a *good* thing, and I began to feel a little stultified and stifled by too much domesticity — so I poked my head up over the edge of the wash-tub and looked around — sure enough, there was a serial radio show, "Just Home Folks," simply honin' for my services, and a light opera, "The New Moon," in which I was asked to take part. I don't need to tell you I said yes, with a capital Y. It wouldn't mean neglecting the children, for rehearsals were at night, with one night a week reserved for church supper and choir practice — and I could get the kids all safely tucked in bed before taking off into the land of make believe. But it did mean neglecting Bealy. However, he arose to the occasion, gave me his blessing and said go ahead.

The radio show didn't take much time. It's one of those 15-minute shows — a soap opera — with one terrific emotional upheaval after another, and was sponsored by — Lydia E. Pinkham's! The opera rehearsals were strenuous, but it was so much fun, I never felt tired. And the show was a great success.

As a result of radio work, I was contacted by an advertising agent who signed me up for some transcriptions of one-minute "spot" radio an-

nouncements — and this led directly to the job which, above all others, has been the most satisfactory, the most interesting, and the most remunerative. The man who cut the transcriptions knew that the Audichron Company was searching for a new voice, and suggested that I see the manager. For three years now, I've been the voice of the telephone time service in about forty cities in the U. S., and they tell me that I inform about six million people a day as to the correct time. However, "a prophet is not without honor save his own country" — and when General Motors ceased advertising in Atlanta through this time service, a local concern bought the sponsorship here in the city — and they wanted the voice of their own radio commentator — so if you want me to tell you the correct time you'll either have to call direct, or call Jacksonville, Augusta, Nashville, Knoxville or some other nearby city.

At home, I was trying my hand at growing flowers for the first time, and had just spotted the first green shoots with great delight, when a thunderbolt struck — Josie had a heart attack — and we were suddenly faced with that much discussed topic — the servant problem! We finally decided not to have a problem by not having a servant — so for five months I reverted to my ancestors. I felt like a veritable pioneer woman — tending the children, caring for the stock, and raising and canning our own food from the very excellent garden Bealy had achieved in his spare time. I even took to baking our own bread — just to see if I could. My one divergence from the pioneer pattern was my costume — shorts and a halter and no shoes. I got a perspective of myself one day and almost had hysterics. I was kneading bread, a boiler of tomatoes was processing on the stove, the washing

machine was humming merrily, and two kids were dashing in and out, the third would have been clinging to my skirts, had there been any to cling to. That was last summer, and if I remember, we had two cases of chicken pox, I had my tonsils out and we wedged in a trip down to my home in Florida. What a trip!! Like refugees, we were, boarding that train. You can imagine the number of bags — one babe in arms and two trailing behind — Bealy carrying a bassinet which carried, in turn, all the things I couldn't get in the bags. A lady on the train with *one* little girl, looked at me awesomely and said, "And I thought I was having trouble!" But it was a swell summer; we had heaps of fun, and I learned an awful lot.

The servant problem has continued to rear its ugly head. There's one thing I simply *won't* do, and that's serve them their breakfast in bed. We had a couple who lived on the place, but they had a fight with knives — pffft! The day they quit, I had to pack Bealy's bag for a New York trip, take my group to kindergarten, do the marketing, get Bealy to the train, pick up the children and deposit them at their respective homes — do the cooking — and — in the midst of all this — of all days — the bunnies had little bunnies!

Since then, there's been one case of flu, three cases of measles, one abscessed ear, one terrific cold, and a horrible sty, all scattered throughout various members of the family. We go along for years as healthy as cows, and then everything happens at once. This year we've had a Spring deluge of diseases.

Needless to say, my outside activities have been cut to the bone — I have one radio show a week for J. P. Allen's which I can do only by virtue of the fact that it's at night, when Bealy can step in the breach.

When there are several children in a home, one learns to expect a certain number of terrifying and unavoidable accidents. And usually, there's one child to whom everything seems to happen. Jo Allison is that one, in our case. Summer before last, a mean-tempered dog dashed through the hedge into our yard and bit — literally — the end of her nose off. This past summer, she was running through this same hedge, and a thorn from one of the branches lodged in her eye. This necessitated a delicate operation (the longest *short* period of time I've ever spent). It was most successful, however; the vision is unimpaired, and all that remains is a very slight scar on the cornea which is fast disappearing. The nose has rebuilt itself, and, given time, should turn out to be a very creditable proboscis.

If any of you sew, you know what fun it is. Outside of concocting exotic new dishes, it's the only housekeeping chore which is creative — and with three little girls, it's been not only fun, but a necessity. And herein, the chickens have been a great help. Since the war, cotton prints have become practically unusable — so I have turned to the intriguing patterns found in the chicken feed sacks. With a little braid, or rick-rack added, it's amazing what pretty pinafores can be achieved from these lowly beginnings. Last Christmas my presents were limited entirely to ruffy aprons made of these same sacks, and I had very satisfactory responses from each recipient.

This year I feel I've reached the pinnacle of success — I am one of the judges who is to pick the most outstanding actress at Agnes Scott. It makes me feel my "nine years out" however, for those bumptious freshmen insist on "maiming" me whenever I put in an appearance on the campus, to attend one of the plays. Honest, I don't *feel* any older than they do. In fact my jitter-bugging is not too far out of the groove.

You're probably wondering where war work comes in — I *have* done some civilian defense work, but only in snatches. It's a firm belief of mine that a woman with several children belongs at home — *most* of the time. If her outside activities remain of a sporadic nature, and her charities can be worked into her home schedule, then I say — bravo — but a *full time* charity, War, or Red Cross job had best be left to women with fewer home duties. Running a home is a full-time, war-time job.

Yes — life is full and wonderful — and we *are* "as happy as Kings." Although there's only one King on the premises at present, we're expecting "a little King" in October.

I guess after all, I *am* having a career — but so are thousands and thousands of other more competent women all over the world — and the great majority, at the moment, are carving theirs without the aid of "a man about the house." I'm lucky and grateful — one of the few for whom the carving has been made easier.

DOUBLE TALK

(Continued from Page 34)

Damocles, that makes advertising a continuous three-ring circus.

Another question often asked is: "How did you learn advertising?" My answer to that \$64 question is that, after fifteen years, I am still learning. There were no advertising courses at Agnes Scott when I went there. I had no supplementary study after college, so the only preparation I had was my A.B. degree (without even an English major to make it easier). I have done about everything there is to do in an advertising office except art-work. Even my dearest friend wouldn't trust me at a drawing board. I have chased proofs, marked type, made layouts, written copy for all the departments of a big store. I have ridden out a depression, a recession and boom times, and am now getting a taste of advertising under the restrictions and limitations of war. I blush to remember the lush, florid copy of those old days when I first began. That was the era of soaring superlatives, grandiose phrases, thrown recklessly about. Fashion was "Dame Fashion." The lady you addressed in your copy was "Madame." To compare it to advertising today is like trying to compare a henna-haired lady bursting her black satin seams to a slim, streamlined Powers model. Today, any copy worth its newsprint is terse, brief and tied in compactly with the things people are

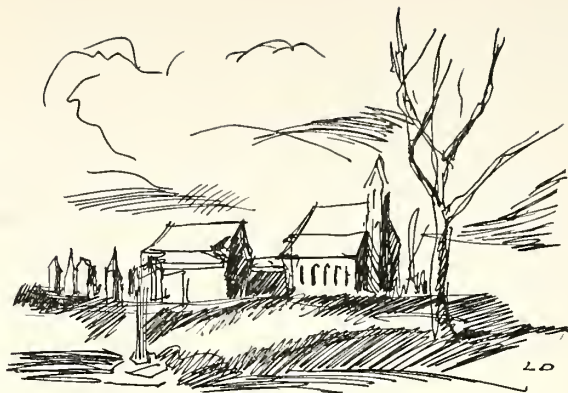
eating and wearing, doing and saying. That is why people who write ads should have open eyes, keen ears, sharpened senses, a sociable interest in people and what makes them tick. They should touch life on many sides and in many places. They should combine a little of the showmanship of P. T. Barnum with the sly whimsey of Lewis Carroll and the stark realism of Grant Wood.

It's funny, but just writing all this down has helped to crystallize some of the things I have believed vaguely about advertising but never had time to put down. Maybe it has helped me discover some "Things I never knew 'til now." If the "I" pronoun has been too prevalent, excuse it please. After all, you take an awful chance when you turn an inhibited advertiser, accustomed to writing completely impersonal copy, loose for a thousands word or more! I am so trained in the school of "Make it brief or your customer won't read it" that I am scared to death of holding my audience beyond fifty words. After all these years I still can't decide which gives me the greater satisfaction — writing an ad that pulls or cooking a successful pot of spaghetti for my family's dinner. I think the spaghetti is a little in the lead, which is the Good Lord's way of putting career women in their places. And why any career-mother's story comes out Double Talk.

Mr. Dodd, who is head of the Art Department at the University of Georgia, is one of the most distinguished of American artists. Recent one-man shows of his paintings both in New York and in Washington have attracted much attention. (A personal friend of Mr. Thomas, Mr. Dodd has given much help and advice in the reorganization this year of the Agnes Scott Art Department.)

BUY A PICTURE, NOT A NAME*

By Lamar Dodd



THERE IS A PLACE FOR ART in our everyday lives. We cannot all afford to own masterpieces, but there are few who are unable to obtain good art that will mean much to them and bring about a richer life. A real renaissance in America will begin when art plays its important part in man's life — in his home as well as in his museums.

Many paintings are not suitable for the home. Too often, a painting is an after-thought on the part of the buyer; it does not play the important part it should regardless of its merits. If the painting is important its inherent qualities will bring the buyer a source of enjoyment.

It is true that many paintings are produced for exhibition purposes only or with the ultimate hope that some day the picture will hang in a museum. The artist must consider his public. It takes the sympathy, understanding, and support of the layman as well as the sincerity and ability of the artist to make this thing called art a success. The artist is happy when he feels that his work is being enjoyed by others — this is a reward within itself — a reward far greater than the price obtained for his work.

We should try to remove personalities from

art. Naturally, the artist's personality will find its way into his work; but names of themselves should mean little. Recently I served on a jury to select paintings for a national exhibition by contemporary Americans. There were approximately 2,000 entries, though only two awards of equal merit were given. Both of these honors went to "unknown" artists. Their names were not mentioned until they were called out for the secretary to record.

We have many great masters of painting, but this does not mean that everything they produce is worthy of a museum. I would rather own a good sincere painting by an unknown local artist — a painting that really held a meaning for me — than to own a third or fourth-rate canvas by some foreign "Old Master" whose only meaning or value was the name.

Many fine collections of art that exist today are the result of the efforts of individuals who by faith in their own judgment, not only admired the work of unknown artists, but supported their admiration for and belief in the artists by purchasing their works.

Near the turn of the century a group of citizens in a certain community, who were interested in beginning a collection, purchased as their first

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work of art a painting by a comparatively unknown man. They made the purchase because they liked the canvas and were led in this selection by their understanding and sincere appreciation and not by any set of rules that had been given. The artist was young — he had not made his reputation. Today this work is considered one of the great paintings of the past generation and the finest canvas from the brush of an American master. From the standpoint of a financial investment, it is now valued at a figure far beyond the greatest expectations of that small group.

Too often the above story is not the case. Too often we wait to purchase from the recognized artist. Then it is a name that is bought, not art. Can this be sincerity in the true sense? It is not as important to know who painted the picture, who carved the sculpture, or who produced the drawing as it is to be sensitive to the recognition of true values in art.

On several occasions I have had the interesting experience of being in an art gallery when a guide whose job it was to explain to his audience the "meaning of the paintings," entered with a group of people. Much of his knowledge had been obtained from some book on art appreciation which was cluttered with theories; thus, his lecture contained analyses which not only were superficial but completely irrelevant to the artist who produced the canvas and to his audience. Such critics have pointed out "things to look for" in my own work that were not important and unrelated to my approach.

In a recent Rembrandt exhibition two ladies came into the Metropolitan Museum to see the work of this master. Immediately upon entering the room one exclaimed, "Isn't he wonderful!" The other replied, "Exquisite." And with

these remarks they left. They had seen Rembrandt, but only in name. They had not seen the work which he produced that will live through the ages.

They did not see Rembrandt with an intelligent understanding and honesty — with the same honesty and sincerity that a child would discover when viewing the work of another child.

We have in our daughter's nursery such paintings of children by children. These were done in the demonstration school of our university by pupils in the lower grades and they are in a language that the child speaks and that our child will understand, a language filled with color, life and vitality.

Frequently we hear the statement, "I do not know anything about art. All I know is what I like." This familiar legend might easily be changed to "What I know, I like." Does not the "accepted art" play too important a part in our selection? Are we not bound down by too many preconceived ideas when we look at art? Do we trust our judgment as much as we should?

We might think of art in terms of friendships. I would hate to think of a man's life passing without addition to his circle of friends. True, old friends are to be treasured; but one also welcomes new friends who will stand the test of time, and the only way this test can be determined is through a sympathetic understanding. We are all familiar with some of the paintings of the English school, "The Age of Innocence," for example, and with numerous paintings of the old masters such as Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair"; and most of us have come to accept and love these only through long association. Then when we are confronted with a new creation by a living artist, portraying his

time and life, we are inclined to turn away from it in dismay and refuse to accept it as we do an old familiar masterpiece. Give the new picture a chance. Many paintings that we do not understand at first will reveal fine qualities in later study.

If you see something the artist has produced that you yourself sincerely like, even though it be different — buy it — and live with it. In all probability it will bring you much joy and pleasure. This broad attitude on the part of the public will bring about that renaissance in American art.

Be daring to a certain extent, believe in your-

self and realize that the true artist is honest. Let us not accept the opinion of just anyone. Let us be honest with the artist and his creation and, above all, think for ourselves. The artist wants encouragement from the layman — he needs it. He wants his work studied and purchased. This is the only way an artist can go forward or any art can take on a real meaning.

Art will always play an important part in our lives. Certainly, war will have its effect upon the artists of our nation; but art will live, and I sincerely believe that more and more man will gain from it a source of contentment and joy.

ABOUT BOOKS

Elizabeth Stevenson '41

THREE FRONTS

Voiceless India, Gertrude Emerson

Battle Hymn of China, Agnes Smedley

Strange Fruit, Lillian Smith

THREE BOOKS, PUBLISHED within a few weeks of each other, demand joint discussion from an innate relationship of theme rather than from the superficial coincidence of authorship by three American women of distinction. Gertrude Emerson's, *Voiceless India* is a book of observation of the oppressed living under the settled rule of a foreign nation; Agnes Smedley's, *Battle Hymn of China* is a book of revolutionary action directed against an invader; and Lillian

Smith's novel, *Strange Fruit*, is a book of incitement to change, an indictment of the hypocritical tyranny possible in a state calling itself democratic.

Gertrude Emerson's book (which is a reprint of one published in 1930 and brought up to date) is the most passive of the three. She was content to go to the small village of Pachperwa in India to learn rather than to reform or evangelize, and this fact never ceased to amaze the

villagers. The outstanding failure of many westerners' approach to India has been a burning intolerant desire to "improve" India, always holding in mind their own occidental culture as the norm and the differentness of Indian ways as the measure of Indian darkness. The author of this book had no preconceived ideas. She tried to learn what Indian ideas of goodness and evil were, what forms they took, and in what ways Indian village life departed and was corrupt in departing from the native ideas of a good life.

Voiceless India has succeeded in making one small village a microcosm of a nation. For the average, uninformed westerner, therefore, it is one of the best books to read first on India. It is not statistical, nor theoretic, nor general. That kind of a book is more understandable after this one. Here principles and ideas have become solidified in the satisfying artistic image of a town in all its changing aspects of life and death.

The completeness of the picture is remarkable. It includes a sensitive appreciation of the physical aspect of the Tarai, the low lying land in sight of the mountains, with its flat fields of rice and stretches of jungle interspersed, with its tiny villages planted like natural growths inconspicuous and natural to the scene, and fourteen miles away the incredibly high mountains of Nepal.

The people of the village, from the all powerful rent collector, the Tahsildar, down to the people of her house, the Ayah, the punka puller, and the cook, are described with the absorbing interest of a non-snobbish, open, and sympathetic mind. Her exhaustive and first-hand studies of such small-town economic problems as money lending, tax collecting, well drilling, as thorough as they are, never lose sight of the individuals

concerned. The people living this particular kind of life, so strange at first, became her friends and neighbors.

The book is by no means a political book. But the evidence stacks up in numberless, objective examples that English domination has not been good for India. Pachperwa, her village, in its civil life, in its economic problems, and in its social and educational maladjustment, is a study in deterioration. The steady decay of village life has taken place in the last two hundred years, the years of British rule.

Once each village was an autonomous community, self-governing, growing its own food, setting aside a surplus each year for the lean seasons, employing its own priest, teacher, and barber. The community craftsmen, set apart each in their own proud group, had the artisans' and artists' delight in the good work of their own hands. Today, surpluses are shipped out by train and in barren years there is famine. Craftsmen are losing their skill and joy in their work and are slipping down into the common village serfdom to the land. Agents, sent out by a Maharajah or the British, rule the village. The old, self-regulating spirit has almost died out.

The book is a significant sociological document in that it shows in the life of a real village how ignorance can serve the exploiter. Yet unlike many sociologists the author is capable of an artist's appreciation of the unfamiliar mores of an obviously subject and exploited people. Her western concern for our particular virtues of cleanliness and sanitation and her desire for India to share in these qualities did not blind her to the beauty of Indian poetry and philosophy.

She found the poetry even in, "the common objects of everyday life, in the archaic simplicity of the Indian bullock cart . . . (whose) two pon-

derous creaking wheels possess that beauty of form perfectly adapted to purpose," or in the delight of the most ignorant villager in the ancient folk legends of Rama and Sita and Ganesh. Gertrude Emerson would desire all the possible benefits of modern science brought to India, but she adds, . . . modern science is too often taken for the whole of enlightenment instead of a fragment, . . . without plumbing and with no conception of scientific prophylaxis, India in the past has produced great spiritual leaders out of just such insanitary little villages as Pachperwa, and may produce more."

From 1928 until Hitler came to power Agnes Smedley represented the liberal Frankfurter Zeitung in China and from that time until ill health brought her back to America in 1941 she wrote for the Manchester Guardian. During that period she became the most famous American woman in China. She came to know China as well as any Westerner ever has. In the war she worked with the Chinese Red Cross Medical Corps as propagandist and unofficial supply officer. Wearing the Chinese army uniform, travelling with the armies of China into battle even behind the Japanese lines, she helped gather medical supplies, trained medical recruits, lectured to troops, spent her journalist's salary upon China and in addition her strength, her intellect, and her love.

It is a little difficult to write objectively about Agnes Smedley. The book, *Battle Hymn of China*, has the mark of genius upon it. It gathers the diffuse elements of war and civil war and lifts them into an epic including corruption and heroism in one passionate whole. It contains the living force of China within its pages. The bigness of spirit which inspires the author permits all the geographical and spiritual diver-

sities of a great country to come together to form a whole as these elements have, in fact, united in the war against Japan.

The years that Agnes Smedley lived in China saw a gigantic transformation of China from a medieval to the most modern nation in viewpoint. It saw the chilly and dismal hopelessness of the early days transformed into a hope that was forged strongly upon violence, death, and defeat. Disillusion clogged her footsteps in the early years. She came to China at a bad time. Reaction in its blackest form of repression destroyed any timid attempt at democratic action. Liberal thought could be expressed by China's leading author, Lu Hsun, only in a "mosaic of allusions to personalities, events, and ideas of the darkest period of China's past." Death by ugly, squalid torture hung over every educated man or woman of the land. Many of her friends were hunted to their deaths in the streets of Shanghai by the agents of their own Government while great sections of the city were held captive by the several imperialist powers within their shiny, clean cantonments.

From the unhappiness of this period and one following it when China gave in helplessly again and again to Japan though the electrical shock of the skirmish at the Marco Polo Bridge and the growing resolution of resistance, she carries the reader to the time when China, in spite of weakness, inner division, and the lack of everything to make war, stood up against the Fascist invader and fought.

She describes the mood which made subordination of self to the larger task possible: "Our old values seemed to vanish and we lost regard for material things, for no one knew whether there would be a tomorrow. We were like passengers on a ship foundering in a stormy sea who at last

had found their humanity and clung to each other with that love . . . In the tense atmosphere of war even poetry, song, and wit blossomed among us and a magical glow shone over our friendship."

The book is important historically for placing the elements of the new China in the proper perspective to one another. The queer mixture of reaction and nationalistic honor that makes up Chiang Kai Shek appears in relation to other elements of greatness in the nation. The importance of the native Chinese Communist armies, especially in the sphere of political democracy and social cooperation, is fully developed by a person who lived and worked with the leaders and the rank and file of these groups. The progress of Chinese thought in social and economic matters emerges from the book with an almost innocent freshness and vigor. The objectives of such a group of people do not deserve to be patronized by the west.

The book is important artistically as the expression of a great American individualist who is not unworthy to be compared with such other self-propelling geniuses as Thoreau, Whitman, and Dickinson. A part of two paragraphs in the opening pages of the book gives a just impression of her personality:

"When I was sixteen, my mother lay down and died from hard labor, undernourishment, and a disease which she had no money to cure. My father fell on his knees and wept dramatically, then rifled her old tin trunk. With the forty-five dollars he found hidden between the quilt patches he went to the saloon and got drunk with the boys. My elder sister had just died in childbed, leaving a baby boy, and I was thus the eldest child, with responsibility for this baby, as well as for my younger sister and two brothers.

"Had I been more like my mother and less like my father, I would have accepted this burden as inevitable. But I resented my mother's suffering and refused to follow in her footsteps. I knew nothing of the world save the tales related by cowboys, miners, and teamsters. I knew that Columbus had sailed the seas and discovered a new continent and that my forefathers had fought in the American Revolution. The clatter of the hoofs of the horse of Jesse James as he robbed the rich to give to the poor echoed in my ears. It seemed that men could go anywhere, do anything, discover new worlds, but that women could only trail behind or sit at home having babies. Such a fate I rejected."

In China she was known as a Smedleyite since she swallowed the official line of no party or faction, and in fact was known as a formidable party in her own person. The importance of her chronicle to herself is that it is the story of hundreds and thousands of individuals making up the common war. The hopes and fears of each of them is not negligible, but an important part of a varied, multicolored, potentially democratic whole.

The importance of *Strange Fruit* is that it goes to the heart of what is wrong with the South. Among southern leaders, the liberals along with the reactionary, polite evasion or a euphemistic smoothing over of troubled waters takes the place of a candid straightforward appraisal of facts. The unpalatable truth is that southern society is based on a lie.

The assumption upon which the South as a nation stands is that the Negro is animal and not human and must be kept in his place. This ugly and outrageous article of faith is held consciously or unconsciously by a majority of the white people of the South. As far as possible the ugly-

ness of the tenet is disguised with soothing corollaries: the South understands the Negro, the Negro is happier in the South than in the North, cooperation between the races is improving the conditions of white and black alike. This statement is partially true; but amelioration, like southern logic, can go only so far. As the author says through one of her characters, "... always a place here where you quit thinking. Quit or get out. You go so far, run into a sign: Road Closed. After that you start detouring . . ."

The South lives by a social religion whose superstructure can be modified but whose premises cannot be touched without incurring excommunication from the body of believers.

An apparent prosperous and progressive mood visible upon the surface of southern life is deceptive. Question the southern verities and the melodrama of violence becomes the potential answer. Short of murder, the answer will be the nauseating mouthings of such phrases as poll tax, states' rights, and white supremacy. The betrayal of sincerity and justice in such words is a continual distress to an increasing number of southerners, an embarrassment to our foreign policy, and a fundamental contradiction of democracy.

Lillian Smith has been criticized for making her book a display of southern violence. Such critics miss the point. The end product of the twisted beliefs current in the minds of so many millions of men, women, and children is violence. The superstructure of southern society has improved. Yet, so long as lying and brutal beliefs keep their hold upon the mind, just so long will violence be the potential act.

Strange Fruit attempts in a novel to lay bare the whole problem. By means of the ele-

ments of fiction — plot, character, and background — it states in a particular way what has been said over and over again in general in editorials, essays, and pamphlets. The idea will reach many more people, more poignantly than it ever has before.

As a problem novel, it is of very high order. It can be compared to John Steinbeck's problem novel on the subject of strikes, *In Dubious Battle*, or Lillian Hellman's problem play on the subject of anti-Fascism, *Watch On The Rhine*. Of course all three as works of art sacrifice a great deal for the sake of an overwhelming idea.

The story is a remorseless study of the consequences of a situation which is humanly possible and yet, in the South, socially impossible, the love between a white man and a Negro woman.

The author's detractors will cry "nigger-lover" and trail across the path the red herring of fraternization. Yet, given the characters described, Tracy Deen, the irresolute rebel, and Nonnie Anderson, the gentle, beautiful, vague dreamer, the situation is entirely believable. Grouped around these two central characters are the inhabitants of Maxwell, Georgia, white and black, anatomized by a just creator as to their pitiful human mixture of good and evil.

No imaginary small town has ever been created with more gusto or a truer devotion to the realities of a particular pattern of existence. Any Georgian can recognize the town as one he has known and acknowledge the fidelity to familiar ways of living and thinking. The fact that *Strange Fruit* is the indictment of those ways by a native who knows and feels those thoughts instinctively as something grown up with, makes for an added dignity and power.

The similarity of oppression in India or China to a domestic tyranny in America is too often slurred over. The same American who deplors the British imperialist policy in India or pities

Gertrude Emerson, *Voiceless India*,
The John Day Co., New York. \$3.00.

Agnes Smedley, *Battle Hymn of China*,
Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.50.

Lillian Smith, *Strange Fruit*,
Reynal and Hitchcock, Publishers, New York. \$2.75

THE IRRESISTIBLE PRESENT

(Continued from Page 32)

We took courses at night for two winters. This practical experience was so helpful that I became a professional lecturer and booked engagements through a bureau.

The material gleaned from interviewing people whose names make news has been useful both as lecture and article material. Meeting writers through the New England Woman's Press Association has shown that free lance writing requires a certain kind of courage. In many professions hard work on a prescribed course of study usually means a diploma and success. But the tricky part of writing is that the road to success is uncharted and varies with each person. Some work at it years without sales; some begin selling before they understand technique. Selling articles is dependent on many things an author cannot control. Timing demands that you write four to six months ahead of the calendar, due to the mechanics of publication. Even so, current events may at any moment ruin the market for the subject you have studied. For instance, editors worry now about buying war articles for fear that the war will end suddenly. The turnover in editors also influences sales. Material of other writers may crowd out the need for your manuscript.

But whether a person writes fiction or articles, there are two characteristics I have noted when interviewing successful authors. First, they work regular hours, no matter how alluring an invitation comes along. Maybe they sit up late at night; maybe they write best in the afternoons. Yet they follow this loneliest of professions at definite hours. And second, they specialize in a certain type of material.

Strangely, a period of illness helped me find the field in which I seem to write best — family

Hitler's French slaves, blinks at the local, home-made injustice. It is a vapid, shallow patriotism which finds the only enemies of democracy wearing a German or Japanese uniform.

life. We have an eight-room, white shingled house ten miles west of Boston. We entertain informally with bridge or games, usually serving some Southern dish such as jumbalaya. My routine is to write from 9 to 12 each morning while the children are in school. At least, that is my ideal, barring all sorts of interruptions! Housework is done before and after that period. When I was too ill to go out on interviews, it seemed that the family was so much with me! But I kept thinking with Mrs. Rawlings: "One is not unique . . ." I realized that there must be hundreds of people with the same problems as mine. So I searched for solutions to the situations that I must be sharing with other mothers. My heart was poured into every word of an article about the difficulties of writing mothers. It sold to *The Christian Science Monitor* and happened to win a national feature story prize. Another idea, "Parents' Night Off," sold to *The American Home*. *Woman's Day* took an illustrated article about home renovation. Each short cut in cooking and entertaining goes into articles or fillers. An account of the system Jack and Peggy use in dishwashing sold recently. *Parents' Magazine* was interested in boys' cooking. *Everywoman's* in children's hobbies. And even the room in which I write this — the former maid's room converted into a study — supplied an article idea. And so it goes.

Everything that happens in our lively family may be turned into an article or a story some day. My notes are mounting. Jack shakes his head, half proudly, when the crisis of an incident is past. "Now, Mother," he says, eying my busy pencil, "does that faraway look mean you will write about this, too?"

"Don't be surprised!" I say between notes on the irresistible present with my cooperative family.

ANNUAL REPORTS

Annual Meeting of the Association

The Annual Meeting of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association was held on Saturday, May 27, 1944, following the Trustees' Luncheon. The president, Margaret Ridley, called the meeting to order and extended a welcome to the seniors. She expressed the hope that the newest alumnae would give valuable advice for cooperation between alumnae and students. She stated that very favorable comments have come to us on the Quarterlies of this year. An additional grant from the College enabled us to send the fall number to all graduates and to some others. She expressed gratitude to Professor Howard Thomas and the students in the Art Department for their contributions to the Quarterlies. A summary of committee reports was given.

It was explained that we have been greatly handicapped by the exigencies of war and by a constant change of personnel, both in the office and on the executive board. This session there have been three executive secretaries: Mrs. Jean Chalmers Smith, who served a few weeks in September; Mrs. Jane Guthrie Rhodes and Miss Eugenia Symms. Miss Symms began work in the office in April and is to return for the next session. Because of the changes in staff, the April and July Quarterlies will be combined.

Recommendations for changes in rates for rooms in the Alumnae House were made by Katharine (Woltz) Green. They were approved as read. (See report of Second Floor House Committee.)

Isabelle (Leonard) Spearman extended an invitation to all alumnae to attend the dessert-coffee for the seniors on Sunday, May 28.

The president and secretary of the senior class were introduced and the members of reunion classes recognized.

Miss Ridley explained that in April she had appointed the following committee to analyze the opportunities and limitations of the Association and make recommendations for growth: Penelope (Brown) Barnett, chairman; Lucile Alexander, Fannie G. (Mayson) Donaldson, and Billie (Davis) Nelson.

The ex-officio members were: Margaret Ridley, Katharine (Woltz) Green and Eugenia Symms. Mrs. Barnett gave the report of the committee. She told of the need for revitalization of our organization so that it could render more effective service to the College and to the alumnae. A careful study had revealed that the present income is inadequate (only 450 alumnae pay the annual dues) and the one secretary cannot handle all the work of the office and keep the files in shape. Reports from other Associations reveal that the Alumnae Fund plan reaches more people, supports the Association in an adequate manner, and brings in enough money to make a substantial gift to the College each year. The recommendations from the committee include (1) the elimination of dues and establishment of a new alumnae philosophy through an Alumnae Fund, (2) a new staff set-up, (3) a new publications system reaching more alumnae, and (4) an adjusted budget through an increased grant from the Trustees of the College. These recommendations were approved by the executive board of the Association and then presented to the Trustees. The Board of Trustees approved the revision and guaranteed \$5,000 for the Alumnae Association budget for next year. The president of the College was authorized to direct the Alumnae Fund Campaign. Mrs. Barnett moved that the recommendations be accepted by the Association, Mrs. Donaldson seconded the motion and it was unanimously passed.

Miss Ridley said that all details for the plan had not been completed and requested that suggestions be sent to the office.

The following changes in the Constitution and By-Laws were presented by Lucy (Johnson) Ozmer and accepted as read:

Constitution

Article II. Membership.

Sec. 1. There shall be only one class of members and they shall be known as active members.

Sec. 2. Any graduate or former student of Agnes Scott College may be-

come an active member upon payment of a contribution to the Alumnae Fund for the fiscal year for which such contribution is paid. Life members are considered active members irrespective of annual contributions.

Sec. 3. Powers of Members.—Only active members may have the privilege of holding office and voting.

By-Laws

Article I. Membership.

Sec. 1. An alumna is considered an active member of the Association only when and so long as she pays her annual contribution.

Any member may be restored to active membership in the Association upon payment of a contribution for the current year.

Sec. 2. Life Membership.—Any member of the Association may become a member of the Association for life upon contributing the sum of fifty dollars within any one fiscal year.

Article II omitted entirely.

Article II.—Meetings (no change).

Article III.—Officers and Committees.

Sec. 3. Standing Committees.

(1) Publications and Radio.

Sec. 4. Committee Members.—All members of committees shall be active members of the Association, etc.

Sec. 5. Duties of Officers and Committees.

(q) The Publications and Radio Committee.—This committee shall consist of three members whose duties shall be to supervise all publications and to prepare appropriate programs and arrange for the presentation of the same over available radio facilities in such manner as is consistent with the purpose and character of the Association.

Maryellen (Harvey) Newton expressed the appreciation of the Alumnae Association for the unselfish service rendered by the retiring president, Margaret Ridley. As a token of appreciation, all members present gave a rising vote of thanks.

Florence (Perkins) Ferry, chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented the nominees for 1944-46 and the following were unanimously elected:

Katharine (Woltz) Green, President.

Patricia Collins, Second Vice-President.

Betty Medlock, Treasurer.

Mary Louise (Crenshaw) Palmour, Alumnae Week-end Chairman.

Ellen Douglass Leyburn, Publications and Radio Chairman.

Martha (Rogers) Noble, Entertainment Chairman.

Alice (McDonald) Richardson, Second Floor House Chairman (to fill unexpired term of Katharine (Woltz) Green who was elected president).

Charlotte E. Hunter, Grounds Chairman (to fill unexpired term of Eugenia Symms who is now executive secretary).

The meeting was then turned over to Katharine (Woltz) Green, the new president. She pledged her whole-hearted endeavor for the coming years and stated that she felt that with the help of the excellent executive board we would have more effective participation in alumnae activities.

Margaret Ridley was nominated as

Alumnae Trustee. This nomination was unanimously accepted.

The meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

IDA LOIS McDANIEL

Recording Secretary

Report of the Executive Secretary

On April 1, 1944, I assumed the duties as executive secretary and succeeded Mrs. Jane Guthrie Rhodes, who had held the position since September, 1943.

Mrs. Rhodes turned over to me the material she had collected for the third Quarterly for this year. Because of the pressure of the other work to be done at this busy time in the spring quarter, we will not be able to publish but three Quarterlies this session. This last one will be sent out in July as we wish to include in the last Quarterly the reports of the Annual Meeting and the Commencement activities.

My time in the office has been taken up with bookkeeping, correspondence, checking on magazine sales, working with all of the standing committees, conferences with the hostesses for the house and tearoom, serving on the Nominating Committee, working with the seniors, planning for Commencement activities and working with the special committee appointed by our president to study the limitations of our Association, the progress of other Associations and to make recommendations for growth.

Because of the pressure of time, all

the work mentioned above has been hastily done and I have not yet had much time to devote to the final plans for the Quarterly, for contact with the clubs throughout the nation who met for Founders' Day or the class secretaries who send in the news. The general files of correspondence and reports need revision, and much time should have been spent trying to bring the individual card files up-to-date, and on general reorganization of the office. The scholarship girls have needed a great deal of supervision and should have had more than I have been able to give them.

The analysis of some of the problems of the executive secretary and the Association have been carefully outlined in the report of the special committee appointed by your president and as it involves too many things to be mentioned here, I will refer your attention to that report and request that you give it full consideration and support.

Our Alumnae Association should compare favorably with other Colleges of our standing throughout the nation and we as members of the executive board should put forth every effort to reorganize our present set-up and establish our Association on a sound and creditable basis.

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENIA SYMMS

Executive Secretary

COMMITTEE REPORTS

The following reports were read at the meeting of the Executive Board on May 17, 1944:

Alumnae Week-End Committee

Alumnae Week-End was again condensed into "Alumnae Day" on November 9, 1943. After registration at 4 o'clock, there was an interesting discussion by Professor Howard Thomas, Head of the Art Department, on two Southern artists, Dr. Marion Sauchon and Corporal Reuben Gambrell. The alumnae then proceeded to the Art Gallery to view the exhibit of paintings by these two artists.

The College was host to the alumnae and their escorts at dinner served cafe-

teria style in Rebekah Scott. Following this a social hour in the library was enjoyed by all as an opportunity to chat with the faculty.

The evening lecture was given by Henry C. Wolfe on "The Next Act in Europe." (This was the opening lecture of the Student Lecture Association series.) The "Day" ended with a coffee in Murphey Candler to which all the guests at the lecture were invited.

An added feature this year was the provision made for the alumnae children during the day and evening by the members of the Granddaughters' Club. There were games, sightseeing, and a special dinner for the children.

Approximately 150 alumnae were registered for the day.

VIRGINIA (HEARD) FEDER

Chairman

Constitution and By-Laws Committee

The committee met and recommended to the executive committee changes in the Constitution and By-Laws made necessary by the recommendations of a special committee appointed by the president of the Alumnae Association to consider changes in the set-up of the Association. (See minutes of the annual meeting.)

EMMA POPE (MOSS) DIECKMANN

ELIZABETH (MOSS) MITCHELL

LUCY (JOHNSON) OZMER.

Chairman

Entertainment Committee

The Entertainment Committee assisted the Alumnae Week-end Committee in November. They furnished colorful flowers, greeted the guests, and helped with the arrangements for the after dinner coffee in the library.

Plans for the Annual Trustees' Luncheon were scaled down due to the war situation. As there was no speakers' table, there were no elaborate centerpieces, but just the usual decorations in the dining room and the luncheon was served cafeteria style. Members of the committee met the returning alumnae, and seniors and furnished name tags.

A feature of Commencement was the dessert-coffee. This was held for the first time after supper on Sunday night. The seniors, their parents and guests, and members of the faculty were guests of the Alumnae Association and were served in the Alumnae Garden at twilight. Members of the Granddaughters' Club and officers of the Association assisted as hostesses. About 200 attended.

Expenses for dessert-coffee:

225 pies.....	\$16.88
Coffee and cream.....	2.07
Maid service.....	4.90
Moving dishes.....	.70
	\$24.55

ISABEL (LEONARD) SPEARMAN
Chairman

House Committee

Our report is brief in visible accomplishments, though we have work planned and under way. We are opening a bank account in the name of the committee for deposit of such gifts as we may receive for the future purchase of rugs which are badly needed and a cabinet which will further carry out the proposed plan for living room. We will discuss with the College officials the painting of the outside woodwork on the house. The purchase of venetian blinds for the two small windows in the living room is under advisement, if available and practicable. A chair rail will be installed in the dining room. A recommendation comes from our committee for a regular, adequate maintenance allotment for the house. Painting and redecoration of the living room and dining room will be necessary in the near future, and there are no funds

available. The financial report is as follows:

INCOME

Brought forward.....	\$34.57
Grant from budget.....	15.00
Donation.....	5.00
Total.....	\$54.57

DISBURSEMENTS

Cleaning rugs and furniture..	\$20.00
Balance.....	\$34.57

I wish to thank my committee for their cooperation this year—Mrs. Fonville McWhorter, Mrs. John Eagan, Mrs. Granger Hansell and Mrs. Asa Warren Candler.

MARY (WARREN) READ
Chairman

Second Floor House Committee

The Second Floor Committee, composed of Elizabeth (Simpson) Wilson, Alice (McDonald) Richardson, and Knoxie (Nunnally) Roberts with Katharine (Woltz) Green, chairman, submits the following report for the year 1943-44 to the executive board of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association.

The budget allotment to the committee was \$15.00. With this sum the following expenditures were made:

Slipcovering one boudoir chair..	\$ 2.50
Two maid's uniforms.....	3.58
Four sheets (double bed size)....	8.36
	\$14.44

In view of the increased cost of operating the Alumnae House, the Committee wishes to make the following recommendations to the board:

1. That the rates for occupying a room in the Alumnae House be \$1.00 per day for all alumnae; and that rates for all other guests be \$2.00.
2. That only one room be rented on a yearly basis and that it be rented, only to an alumna or one associated with the College, for the sum of \$25.00 a month.
3. That the college guest room be rented by guests of the Association only in cases of real emergency.

KATHARINE (WOLTZ) GREEN
Chairman

Student Loan Committee

To date there have been neither payments nor borrowing this year.

Bank Balance—April 27, 1943	\$239.12
Interest deposited.....	1.94
Interest from \$300 invested in Government Bonds.....	7.50

Bank Balance—May 17, 1944	\$248.56
Invested in Government Bonds	300.00

Total on hand.....	\$548.56
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There is now an amount of \$336.40 owed to the fund. It has been decided to send letters to those alumnae who still owe these various amounts.

JULIA (PRATT) SLACK
Chairman

Radio Committee

No report, as radio time could not be secured.

JEAN (BAILEY) OWEN
Chairman

Tea Room Committee

The Tea Room Committee presents the following report:

Receipts

Income from Alumnae Association	\$175.00
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Expenditures

Six maid's uniforms.....	\$ 12.86
Kitchen stove.....	126.00
Installation of stove.....	22.00
	\$160.86

Balance on hand.....	\$ 14.14
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This balance of \$14.14 will be applied on the painting expense for the kitchen walls and the Tea Room tables. The \$25.00 from the Gorham Silver Company, earned by this committee by sponsoring a display, will also be used for this redecoration. Other needs of the Tea Room and kitchen have not been met because additional funds were not available.

Gifts made to the Tea Room and kitchen have been gratefully received. The Atlanta Club gave two dozen desert plates. The committee itself presented the Tea Room with a complete set of tablecloths and napkins, nine

TEA ROOM COMMITTEE

(Continued)

maid's aprons, one maid's uniform, and two articles for the kitchen.

The Alumnae Association is most fortunate in having this year in the Alumnae House as Tea Room managers and hostesses Mrs. James Bunnell, formerly a house mother at Emory, and Mrs. Ewing G. Harris of Clarksville, Tenn. Their efficiency and charm will continue to make them assets to the college community next year also.

ANNIE (BRYAN) SCOTT
Chairman

Garden Committee

Receipts

Income from Alumnae Association \$25.00

Expenditures

Pansies \$ 6.25
Labor 18.75
..... \$25.00

The appropriation for this committee was cut by the Finance Committee from \$50.00 to \$25.00 for the nine months of the school year. This low budget kept us from doing many necessary things. From time to time, students

and other members of the college community put in many hours of labor and to all of these we would like to express our grateful appreciation. We would also like to express to Mrs. Robert B. Holt our thanks for her continuing interest and assistance. We are also indebted to her for the care she gives the garden during the summer months and the careful administration of the \$100 fund allotted by the College for this purpose. The pruning of the shrubbery comes under her supervision in the summer.

EUGENIA SYMMS
Chairman

I WOULDN'T TRADE WITH ANYBODY

(Continued from Page 12)

telling them.

Fortunately, experience brings a large measure of relief from these discomforts. Eyes become sharp, ears learn to hear, and fingers to feel and act. Minds become attuned to catch and evaluate pertinent facts. Embarrassment disappears as the impersonal problem of diagnosis is faced. As the years add some maturity and a few wrinkles and grey hairs, and as knowledge and ability increase there comes the satisfying reward of growing respect from patients and colleagues.

The final commencement procession down the lawn toward the coveted M.D. is little more than passage through a doorway from one classroom into another where the student begins the rigorous life of an intern. Almost any hospital house officer will raise an eyebrow when the conversation turns to the grueling eight hours a day that others spend in strenuous office work. There isn't any quitting time in medicine. Someone who has eaten more than was good for him might really have appendicitis in the middle of the night and not just indigestion. Just because it served someone right to get bopped on the head when he got drunk and beat his wife doesn't mean the doctor can put off sewing him up. And there isn't any quitting time in learning. Facts known and not steadily used slip out of mind and must be reviewed. New facts must be learned and put to use. Each case is a problem to be solved, and good medical practice is an eternal challenge.

Women are no longer museum pieces in the medical profession. I had heard fearful tales of the welcome the boys gave the co-eds here and I was weak with apprehension when I walked meekly into my first class and sat down. To my surprise and relief no whistles and cat-calls greeted me. The famed animosity toward women in medicine is only a conceit which men like to maintain in principle but do not seem to

apply to individuals. I have yet to see a woman who has not been accepted on her own merits by her fellows and her patients.

There are some questions that I have been asked many times. Yes, I did faint in the operating room the first few times when I went out to observe, but it didn't happen when I reached the place where I could actually scrub and have something to do. Taking off a long leg cast was about the most strenuous thing I ever had to do in a medical line, but I did it once without any help and I can again if necessary. I've sometimes been achingly tired and extremely sleepy but I've never seen the doctor who hasn't been both many times. I cannot speak with authority on the question of how to manage family life and a career since I have not yet reached a place where they conflict. My husband, who was a classmate in medical school, is overseas. When he comes home we hope to go ahead with our plans for joint practice in a country town where we will have enough work and some time left over for full living.

I wouldn't trade jobs with anyone. I like finding out what makes people as they are, and sometimes helping to make them more as they wish to be. I like my children in Pediatrics not only because, as a friend facetiously remarked, "they are such responsive and satisfactory little mechanisms to keep in order," but also because most of them are such nice little people you can't help loving them. Medicine these days is drawing closer than ever to the doctor's goal of working himself out of a job. Diagnosis is still the most fascinating puzzle known, and chemotherapy has just revealed undreamed of possibilities in weapons to fight disease. It has put into our hands the means of favorably changing the course of events in many conditions so that now we can do more than try to make the patient feel more comfortable while he and the germs battle out their own decision. There isn't any drama better to watch and to be a part of. Nope! I wouldn't trade with anybody.





FOR REFERENCE

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

